THE YOUNG PRETENDER

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PRINCE CHARLES STUART

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THE LIFE AND TIMES

OF

PRINCE CHARLES STUART

COUNT OF ALBANY

COMMONLY CALLED

THE YOUNG PRETENDER

FROM THE STATE PAPERS AND OTHER SOURCES

BY

ALEX. CHARLES EWALD, F.S.A.

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PREFACE.

Some few years ago it fell within the course of my official work at the Record Office to make a calendar of the State Papers of the reigns of the first two Georges. As I approached the period of the Rebellion of 1745, the papers increased in interest, and it struck me that they could be made to throw a new light on the thrice-told tale of the last Jacobite insurrection. The documents before me, either from ignorance of their existence, or on account of the difficulties that in former days surrounded the examination of the State Papers, had never been consulted. Here and there some isolated paper had been made use of by historians and biographers, but the greater portion of the letters and examinations of witnesses was virgin soil. It was a mine well worth the working, and I delved amidst its unsunned treasures.

From the events of the rebellion to the hero of the enterprise was but a natural step. To my surprise, I found that nothing worthy to be called a biography of Prince Charles had been written. Works, it is true, calling themselves 'Lives of the Young Pretender,' were numerous; but the information contained in their pages began and ended with the Rebellion of 'The Forty-Five.' Little beyond what was due to mere conjecture was known of the Prince's early life and declining years;

these biographies were therefore scarcely more than mere histories of the Jacobite struggle. The best of the class is a Life of the Prince by one Karl Klose, a German, which appeared some thirty years ago. It is, however, very meagre; nor, with the materials at the writer's command, was it possible that it could be otherwise.

The materials for a biography of Prince Charles are to be sought in the Stuart Papers and the State Papers. The Stuart Papers are now lodged at Windsor Castle, and their contents, so far as they relate to the Chevalier de St. George and his son, have been made public by the late Earl Stanhope. Herr Klose has incorporated these papers in his Life of the Prince, and it is for that reason that his work is more complete than its predecessors. But the State Papers, in their way, are as important as the Stuart Papers, and connect, as much as, I fear, they ever can be connected, the various links in the chain of this Prince's biography. It is because our national documents have never yet been consulted that no full Life of the Young Pretender has appeared. In the following pages I have endeavoured to fill up this gap in our historical biography.

The materials for the latter years of the life of Prince Charles are to be found among the State Papers of Tuscany preserved in the Public Record Office. Sir Horace Mann was then the English envoy at Florence, and he seems to have been most diligent in posting up the Government at home in everything which related to the Prince. His letters, bearing upon the life and conduct of Charles, were edited in 1845 by Earl Stanhope, then Lord Mahon, for the Roxburghe Club. To the world at large, the 'Decline of the Last Stuarts,' the title of the work in which these letters appeared, is almost an unknown volume. It is not without reason that the charge has been brought against the Roxburghe Club that it only

serves to multiply manuscripts, for it is with the greatest difficulty that its editions can be obtained by the public. So difficult did I find it to procure this 'Decline of the Last Stuarts,' that at last I had to beg the loan of a copy from Lord Stanhope himself. The latter chapters of this biography are based on the valuable despatches of Sir Horace Mann. It will be seen that I have been able occasionally to supplement the information derived from the 'Decline of the Last Stuarts' by the letters of other envoys among the State Papers and elsewhere. Let me add, to avoid the charge of accepting authorities at second-hand, that though I refer to the work of Earl Stanhope, I have none the less examined the papers for myself. I have to thank the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs for permission to make this examination.

What the correspondence of Sir Horace Mann is to the latter part of the life of Prince Charles, the letters of John Walton are to the earlier portion. Walton was the agent of the English Government at Rome, and his letters, running through several volumes, have never before, to my knowledge, been made public. They will be found among the State Papers of the Italian States, preserved in the Public Record Office.

Thanks to the courtesy of the Marquis of Lansdowne, who placed several volumes of his MSS. at my disposal, I have been able to insert some additional matter respecting the subject of my biography. I have also to express my best thanks to Mrs. Erskine Wemyss, of Wemyss Castle, for kindly lending me the manuscript copy of Lord Elcho's Journal, a favour not before accorded to any. To the Rev. Francis Hopkinson, LL.D., of Malvern Wells, I am also indebted for several important papers. Nor am I under less obligations to those kind but unknown friends who have helped me in my work by their answers to many

queries, and not unfrequently by inclosing me some communication of no little historical interest.

Of the printed books that I have consulted the following is a list:—The Lockhart Papers; The Culloden Papers; The Stuart Papers; Macpherson's Original Papers; The Tales of a Grandfather; Chambers' History of the Rebellion of 1745; 'The Forty-Five,' by Earl Stanhope; Burton's History of Scotland; The Chevalier Johnstone's Memoirs; The Waverley Novels; Dr. King's Political Anecdotes; The Pretenders and their Adherents, by Jesse; Bishop Forbes' Jacobite Memoirs; Thompson's Memoirs of the Jacobites; Home's History of the Rebellion; Memoirs of John Murray of Broughton; The Jacobite Ballads of Scotland; The Letters of Horace Walpole; Coxe's Pelham; A. Hayward's Essays; and Articles in the Quarterly Review, Revue des Deux Mondes, Scottish Episcopal Magazine, and Caledonian Mercury.

LONDON, *May* 1875.

PREFACE TO SECOND EDITION

WITH the exception of the Appendix and Index, this Edition is in every respect similar to its predecessor.

A. C. E.

April 1883.

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THE LIFE

OF

PRINCE CHARLES STUART.

CHAPTER I.

'SCOTLAND'S HEIR.'

'Twas thus in early bloom of time,
Under a reverend oak,
In sacred and inspired rhyme
An ancient Druid spoke,—
'An hero from fair Clementine
Long ages hence shall spring,
And all the gods their power combine
To bless the future king.'

THE year 1720 was rapidly drawing to its close when an event occurred at Rome which had long been expected. After a weary travail of six days, the Princess Clementine, or, as she was styled by her adherents, the Queen of England, was safely delivered of a son. In order to silence the voice of calumny it was deemed advisable that certain members of the Sacred College should be present to attest the reality of the birth. Each kingdom sent a Cardinal as its representative. Their Eminences Paolucci and Barberini appeared for the Holy See; Gualtieri as Protector of England; Sacripanti as Protector of Scotland; Imperiali as Protector of Ireland; Ottoboni as Protector of France; Aquaviva as Minister of Spain; and Panfili as Senior of the Cardinal Deacons. In addition to these lofty personages the chamber was thronged with ladies whose names and titles had for centuries been recorded in the Libro d'Oro.

Kneeling at a *prie-dieu* near the couch was the husband. In the tall, thin, and not inelegant figure, the high narrow

forehead, the cold eye, the shapely nose, the full weak lips, and the long oval face, one recognised the man whom foes called the Pretender, friends the Chevalier de St. George, and subjects King James the Third. A romantic incident had ushered in the marriage the issue of which was now occasioning such excitement. The wife of the Chevalier, by blood a Sobieski, and grand-daughter of the Victor of Vienna, had been one of the wealthiest heiresses in Europe. Her hand was courted by many, and would have been a prize to the noblest. In an evil hour, dazzled by the prospect of a crown, she was wooed and won by the head of the House of Stuart. To James the alliance was in every way desirable, but political enemies did their best to frustrate his wishes. The Court of St. James's, averse to any prosperity that might fall to its rival, at once entered into negotiations with the Court of Vienna to prevent the marriage. Hearing of this opposition the parents of the bride proposed that the Princess should be secretly conducted to Bologna, and there be united to the man of her choice. The lovers approved of the suggestion, and the future Queen of the Jacobites, accompanied by her mother, hastily set out from Poland to cross the Alps. But the Emperor of Germany, whose policy it then was to stand well with England on account of his pretensions to Sicily, which were supported by our fleet, being informed of their purpose, gave orders for the arrest of the fugitives, and at Innspruck they were seized and confined in a neighbouring convent. For his share in this affair, the father, Prince James Sobieski, was deprived of his government of Augsburg and imprisoned

In despair at this unexpected opposition, both James and Clementine now regarded their union as an impossibility. But at this crisis a devoted adherent of their cause, like a *deus ex machinâ,* came to the rescue.

One Charles Wogan, who had nearly lost his life in the year '15, devised a plan whereby the parted couple might be united. In the name of Count Cernes, who he gave out was returning with his family from Loretto to the Low Countries, he obtained a passport from the Austrian ambassador. Armed with this important document, two friends of his, a Major Misset and his wife, passed themselves off as the pretended Count and Countess; Wogan represented the brother of the Countess, whilst the Princess, when freed from her prison, was to appear as the sister of the Count, a character very well acted in the meantime by a smart maid of Mrs. Misset's.

On the evening of April 27, 1719, the party arrived at Innspruck, and took lodgings near the convent. As fortune would have it, a servant attached to the person of the Princess, who appears to have been somewhat of a gay Lothario, had received permission from an accommodating porter to bring a young woman into the cloister as often as he liked, and conduct her out whenever he thought proper. The first thing, therefore, that had to be done was to render the amorous domestic favourable to the plot. A handsome bribe speedily secured his services, and made him warmly support any effort that should be attempted. It was now arranged that Jenny, Mrs. Misset's maid, should be introduced into the cloister through his agency, and the Princess issue from its walls in her stead. So far all had gone well, but here a piece of natural timidity on the part of Jenny nearly defeated the plot. The young woman had only been partly let into the secret, and when she heard that she was to assist in the abduction of so illustrious a personage as a Princess, and to be left as it were in pawn for that lady's disappearance, she not unreasonably demurred, and declared that she would have nothing further to do with the rescue. But bright promises, a few pieces of gold, and a fine suit of damask belonging to her mistress gradually restored her courage, and set her scruples at rest. And so one dark stormy night, under cover of a blinding fall of snow, the maid was introduced into the cloister, where she quickly exchanged clothes with the Princess, and assumed her character. A carriage was in waiting, into which the bride-elect entered, and along bad roads, rendered all the more dangerous by the miserable weather, and past the sleepy *polizei*, the party pushed on till the Austrian frontier was left behind.

A few days afterwards Bologna was safely reached, when the Princess quitted her incognita. The marriage took place shortly afterwards by proxy, James being then intriguing in Spain. Many happy omens were drawn by the Jacobites from this successful escape—omens which, like most of those that prognosticated good to the Stuarts, were never fulfilled. For this act Wogan was knighted by the Pope. We do not hear what became of Jenny.[1]

To return to the young mother. As soon as the happy event became known throughout Rome, congratulations poured in on all sides. The Castle of St. Angelo fired salvoes of

[1] *Narrative of the Escape of the Princess Clementine.* By Charles Wogan London: 1722.

artillery. The Pope, who had been engaged in offering up special prayers before the altar of St. Thomas for the health of the Queen, and had provided consecrated baby-linen to the value of six thousand scudi, attended at the palace in person to bestow his blessing. Members from the Sacred College and the Spanish Court came in a body with welcome presents of scudi and doubloons. By a special grant, the residence of the Holy Apostles, now the Palazzo Muti-Papazurri, was made over to James, together with a handsome sum for furnishing. Medals of silver and bronze, bearing on one side the busts of James and Clementine, and on the reverse a mother and child, with the motto *Spes Britanniæ*, were struck in numbers to commemorate the event. It was said by the Jacobites that a new star had made its appearance in the heavens, and that a violent storm had raged throughout Germany, committing fearful havoc, at the precise moment of the Prince's birth.

As soon as the child had been swaddled in the consecrated robes, he was placed on a couch beneath a gorgeous canopy of state, and held his first *levée*. Never in after life did he receive such homage. Beautiful dames, the brilliant leaders of a brilliant society, bent the knee and covered him with caresses. Cardinals and prelates stood over him and gave him their blessing. Soldiers who had been exiles from their country to follow the declining fortunes of his house pressed his chubby hand with their bearded lips, and felt a new life animating their loyalty. Bigoted intriguers, whose one prayer was that England might return to the Catholic faith, hurried to the couch to pay homage, knowing that as long as the old line still survived there was a chance of their hopes being granted. At a distance, taking no part in the ceremony, was the crowd whom curiosity had attracted to the chamber. Surely amongst these there must have been some who, reflecting on the ill-starred race of which the new-born babe was the last link, felt ready to cry out :—

'Why all this pomp and ceremony? What has the line from which yon child is sprung ever done that there should be these rejoicings at its perpetuation? Were it not better for the God-cursed dynasty to die out and cease provoking the divine wrath? What are its annals but the history of bloodshed and oppression, failure and intrigue? Has there ever been a family whose history has been such a record of misery generation after generation? What awful details their pedigree discloses! The first of yon child's ancestors who bore the

fated name of James was murdered by the hand of an assassin, after a wearisome imprisonment in England. His son, the second James, began a troublous reign by slaying his own nephews, and was himself slain by the bursting of a gun at Roxburgh siege. The third James had to make war against his own son, was defeated in the battle that ensued, and met his death by assassination as he fled from the field. The fourth James perished at Flodden. The fifth James was driven mad by his turbulent nobles. His daughter, after a career of infamy, expiated her sins upon the scaffold at Fotheringay. The sixth James, and the first of his line and name on the English throne, was a true son of the abandoned woman his mother—a malicious buffoon, a pompous pedant, and addicted to the most pagan of vices. His son essayed to play the part of a despot, and met the fate which tyranny so often brings upon itself. Of the two sons of that condemned monarch—the one was a vicious worldling, who did not rise to the level of contempt; the other, a bigot and a despot, justly driven by an angry nation from the throne. Was ever race so accursed? For three centuries it has wielded the sceptre, and yet not one of the line has borne a name worthy the respect or admiration of posterity. Could dignity more grievously ignore all its responsibilities? Why then all this rejoicing at the appearance of another victim of an inexplicable fatality? Why should his lot be happier than that of his ancestors? Better it were that the child had never been born.' Some such thoughts doubtless crossed the mind of more than one silent spectator on this occasion.

As soon as the lying-in-state was concluded the child was baptised. The names given him on that occasion were Charles Edward Louis Philip Casimir. History has been somewhat perplexed to know exactly how to designate this prince. On his monuments at St. Peter's and at Frascati he is styled Charles Edward, but never did he so sign himself. In his various letters among the Stuart and the State Papers his signature is invariably Charles, and there is not a single instance of his ever making use of any of the other four names given in his baptism. In the absence of better reasons for the contrary practice, I shall adopt the customary rule of calling a man by the name he himself acknowledges, and henceforth in these pages the leader of the 'Forty-five' will figure as Prince Charles.

The Stuarts, in spite of their cradle land, had never been a stalwart race, and the young child, shortly after his birth, was so weak and sickly that his life was despaired of. On the

authority of John Walton, who was then the agent for the English government at Rome, and who, by means of bribes, had succeeded in tampering with the servants of the household of James, we learn that the prince was born with his legs turned in, and that it was doubtful whether he would ever be able to walk. '*Les jambes lui sont tellement tournées en dedans et estropiées,*' he writes,[1] '*qu'on doute fort qu'il n'apprendra jamais à marcher.*' This statement seems more like a piece of diplomatic spite which the writer well knew would be more agreeable at home than the actual truth. But whether this were so or not, it is well known that in after life no such distortion existed. The lad who boated on the lake at Albano, and who marched from Edinburgh to Derby, and from Derby to Glasgow, in fifty-six days, was as vigorous and straight-limbed as athletic youth need ever wish to be. But not content with informing the government that the young hope of the Stuarts was deformed and doomed to an early grave,—'*son fils est d'une santé qui de jour en jour montre plus d'imperfections, et que par conséquent il ne pourra pas vivre long temps,*' are his exact words,—Walton proceeds to assure the Secretary of State that he need have no fears at the prospect of Clementine having further issue. He writes that he has been assured, '*par plusieurs dames, connoisseuses dans le métier de faire les infants, que la Princesse Sobieski à juger du présent état de sa santé n'en fera point d'autres.*'[2] We know how valuable this statement, which he more than once repeats, was, by the appearance a few years afterwards of Henry.

A few weeks after the birth of the Prince, the Marquis of Blandford happened to be staying at Rome, and though it appears he had received strict orders from home not to visit James, or pay court in any way to his Consort, yet curiosity speedily conquered his obedience, and he became a frequent guest at the Palace of the Santi Apostoli. In the following letter[3] he gives a graphic account of the hospitality and conversation of the Chevalier :—

'MAY 6, 1721.

'SIR,— . . . After my arrival here I received your letter of the 15th of February, by which you reminded me of your commands

[1] State Papers, Italian States, Walton's letters, Jan 5, 1723.

[2] *Ibid.* Jan 9, 1723.

[3] For a copy of this very interesting letter, which has never before been published, I am indebted to the kindness of the Rev. Francis Hopkinson, LL.D., of Malvern Wells, in whose possession the MS. is. To whom the letter is addressed is not known.

at my departure, to avoid conversing with the Pretender or any of his adherents. I must own that, notwithstanding my inbred dislike to his pretensions, and my confirmed aversion for his profession, I often found my curiosity inclining me to be so far acquainted with his person and character that I might be able to say from my own knowledge what sort of man he is, who has made and daily makes, so great a noise in England : and I have sometimes fancied that even you yourself, Sir, would not be satisfied with me if (after staying so long in Rome) I were not able to give you a particular account of him. . . . About a month ago Mr. —— and I being in search of some of the antiquities of this place, we became acquainted with an English gentleman very knowing in this kind of learning, who was of great use to us. His name is Dr. Cooper, a priest of the Church of England, whom we did not suspect to be of the Pretender's retinue but took him to be a curious traveller, which opinion created in me a great liking for his conversation. On Easter eve he made us the compliment that as he supposed us bred in the profession of the said church, he thought it incumbent on him to invite us to divine service (next day being Easter Sunday) : such language at Rome appeared to me a jest, I stared at the Doctor, who added that the Pretender (whom he called king) had prevailed with the late Pope to grant licence for having divine service according to the rules of the Church of England performed in his palace for the benefit of the Protestant gentlemen of his suite, his domestics, and travellers, and that one Dr. Berkeley and himself were appointed for the discharge of this duty, and that prayers were read as orderly here as at London. I should have remained of perfect unbelief had I not been witness that this is matter of fact, and as such have placed it amongst the greatest wonders of Rome.[1] . . . In some days after, my friend and I went to take the evening air in the stately gardens called Villa Landovici. There we met on a sudden, face to face, with the Pretender, his Princess, and Court; we were so very close before we understood who they were, that we could not retreat with decency ; common civility obliged us to stand sideways in the alley, as others did, to let them pass by. The Pretender was easily distinguished by his star and garter as well as by an air of greatness which discovered a majesty superior to the rest. . . . I remarked his eyes fixed upon me, which I confess I could not bear; I was perfectly

[1] This statement is corroborated by the author of the *Genuine Memoirs of John Murray of Broughton.*

stunned and not aware of myself, when pursuant to what the standers-by did, I made him a salute. He returned it with a smile which changed the sedateness of his first aspect into a very graceful countenance: as he passed by I observed him to be a well-sized clear-lim'd man. I had one glimpse of the Princess which left me a great desire of seeing her again . . . she is of a middling stature, well shaped and has lovely features—wit, vivacity and mildness of temper are painted in her looks. When they came up to us, the Pretender stood and spoke a word to the Doctor, then looking at us he asked him whether we were English gentlemen? He asked us how long we had been in town and whether we had any acquaintances in it, then told us he had a house where English gentlemen would be very welcome. The Princess, who stood by addressing to the Doctor, in the politest English I think I ever heard, said, 'Pray Doctor, if these gentlemen be lovers of music, invite them to my concert to-night, I charge you with it,' which she accompanied with a salute and a smile in the most gracious manner. . . . We went and saw a bright assembly of the prime Roman nobility, the concert composed of the best musicians of Rome, a plentiful and orderly collation served: but the courteous and affable manner of our reception was more taking than all the rest. . . . The Pretender entertained us on the subject of our families as knowingly as if he had been all his life in England. He told me of some passages of my grandfather and of his being a constant follower of King Charles the First and Second. . . . He discoursed as particularly on several of our neighbouring families, as I could do, upon which I told him I was surprised at his so perfect knowledge of our families in England. His answer was, that from his infancy he had made it his business to acquire the knowledge of the laws, customs, and families of his country, so that he might not be reputed a stranger when the Almighty would please to call him thither. . . . There is every day a regular table of ten or twelve covers well served, unto which some of the qualified persons of his court or travellers are invited; it is supplied with English and French cookery, French and Italian wines, but I took notice that the Pretender eat only of the English dishes and made his dinner of roast beef. . . . He also prefers our March beer (which he has from Leghorn) to the best port wines. He drinks his glass of champagne very heartily, and to do him justice he is as free and cheerful at his table, as any man I know; he spoke much in favour of

our English ladies, and said he was persuaded he had not many enemies amongst them, then he carried a health to them. The Princess, with a smiling countenance upon the matter, said, "I think then, Sir, it would be just that I drink to the Cavaliers." Sometime after the Pretender began a health to the prosperity of all friends in England which he addressed to me. . . . After we had eat and drank very heartily the Princess told us we must go to see her son, which could not be refused. He is really a fine promising child and is attended by Englishmen, mostly Protestants, which the Princess observed to us saying, that as she believed, he was to live and die amongst Protestants she thought fit to have him bred up by their hands, and that in the country where she was born there was no other distinction but that of honest and dishonest.[1] These women, and particularly two Londoners, kept such a racket about us to make us kiss the young Pretender's hand, that to get clear of them as soon as we could we were forced to comply. The Princess laughed very heartily, and told us she did not question but the day would come that we should not be sorry to have made so early an acquaintance with her son. I thought myself under the necessity of making her the compliment that being hers he could not miss being good and happy. On the next post day we went, as commonly the English gentlemen do, to the Pretender's house for news; he had received a great many letters, and after perusing them he told us, that there was no great prospect of an amendment of affairs in England, that the secret committee and several other honest men were taking abundance of pains to find out the cause of the nation's destruction, which knowledge, when obtained to, would avail only to give people more concern for the public without procuring relief, for that the authors would find means to be above the reach of the common cause of justice. He bemoaned the misfortunes of England groaning under a load of debts and the severest hardships contracted and imposed to support foreign interest. He lamented the ill-treatment and disregard of the ancient nobility, and said it gave him great trouble to see the interest of the nation abandoned to the directions of a new set of people, who must at any rate enrich themselves by the spoil of the country. "Some may imagine," continued he, "that these calamities are not displeasing to me because they may in some measure turn to my

[1] If Clementine really said this, she must have changed her opinions considerably within the next few years.

advantage; I renounce all such unworthy thoughts—the love of my country is the first principle of my worldly wishes, and my heart bleeds to see so worthy and honest a people distressed and misled by a few wicked men, and plunged into miseries almost irretrievable:" thereupon he rose briskly from his chair and expressed his concern with fire in his eyes. . . . Then turning to an old English gentleman of the company, he said, "I have been told by several of the eminent prelates of the Church of Rome, particularly by my friend the Archbishop of Cambray, that it should never be my business to study how to be an Apostle but how to become a good King to all my people without distinction, which shall be found so if it please God to restore me. I have given my word in my declaration, to refer the securities requisite in such points to the persons themselves that are most concerned therein, and I have never given any persons reason to doubt but I will maintain my promises to the full; I can boldly say that none can with justice reproach me with failing in the least point of honour, which was and always shall be dearer to me than any crown, or my very life itself." It was urged to him that the Roman Catholic clergy, the Jesuits and Friars, are accused of being apt to start disputes to come by their end, and of a dangerous encroaching temper. He answered he had sufficient warning before him from the misfortunes in which his father had been involved by faithless and wicked men—that he was entirely of opinion that all clergymen not tolerated by the statutes of a nation, ought to be confined to the business of their profession, and that if any of them should be found meddling with public concerns, or creating disputes to the prejudice of the understanding that ought to be cherished between the King and his subjects, it was his opinion they ought to be removed out of the way of doing mischief—he averred this should constantly be his maxim. . . . I give you my word,' concludes the Marquis, 'I shall enter no more upon arguments of this kind with him, for he has too much wit and learning for me; besides that he talks with such an air of sincerity that I am apprehensive I should become half a Jacobite if I continued following these discourses any longer.'

After the birth of the Prince, the Court of James was crowded with adherents who came to offer their congratulations and to mature their intrigues. It was proposed that the infant should be sent into Scotland, where it was considered his presence would be most serviceable in keeping alive the spirit of Jacobitism. James, who, like his father, seldom undertook any

at measure without first consulting his spiritual advisers, talked the matter over with his confessors. These keepers of the royal conscience thought somewhat differently. It was very desirable, they said, that the spirit of loyalty and zeal for the House of Stuart should be encouraged throughout every shire and isle in Scotland, but at the same time the proposed scheme had its dangers. Two perils especially presented themselves. The infant Prince might be taken prisoner, or, if he escaped that fate, the influence of surrounding Calvinism might poison the pure current of his Catholic teaching. A plan which would avoid danger and at the same time excite loyalty would be preferable. Equal to the occasion the confessors proposed that Charles should be kept secretly in a convent at Rome, his education being strictly supervised by the priests, whilst *another* child should be sent into Scotland to personate the Prince, and test the devotion of his future subjects. Then, when it should be found that the kingdom was ripe for insurrection, and all classes animated by an ardent loyalty to the cause of the Stuarts, the time would have arrived to send over the real child and expose the imposture, but not before.

Unfortunately for the execution of this innocent and ingenious scheme, prominent among the friends and counsellors of James was a certain Colonel John Hay, who, when the subject was broached to him by his master, at once returned an angry negative, adding 'that the confessors knew nothing of English affairs, and that their blind zeal would spoil all.' Hay appears to have been indignant that he had not been consulted in the first instance, and that his opinion had only been asked after the interview with the priests.[1]

As soon as Charles had arrived at the age of some three years and a half, he was introduced by his royal parents to the Pope. The interview took place in the garden of the Vatican, where the Supreme Pontiff was then holding an audience. James and his consort duly did homage, but we are informed that nothing would induce the Prince to follow their example. This offensive exhibition of Protestantism was regarded by all the spectators as a bad augury.[2] But this act of discourtesy was not repeated in after life. Without troubling himself much with religious matters, Charles knew perfectly well who was his truest friend, and was always a dutiful and submissive son of the Church. He was in the Church, but not of it.

[1] State Papers, Italian States, July 24, 1723.
[2] *Ibid.* Sept. 7, 1724.

In spite of the opinion of the '*plusieurs dames connoisseuses*,' the Princess was again, on March 6, 1725, safely delivered of a second son. The Pope, who was then at his private prayers, was at once informed of the happy news, and graciously replied that he would attend in person and baptise the child. His Holiness was received on the steps of the palace by James, and then escorted to the apartment where the mother lay. The Chevalier approached the couch of his wife, took the child up in his arms, and presented him to the Pope, saying, 'I present to your Holiness the Duke of York in order to make him a Christian.' He was baptised, and the Pope gave him the names of Henry Benedict Maria Thomas, and others up to the number of twelve. This ceremony performed, his Holiness spent a few minutes in conversation with the Princess, and then withdrew to the Vatican. Shortly after his departure the whole of the Sacred College came to offer their congratulations.[1]

The ministers of James, thinking it a wise policy to keep the Court of Spain in remembrance of the exiled family, now proposed that the young Duke should be sent to Madrid, there to be brought up, and to receive his education. The father had no objection, but on the matter being discussed with the Princess she strongly opposed it, and desired that neither of her children should be removed from her.[2] Her request was granted, but events soon arose which interfered with this very natural maternal wish.

From the days when the first James made an idol of Carr, Earl of Somerset, the Stuarts had been notorious for their favourites. It would seem that their mental condition could not exist without the support of a warm and controlling intimacy. Like the ivy they could not stand alone, but derived their strength and growth from the object their affections encircled. The titular monarch at Rome did not belie his ancestry in this respect. Irresolute, narrow-minded, and miserably weak, save where blind obstinacy gave him determination, he loved to select those from his adherents whose qualities were a contrast to his own, and, finding them worthy of confidence, to place implicit trust in their guidance, opinions, and advice. At this moment his little Court was directed by a triumvirate which permitted no interference with their proceedings outside their coterie. The leader of this trio was a

[1] State Papers, Italian States, Mar. 6 and 10, 1725.
[2] *Ibid.* Mar. 17, 1725.

Colonel John Hay, whom I have already mentioned, the brother of Lord Kinnoul, who was so entirely in the confidence of his master, now that Mar was in disfavour, that about the time of the birth of the Duke of York he had been created Earl of Inverness and Secretary of State. According to Lockhart[1] he was 'a cunning, false, avaricious creature, of very ordinary parts, cultivated by no sort of literature, and altogether void of experience in business; with insolence prevailing often over his little stock of prudence.' Whether this character be true or no, we have only to read the correspondence of Walton to learn how complete was Hay's influence over James, and with what jealousy such control was regarded. Great as was this authority, however, it is doubtful whether it would have been so absolute had the titular Earl not been married. Mrs. Hay, if we may believe the same writer who so harshly sums up the character of her husband, was 'a mere coquette, tolerably handsome, but withal prodigiously vain and arrogant.' James, who, in spite of his priests and his prayers, had the promptings of his race, which made a woman who fascinated him an irresistible temptation, paid no little court to the lady, and scandal asserted that she had the honour of pleasing him. The last of the trio was James Murray, the son of Lord Stormont, and brother of the above lady. Though a Protestant, he was appointed, on the dismissal of Mrs. Sheldon, who no longer satisfied James, the governor of Prince Charles, and created Earl of Dunbar.

It was with extreme aversion that the Princess Clementine viewed the appointment of the Protestant Murray as governor of her son. A pure and blameless woman, she was a true daughter of her Church, and deemed any other religion (notwithstanding Lord Blandford's assertion to the contrary) as the most pernicious heresy. It was natural that the position Murray held in the household should have been most distasteful, not only to her, but also to her confessors. But James, when once he placed a favourite on the pedestal of his affections, refused to dethrone him. He turned a deaf ear to all remonstrances from either wife or priest, subject or superior. But soon a graver matter entered into the contention. In the veins of James's consort there ran the proud blood of the Sobieskis, and she declined to limit her resistance merely to the pettier insults she was in the habit of receiving from the

[1] *The Lockhart Papers*, vol. ii. p 340.

Earl and Countess of Inverness. She faced her lord, and openly accused him of infidelity, haughtily declaring that he must choose between losing his wife or dismissing his mistress. Nothing would induce her to submit to degradation.

'The Pretender has had very high words with his wife,' writes Walton,[1] 'on the subject of Mrs. Hay (called here the Countess of Inverness). The Princess told him flatly that unless he dismissed that lady, she herself would quit the palace. The following reasons have contributed to this state of things which has been going on for several months, and always steadily increasing:—

'1. A jealousy based upon very strong appearances and the extraordinary kindness shown by the Pretender to Mrs. Hay, whilst the Princess, on the other hand, has been treated very badly.

'2. The sovereign authority which the colonel and his wife display in the house, removing from the presence of the Princess, all who are likely to interfere with their authority. Their last act has been to drive away the only confidante of the Princess, Mrs. Sheldon, formerly governess to the children.

'3. That since Murray (called at Rome the Earl of Dunbar), a Protestant, and brother of Mrs. Hay, has been appointed governor of his eldest son, she and other Catholics have been prevented from speaking to the child, which has thus created the suspicion in her own mind that her children are to be brought up as Protestants—a suspicion carefully fomented by the Romish clergy.'

The Princess, finding that her remonstrances had no avail with her husband, but were only met by the most offensive indifference, withdrew to her chamber—the solitude of which had not lately been disturbed by her consort. Here she penned a letter to the Abbess of the Convent of Saint Cecilia, at Transtevere, begging that the door of the convent might be left open on the following day at a certain hour, when she would present herself and seek an interview. The letter was no sooner despatched than her retirement was broken in upon by the unexpected appearance of James, who was leading Mrs. Hay by the hand. The Princess instantly buried herself in the pages of a book she hastily snatched up, and refused to take any notice of the entrance of either James or his favourite. Offended at what he no doubt considered his wife's rudeness, the Chevalier approached Mrs. Hay, offered her his arm,

[1] State Papers, Italian States, Nov. 17, 1725.

and said, 'Let me take you into supper.' And the couple then took their departure without another word. This gratuitous insult was keenly felt by the Princess, who determined all the more to put her resolve into execution.

The next day, which was November 15, she drove to Transtevere, stopped the carriage before the convent, and entered within its walls, accompanied by one of her ladies-in-waiting. The Lady Superior conducted her to a room, when she instantly despatched three letters—one to her husband, the second to the Pope, and the third to Cardinal Gualtieri, who had always taken the part of the Hays.[1]

To her sister she thus wrote[2]: 'Mr. Hay [Lord Inverness] and his lady are the cause that I am retired into a convent. I received your letter in their behalf, and returned you an answer, only to do you a pleasure, and to oblige the King; but it all has been to no purpose, for, instead of making them my friends, all the civilities I have shown them have only served to render them the more insolent. Their unworthy treatment of me has, in short, reduced me to such an extremity, and I am in such a cruel situation, that I had rather suffer death than live in the King's palace with persons that have no religion, honour, nor conscience, and who, not content with having been the authors of so fatal a separation between the King and me, are continually teasing him every day to part with his best friends and his most faithful subjects. This at length determined me to retire into a convent, there to spend the rest of my days in lamenting my misfortunes, after having been fretted, for six years together, by the most mortifying indignities and affronts that can be imagined. I desire you to make my compliments to the Bishop of Ambrun, and to tell him from me, that as I take him to be my friend, I doubt not but he will do me justice on this occasion. He is very sensible that they were strong and pressing reasons that determined me to take so strong a resolution, and he has been a witness of the retired life I always led; and you, my dear sister, ought to have the same charity for me. But whatever happens, I assure you that I should rather choose to be silent under censure, than to offer the least thing which may prejudice either the person or affairs of the King, for whom I always had, notwithstanding my unhappy situation, and for whom I shall retain, as long as I live, a sincere and respectful affection.'

[1] State Papers, Italian States, Nov. 17, 1725.
[2] *Lockhart Papers* vol. ii. p. 265.

The morrow after the flight of the Princess the Pope despatched Bishop Merlini, his financial secretary, to James, to inform him that his Holiness would not tolerate for one moment that the young Princes should be brought up as Protestants, '*ni voir devant ses yeux son concubinage avec la Comtesse d'Inverness au préjudice de son épouse.*'[1] Hereupon James, in a great rage, replied that though the governor of the Prince was a Protestant, yet all those who taught his son religion and morality were Catholics, and that as for his pretended adultery with Lady Inverness, '*il ne pouvait répondre, ni croire que pareil message s'adressait à lui, autrement le porteur du tel compliment courrait risque de descendre par la fenêtre au lieu de l'escalier.*'[2]

Shortly after the departure of this prelate, Cardinal Alberoni, who most warmly espoused the cause of the Princess, also called upon her husband, and expressed himself very strongly against the Hays. Irritated at the Cardinal's remarks, James haughtily replied that his Eminence was forgetting himself, and that he dare not put in writing what he had verbally alleged. At this the Cardinal, rising from his seat in such a fury that his robes were torn by the arms of his chair, replied that he had never failed to speak the truth even in the presence of powerful sovereigns, who could have had him executed on the spot, much less was he to be intimidated by a king without a country. And with this Parthian shot at the crownless monarch, Alberoni took his departure—only to return shortly afterwards with every insult he had hurled against the Hays written down on a paper, which he handed to James.[3] The intriguer of Madrid was certainly not a man to fear a Stuart. It has been stated that Alberoni had counselled the Princess, before her final rupture with her husband, to take refuge in the convent. This assertion he appears to have distinctly denied at an audience of the Pope.[4]

It is beyond my province to enter into the details of a scandal which was the gossip of every court and coffee-house in Europe. James resolutely refused to break with the Hays, to dismiss Murray, or to be reconciled to his wife. He emphatically denied that he ever intended bringing up his children as heretics, and that the appointment of Dunbar had only been made to conciliate the Protestant party in England. Moreover, he added that he had given Dunbar strict orders never to dis-

[1] State Papers, Italian States, Nov. 22, 1725.
[2] *Ibid.*
[3] *Ibid.*
[4] *Ibid.*

cuss matters of religion with his sons. These commands, however, appear not to have been fully carried out, for we read that Charles had been taught to learn by heart '*Je me fiche des prêtres, les moines sont de grands frippons, la messe a couté trois royaumes à mon grand père*,' and other similar phrases of an aggressively Protestant character.[1] As for his adultery, James calmly ignored all accusations upon that head, but with that irritating perversity which certain obstinate natures love to display, he wrote to his consort that he had much to forgive, but that if she would express regret for her conduct he would pardon her, and the past would be forgotten. He, however, never said a word about his own conduct, or hinted at the possibility of such an act as the removal of the Earl and Countess of Inverness. *He* was the one who had been injured, whose feelings had been outraged, and, with the superiority of virtue itself, he placed the whole blame on his innocent and wounded consort.

'See, Madam, to what difficulties you expose me!' he writes with well-acted indignation. 'What honourable man will venture to serve me after the scenes you have publicly exhibited? Do not then wonder that I expect from you some token of regret for the disrespect you have shown me, and for the injury you have done yourself and me by so unheard of an exposure, and that you will thereafter open your heart to me unreservedly; if you do so I shall forget the past, and shall in future only study your satisfaction and happiness. I protest, Madam, that I know of no just ground you have of complaint against me: were I conscious of any, I should assuredly remedy it, but I am persuaded that if you take time for candid reflection, you will be touched by all I am writing to you, and by my gentle and kind behaviour towards you. Do then repent of the past, and do not drive matters to extremity, which indeed you cannot do without precipitating yourself into irretrievable mischief, and incurring responsibilities to God and man. This, my dear Clementine, is all I can say upon a sad and lamentable subject. I conjure you to make it matter of serious meditation. Think how glorious it is to avow an error, and that it is but by correcting it you can restore your happiness; and do not any longer resist the last efforts of my tenderness, which only awaits your return to rekindle never again to relax or cease.'[2] Such letters were received in silence, but they had the effect perhaps

[1] State Papers, Italian States, Nov. 28, 1725.

[2] 'La Spedizione di Carlo Stuart,' dal Jesuita Giulio Cordara.—*Quarterly Review*, vol. lxxix.

intended of making the gulf between husband and wife all the wider.

Indeed the conduct of James and his creatures at this time appears to have been wanting not only in morality, but even in ordinary delicacy of feeling. When letters addressed to the Princess by people in England or elsewhere, who were ignorant of the details of the separation, were delivered at the palace, the messenger was informed 'that they did not know *that foreign lady* at the palace of his Majesty.'[1] On another occasion it was the talk of Roman society that a reconciliation had been effected, and that on a certain evening the Princess would visit the theatre accompanied by the Chevalier. Accordingly on the appointed night, all Rome assembled at the theatre, and every eye was directed to the box of the exiled King of England. There was James, it is true—but with whom?—with the Countess of Inverness, who was magnificently dressed.[2] Even in the land of *cicisbeism* this was *un peu trop fort*; and we are told that a universal murmur of disapprobation resounded through the house.

It was natural that such conduct should be regarded in a very severe light by the Vatican. The Holy See was not only a staunch friend to the cause of the Stuarts, but also its chief supporter. The possession of the Sixtine treasury permitted the Popes of that day to express the sympathy they entertained for the fallen or deserving in no unsubstantial manner. The greater portion of the revenue of James had been made up by donations from Clement XI. and Innocent XIII., from Benedict XIII. and Clement XII. In the letters of that date we constantly read of donations of scudi being given now to the Chevalier, and now to the Princess. Indeed this generosity was extended to the son at a very early period of his life. For when, in the early part of June 1721, Charles had been presented to the Pope by his mother, who carried him in her arms, the kindly Innocent showed his favour by a gift to the child of 8,000 scudi. Thus the Supreme Pontiff, both as friend and patron, had every right to exercise his authority in the settlement of this painful scandal. He took it up sternly. He refused to give James audience, or in any way to recognise him until he consented 'to give satisfaction to his wife, and remove scandal from his house.' More than this; the pension of 12,000 scudi, allowed the exile by the court of Rome, was diminished

[1] State Papers, Italian States, Jan. 26, 1726. [2] *Ibid.*

by one half. Like his son during his later years, the Chevalier was very keen about money matters, and, however indifferent he might be to the claims of morality or good taste, he was specially sensitive when attacks were directed against his purse. Aware of this, the Pope knew exactly where to touch his vulnerable point, and wound him into submission.

But it was not only from the Vicar of Christ that James met with rebuffs and reproaches. There is no one like a woman to avenge a wrong against her sex, and the Queen of Spain now entered the lists and took up the cause of her outraged sister. James had intended paying a visit to Spain for political purposes. Her Most Catholic Majesty commanded him not to think of putting his foot within her dominions unless accompanied by his wife. Not only by her, but by her royal husband, his miserable conduct towards the Princess was regarded with the most utter detestation, and he need never hope for any aid, pecuniary or otherwise, until he was reconciled to his wife. Everybody, her Majesty said, was indignant at his continuing to keep near him three persons who were known by all honest people to be the most notorious characters, and who served no other purpose than that of alienating all true friends from the cause of his house. He had made great pretensions of his submission to the Church, and of his love for Her creed, henceforth throughout the whole Catholic world his name would be a byword of reproach, and the good opinion it formerly entertained of him be completely lost. In such strains the letter continued, the Queen using everywhere 'the strongest expressions that could emanate from the pen of an outraged woman.'[1] In a subsequent epistle Alberoni was informed that he had full power to obtain every satisfaction from James for the insulting position in which he had placed the Princess. The Emperor of Germany, who was connected with the Sobieskis, was equally indignant at the treatment of his kinswoman, and despatched his remonstrances.

Nor was it only from royalty that James encountered reproof. Among his adherents, and especially by those in England, his conduct was regarded as a severe blow to the cause, and more than one strong representation had been forwarded to Rome. In reply James made light of the affair, and stated that it had not in any way affected his position abroad. Accordingly a staunch Jacobite, one George Lockhart of Carnwath, after taking counsel with a good number of James's 'trustees,'

[1] State Papers, Italian States, Feb. 16, 1726.

wrote [1] to his master, begging him, in the name of the trustees, to accommodate that 'unlucky affair in your family.' 'For though they (the trustees) are glad to hear from so good an authority as yourself (without which they would scarce have credited it), that this affair is not likely to produce any bad consequences on your affairs abroad; yet it is with the greatest concern that they see *quite the contrary at home*; and therefore are obliged, by the duty they owe you, in plain words, to tell you, that, so far as their observations and intelligence reach, they apprehend it is the *severest stroke your affairs have got these many years*, and will be such an impediment to them, that they have much reason to think no circumstance of time, no situation of the affairs of Europe, can make amends. . . . They beg leave, with the greatest respect and submission, to represent that they believe the point to be of such consequence to you, that, in good policy and prudence, you should rather pass by some failings in, and make some condescensions to, the Queen, than not repair a breach that in all appearance will prove fatal . . . for your people here, of all kinds, have got such an impression of the Queen's great merit, and are so prepossessed with the reports of her being ill-used by some about you, that it is in vain to attempt to dispossess them of that notion. . . . That God Almighty may direct you in this, perhaps the most critical step of your life, is the serious prayer of all your dutiful disinterested subjects.'

Months later Duncan Forbes, then Lord-advocate, and afterwards the famous Lord President, writes on the same subject to the Duke of Newcastle [2]:—

'I told your Grace this last season,' he says, 'that the disaffection in this part of the kingdom was wearing out apace, and that the greatest part of those people who within these seven years last past were extremely violent and determined on the side of the Pretender had changed their note and *become exceedingly lukewarm and indifferent to his interests*, and now it is with great pleasure I can assure your Grace from the observations of persons that I can safely trust that the zeal with which they lately were fired is, *from a more perfect knowledge of their idol's personal character, turned into a sort of shame and confusion* for having espoused so warmly his cause; that all endeavours to support his party have ceased; that the most disagreeable thing that can be done to those of the best

[1] *Lockhart's Memoirs*, July 23, 1726, vol. ii. p. 291.
[2] State Papers, Scotland, June 26, 1728.

sense amongst his late friends, is to *make mention of his name*, and that, therefore, there is no doubt that the justice and clemency of His Majesty's Government will in a very few years, universally gain the hearts of men who already have got rid of that fascination that so lately blinded them.'

Still James, with true Stuart obstinacy, refused to listen to the advice of reason. In spite of the whole Sacred College; in spite of the Courts of Vienna and Madrid; in spite of the warnings of adherents, he refused to be dictated to. He would not part with the Earl, he would not break with the Countess, he would not dismiss Murray. Never was Antony more infatuated.

But the Eternal City—what with the anger of the Pope, the incessant visits from the Cardinals, and the indignation of his partisans—was getting a little too hot for him. A change of scene, he thought, would be agreeable, and a few miles between him and Rome lend that enchantment which distance is said to insure. Bologna was the spot fixed upon. He packed up his goods and chattels and meditated departure. On the eve of going away, three Cardinals called upon him. He was informed that they had been specially despatched by the Pope to gravely remonstrate with him. His Holiness had heard of his intended withdrawal from Rome, and if he chose to go to Bologna for a few weeks, he was perfectly at liberty to do so, but if he had any idea of establishing himself there for good, simply out of spite to his wife, and in the hopes of becoming a freer agent as regards the education of his children, he was very much mistaken. His Holiness would never for one moment permit the young Princes to be brought up by a Protestant, and thus put in peril their immortal souls. As for his conduct to the Princess it was wrong throughout. The grievances complained of by his wife were perfectly just, and were based on religion, equity, and common sense. The Church had taken her Majesty under its sacred protection in the hope of one day establishing the Catholic religion in England. He would not be permitted to sin unpunished. Until matters were satisfactorily arranged between him and his wife, his Holiness refused to give him audience, and he would find that withdrawal from Rome would not remove him from the Papal resentment. During this lecture James preserved a strict silence, and replied never a word.[1]

For the next few days the gossips in Rome were on the

[1] State Papers, Italian States, Sept. 5, 1726.

alert. Would James quit their city for a permanent abode elsewhere? Would he remain and be reconciled? Would he make a temporary sojourn at Bologna? These were the questions discussed on every side. The packing of James's luggage continued, but it was noticed that the furniture and other arrangements of his palace were left as usual. It was, therefore, inferred that his absence from Rome would not be permanent. Two other facts were also discovered. Within the walls of the convent the husband and wife had held a long interview—James had agreed to dismiss Murray, but refused to part with the Earl and Countess. The Princess said that unless the Invernesses took their departure she would not return to her husband's roof. James declined to comply with her request, and bade her farewell. Still the interview, it was said, had been an amicable one. The second fact was that the Countess of Inverness herself had called at the convent, had used all her coquettish arts to make her peace with the Princess, and had failed. Why had she thus humbled herself? Was she not sure of her position? Was her empire over her lover on the wane, and was she preparing for her fall? It was thought so.

However, scandal received fresh food by learning that the exile, a few days after the interview with the Cardinals, had taken his departure for Bologna. There he remained for several weeks, enjoying the charms the neighbourhood offered, and frequently driving about the town with his fascinating Countess. Thus time passed on. Winter had given place to spring, spring had developed into summer, and fashionable Rome was meditating *villeggiatura*, when a report was circulated that the separated couple were reconciled. It was said that the Princess had received a letter from her husband couched in such penitent and affectionate terms 'that she fainted straight away.' The rumour was true. What were the reasons which induced James to make peace we know not. Coming events may have cast their shadows before, and the titular King may have thought it wise not to alienate his powerful friends any longer from his cause. Perhaps the threat, both from Rome and Madrid, of stopping supplies, may have had something to do with his resolution: or he may have fancied that he sincerely repented of his conduct and honestly desired a reunion with his wife. But whatever were the motives at work, certain it is that James consented to dismiss the Earl and Countess, and remove Charles from the

tutelage of Murray. He parted from Inverness with sincere regret, and expressed a hope that the Earl might still be of service to him,—'You know the great and good opinion I have long had of that lord,' he says in the paper he incloses to Lockhart,[1] 'and it is now with reason augmented by the sacrifice he will make of himself for the good of my family in this conjuncture, which ought to increase his merit with all honest men, and I hope to have yet soon occasion to show in his person that I am incapable of abandoning my faithful servants.'

These obstacles to domestic felicity having been removed, the Princess early in June quitted the convent to rejoin her husband at Bologna.[2] Whilst on the road she heard the news of the death of George I., and that James, who considered his political position of far more importance than his domestic situation, was posting with all speed to Lorraine. For nearly a year he was absent from his consort, intriguing unsuccessfully with his adherents for a rising in Scotland. At first he settled at Nancy, but pressure being put on the French government by the Court of St. James's, he was ordered by the Duke of Lorraine to quit the Duchy. He then repaired to the Papal State of Avignon, and wrote to the Princess, desiring her to rejoin him there. The wife, however, acting under the advice of the Cardinals, thought it more prudent not to comply with his wishes. The counsel had been well given, for James was soon afterwards compelled to quit Avignon, and, crossing the Alps, he returned once more to Rome, where he was reunited to his wife.

The reconciliation, however, was not a very lasting one. Throughout the correspondence of Walton we read of recriminations between husband and wife—the wife complaining of her husband's conduct (for James soon gave her fresh cause for jealousy), the husband squabbling with his wife about money matters—but for the sake of their children, and to avoid open scandal, they agreed to live together. It was an ill-assorted union, and when the Princess, after years of mental and physical suffering, passed to her rest, death was a welcome release.

[1] *Memoirs*, vol. ii. p. 347.

[2] State Papers, Italian States, July 5, 1727. See also the whole of the volume, 1726–1729. No. 49

CHAPTER II.

THE FIRST CAMPAIGN.

Young Charlie is a gallant lad.

One of the chief results of the reconciliation between James and his consort was that the education of their children now proceeded without interruption. As long as the health of the Princess, who suffered severely from asthma, was equal to the effort, she superintended the studies of her boys herself. But as Charles and his brother advanced in years and required a wider range of subjects, the exertion was too much for her, and tutors had to be appointed. Of these tutors we have mention of Chevalier Ramsay, the pupil and friend of Fénelon; of Thomas Sheridan, who was more of a zealous Jacobite than a careful pedagogue; and of one Legouz, who was a great favourite with the young Princes. What the exact nature of the education was which Charles and Henry received we cannot tell, but there is nothing to warrant the assertion that Charles was either neglected in his youth, or deficient in ordinary acquirements. From contemporary evidence we know that he spoke French and Italian well at an early age; that his conversation was far beyond his years; that he had a taste, as became one brought up in Italy, for music and the fine arts, and that in Latin, history, and the like he was not backward.

Doubtless his education was strongly tinged by the peculiar colouring of his tutors' minds: in Religion he may have been taught to depreciate the strength and vitality of Protestantism, and in Constitutional history to believe in Brady and Filmer, rather than in that development of Parliamentary Government which was gradually making the House of Commons the centre and force of the State. There is much in the after-life of Charles to show that his education was of foreign training, and that he did not understand, as an Englishman should have understood, many of the institutions of his country, but we have no foundation for the statement that he was wanting in culture or capacity. Much stress has been laid by some upon the errors of orthography to be seen in his letters, and no one who has examined his correspondence can deny that his spelling is shocking, and his handwriting anything but legible. But

if a man belonging to the eighteenth century is to be considered as ill-educated because his spelling and calligraphy fail to satisfy the standard of the present day, then we must admit that men like Henry Pelham, the Duke of Newcastle, the Duke of Cumberland, the Lord President of the Court of Sessions, Lord Townshend, the Lord Justice Clerk, Lord Harrington, Sir Everard Fawkener, and a host of others occupying high positions in the service of their country—as their letters among the State Papers bear witness—were also ill-educated.

Instead of writing down Charles as an ignoramus, we shall be nearer the truth in supposing him, before he was embittered by disappointment and his mind clouded by dissipation, to have been possessed of culture and accomplishments rather above the average than below it. At least the evidence we possess would lead us to arrive at this conclusion. Still it is only fair to those who have formed a contrary opinion to state that an acute and impartial observer like Desbrosses considered that Charles had a moderate understanding, and was less cultivated than became a prince.[1] Æneas Macdonald also, who was personally acquainted with Charles at Paris, says in his Confessions that 'he seemed to have been badly educated and to care for little else than hunting and shooting.'[2] Lord Elcho likewise speaks disparagingly of the acquirements of the Prince.

In spite of the reconciliation between James and his wife, Lord Dunbar continued to exercise control over Charles, and appears to have been as distasteful to the pupil as he was to the mother. On one occasion, if we are to credit Walton,[3] this dislike exhibited itself in such a fit of temper that the young Prince, after pouring forth a torrent of abuse, threatened to kick Murray and even to kill him. For this piece of insubordination Charles was locked up in his room for several days, and, for fear that he might carry his threat into execution, all kinds of arms were placed out of his reach. '*On a observé dans cette occasion*,' writes Walton, '*la vivacité brutale du jeune homme qui a souffert mal volontiers cette correction et a juré de se venger à tel prix que cela fût.*' If this story be true, the boy was very different from the man, for whatever faults Charles possessed (and he had his full allowance), brutality of that description was not one of them. The Prince who during

[1] *History of England*, Lord Stanhope, vol. iii. p. 26.
[2] State Papers, Domestic, Sept. 17, 1746.
[3] State Papers, Tuscany, Oct. 3, 1733.

the whole of the 'Forty-five' was remarkable for his feminine aversion to shed blood and who never once permitted cruelty among his followers, was scarcely the lad to have been guilty of using such a threat. The story was in all probability some piece of household gossip, which, by the time it reached Walton's ears, had been grossly exaggerated. Impetuous, hot-tempered when thwarted, and impatient of control, Charles may well have said what he ought not to Murray, and have been shut up in consequence. It may even be that in a fit of boyish rage he attempted to kick and struggle with his master, but in his threat of a sanguinary revenge at any price, and the removal of arms from a lad not yet thirteen, I think we can see the exaggeration of the story—an exaggeration moreover not at all improbable in the country of the stiletto. We know that during the march and retreat of Charles more than one pistol was snapped in his face, and that he systematically refused to pass capital punishment upon the captured offenders. Indeed in his youth he was humane almost to a fault, and utterly wanting in anything approaching a '*vivacité brutale.*'

It was in the same year that Walton accuses Charles of committing the above offence that the Pope desired an interview with the Prince at the Vatican. His Holiness on a previous occasion had been rather anxious as to the amount of harm that Charles had received from the tuition of a Protestant —perhaps the Supreme Pontiff may have heard of some of the lad's sentiments respecting priests—and after an audience took the trouble to examine the Prince in the tenets of the faith he should profess. To the Pope's delight, Charles not only repeated without a mistake whole passages from the Catholic catechism, but answered every question put to him most satisfactorily. Indeed he acquitted himself so well that the Pope made no allusion to his education having been superintended by a Protestant. From that time Charles was in good odour at the Vatican. Accompanied by his father or Lady Nithisdale he was generally present at every audience, and Clement seldom failed to take notice of him, either by a kindly word or handsome gift. He was now to receive a signal proof of the Papal favour. By virtue of a writ specially granted him by the Court of Rome, Charles was enabled to hold benefices of all kinds, a privilege which his adherents trusted would procure him a good revenue in France or Spain.[1]

Thus, favoured by the Pope, petted by the principal nobility

[1] State Papers, Tuscany, 1733, No. 30.

of the nighbourhood, and flattered by all, the early days of the Prince passed on. Scarcely had he entered upon his fourteenth year—the year in which a Roman prophecy had declared his father would succeed to the throne of England—when an event occurred which revealed to him sterner interests in life than mere domestic comfort, and was no bad preparatory school for Gladsmuir and Falkirk.

The year 1734 was one of heavy odds against the Imperialists. On all sides Charles, Emperor of Germany, and King of Naples and Sicily, was surrounded by foes. Spain, animated by one object, a crown for her son, Don Carlos, had resolved, with the aid of France, to make the Don king of Naples. Assisted by Sardinia the united armies poured into Austrian Lombardy. The battle of La Crocetta crushed the power of the Austrians in northern Italy. A Spanish army, under the Duke de Montemar, was hastening with Don Carlos to Naples, when the Imperialists, too few to withstand a siege, yielded without a blow. The fortresses of Capua and Gaeta, into which the flower of the Austrian troops had thrown themselves, were closely invested. Sicily was surrounded. On the Rhine, Eugene was coping with the successor of Marshal Berwick, and doing his utmost to check the progress of France. Throughout his dominions the Emperor was on his trial.

Whilst the siege of Gaeta was proceeding, the Duke of Liria, afterwards Duke of Berwick and son of a natural brother of James, was at Rome, intending to join the besieging army. Happening to visit his uncle, he asked him whether he would like Charles to see service, promising to take every care of the young prince. After some little hesitation, James gave his consent, and everything was put into preparation for the hasty departure of Charles. His friend the Pope received him in audience as became an heir apparent to a throne, and presented him with a couple of thousand pistoles. By order of the Princess, prayers were offered at all the convents of Rome for the happy success of her son's arms, and on July 27, attended by Murray, Gore, Sheldon, a confessor, a surgeon, and four servants, Charles quitted Rome for his first campaign.[1]

On his arrival at Gaeta he was received with the greatest distinction by Don Carlos, who saluted him as Prince of Wales, and appointed him a General of Artillery, with the pay of a thousand crowns a month. Nor was Charles one of those mock soldiers which exalted rank sometimes exhibits. Malice

[1] State Papers, Tuscany, July 31, 1734.

never winged a falser shaft than when it accused this Prince of cowardice. At no time was he conscious of fear. His courage, it is true, was purely physical, and lacked much of that intellectual character which diminishes the danger without shunning the conflict, but courage of the rash impetuous order Charles certainly had. Throughout his military career he was always wanting to hasten the attack—to rush on, come what may, and succeed by a brilliant *coup de main*. His voice was never in favour of retreat, and, had it not been for the discipline and foresight of those who accompanied him, his short-lived campaign would in all probability have presented a very different aspect. Though a poor commander, Charles was yet precisely the man, and possessed precisely the qualities, to lead a forlorn hope, or to head a charge. Considering the abundant evidence we possess of his bravery, calumny never more completely stultified itself than when it went out of its way to make an accusation which admits of such easy disproof.

With an ardour worthy of his ancestor the victor of Bannockburn, Charles threw himself into his new duties. He keenly observed all the details of military life; was popular with the men; actively superintended the operations intrusted to his nominal command, and soon showed that he was neither a fool nor a poltroon. On August 6 he was serving in the trenches with Don Carlos, when Gaeta was forced to surrender.

'The siege of Gaeta is now over, blessed be God!' writes the Duke of Liria to his brother, the Duke of Fitzjames.[1] 'Though a very short one I suffered more whilst it lasted than in any siege I had been heretofore at. You may easily imagine the uneasiness I talk of was my anxiety and concern for the person of the Prince of Wales. The king, his father, had sent him hither under my care to witness the siege, and laid his commands on me not only to direct him, but even to show him everything that merited his attention. And I must confess that he made me pass some as uneasy moments as ever I met with from the crossest accidents of my past life. Just at his arrival I conducted him to the trenches, where he showed not the least concern at the enemy's fire, even when the balls were hissing about his ears. I was relieved the day following from the trenches, and as the house I lodged in was very much exposed, the enemy discharged at once five pieces of cannon against it, which made me move my quarters. The Prince

[1] State Papers, Domestic, 1745, No. 79. Aug. 7, 1734.

arriving a moment after would at any rate go into the house, though I did all I could to dissuade him from it, by representing to him the danger he was exposing himself to, yet he stayed in it a very considerable time with an undisturbed countenance, though the walls had been pierced through with the cannon balls. In a word, this Prince discovers that in great Princes whom nature has marked out for heroes, valour does not wait for number of years. I am now, blessed be God, rid of all my uneasiness, and joyfully indulge myself in the pleasure of seeing the Prince adored by officers and soldiers. His manner and conversation are really bewitching, and you may lay your account that were it otherwise I would not have kept it a secret from you. We set out for Naples in a day or two, where I am pretty certain his Royal Highness will charm the Neapolitans as much as he has done our troops. The King of Naples [on the capture of Naples Don Carlos had been called king] is much taken with his polite behaviour, and there is not the least necessity of suggesting to him what is either proper for him to do or to say. I wish to God that some of the greatest sticklers in England against the family of the Stuarts had been eye-witnesses of this Prince's resolution during that siege, and I am firmly persuaded that they would soon change their way of thinking. In his very countenance I discover something so happy that presages to him the greatest felicity.'

I see no reason to doubt the contents of this letter. Its tone is certainly flattering to the courage and *savoir faire* of so young a man, and, were the testimony of the Duke of Liria the only evidence we possessed, it might be perhaps necessary to accept with a little reservation the praises he so freely, but to my mind with such an air of truth and candour, lavishes on Charles. But almost every one, not jaundiced by party prejudice, who came in contact with the Prince during the earlier period of his life—Desbrosses, Murray, the accomplished Jesuit Cordara, Home, and the like—fully corroborate by their statements the above remarks of the Duke.

'I cannot express to you how much our whole army is charmed with the Prince of Wales,' writes an anonymous admirer;[1] 'never was any Prince endowed with so much vivacity nor appeared more cheerful in all the attacks. If he had been master of his own inclinations he never would have

[1] Excerpts of some letters from the camp at Gaeta, bearing date Aug. 7, 1734. State Papers, Domestic, 1745. Among the Undated Papers, No. 79.

quitted the trenches, and was overheard to say that the noise of the cannon was more pleasant music to him than that of the opera at Rome. The whole employment of his Grace the Duke of Berwick [on the death of the Marshal, the Duke of Liria had succeeded to the title] was to hinder him from exposing himself rashly; and I do assure you, it was not an easy task. The Prince having gone towards a place where a detachment from the whole army were making gabions, fascines, &c., and mixing with the soldiers, they were struck with wonder and astonishment when they heard this young Prince speaking to each of them in their own language. To the Walloon he spoke French, Spanish to the Spaniards, and to the Italians Italian, being perfect master of these three languages. The soldiers flocked about him and disputed among themselves who should have the honour of speaking a word to him. . . . You may easily conclude that a young Prince, so affable and of so charming a behaviour, cannot fail of being adored both by officers and soldiers. In fine, I would never have done, if I were to give you an exact account of everything that is said and done by the amiable Prince whom we all adore.'

'The Prince exceeds everything I was capable of fancying about him,' says another,[1] 'and meets here with as many admirers as he hath spectators. When talking to this and the other person about their respective employments, one would imagine that he had made the inclinations of those with whom he conversed his particular study. The King of Naples was struck with wonder to find in the dawn of years such ripe thoughts and so much prudence, which are rarely to be met with even in princes arrived at full maturity of age. All that have seen him, affirm that he is born to a happy fate, and to make others happy too.' Alas for the realisation of those bright omens, that the appearance of Charles, at this time, invariably gave rise to!

The siege of Gaeta completed, Charles, at the special invitation of the King, paid a visit to Naples. Whilst coasting along from Gaeta to the beautiful Bay, it is said that his hat blew off and fell into the sea. A boat was about to be lowered in the hope of saving the sinking article, when Charles begged the crew to desist, saying that 'he should be obliged before long to go and fetch himself a hat in England,'—alluding to the crown of which his family had been deprived. This story is not unlikely. In spite of his tender years, the Prince had

[1] State Papers, Domestic, 1745, No. 79. Aug. 6, 1734.

been taken into the confidence of his father, and the intrigues of the Jacobites were subjects with which he was fully familiar. According to Walton, the father and son were in the habit of walking out together amid the deserted spots of Rome, and talking and plotting how to obtain possession again of the throne of their ancestors. It is therefore not improbable that Charles, preoccupied with the bright destiny promised him by his partisans, may have given vent to so prophetic a remark.

On the conclusion of the siege of Gaeta, the Duke of Berwick quitted the Spanish service, and James declined to allow his son to accompany the Spanish army into Sicily.[1] Accordingly, early in September Charles returned home, 'rich and opulent with two splendid horses given him by the King of Naples and numerous jewels.'[2] Walton, who had at first sneered[3] at the departure of Charles for the seat of war as a mere piece of bravado, and had prophesied his speedy return without having ever been within earshot of action, was now obliged to admit that the young Prince went into the trenches like a soldier, gave many signs of courage, and showed that he had not only good sense beyond his age, but the talents to make himself beloved.[4] 'Everybody,' writes Walton, 'says that he will be in time a far more dangerous enemy to the present establishment of the Government of England than ever his father was.' These admissions, coming from such a quarter, are a satisfactory refutation of the report that Charles was then wanting either in courage or ability.

A few weeks after the return of her son from his first campaign, the Princess Clementine, whose health had long been failing, passed to her rest. Before her death she asked to see her children, and earnestly exhorted them to hold fast to the religion of their ancestors, and never to quit it 'for all the kingdoms in the world, none of which could ever be compared to the Kingdom of Heaven.' During the closing hours of her illness, James appeared to take her final dissolution very much to heart, 'in order to efface from the minds of the Roman people,' writes Walton,[5] 'the idea that his bad treatment of her some years ago shortened her days.' Let us hope that this melancholy was not altogether the acting of a part, but that there entered into it a genuine repentance for having caused an accomplished and amiable woman to suffer the

[1] State Papers, Tuscany, Sept. 4, 1734. [2] *Ibid.* Sept. 25, 1734.
[3] *Ibid.* Sept. 25, 1734. [4] *Ibid.* Aug. 7, 1734. [5] Jan. 22, 1735.

greatest indignity that a wife can receive at the hands of her husband. She died on January 18, 1735, and her funeral obsequies were conducted with the greatest pomp and magnificence. The wax tapers that were burnt on the occasion alone weighed 13,000 pounds.[1] Benedict XIV. raised a splendid monument to her memory, and a medal was struck on the occasion.

The two years that succeeded his mother's death Charles spent in study and retirement. His father, aware of the position that one day might be his lot, took every opportunity to render his son fit for exalted station, by making him avail himself of every advantage within his reach. Thus the natural abilities of Charles were cultivated and developed by constant intercourse with all that boasted of rank and refinement in Rome. As Prince of Wales, among those who acknowledged the royalty of his descent, he was brought up in a school where he early acquired that charm of manner and courtly air which always characterised him, and which tended not a little to win the adherence of those with whom he came in contact. We learn that both he and his brother, being passionately fond of music, were in the habit of giving a concert once a week to the *élite* of the Roman world, when Charles played the violoncello, and was considered for so young a man a finished musician. 'Yesterday I entered the room as they were executing the celebrated composition of Corelli, the *Notte di natale*,' writes Charles Desbrosses, first President of the Parliament of Dijon, in his agreeable letters upon Italy, 'and expressed my regret at not having heard the commencement. When it was over they were going to begin a new piece, when Prince Charles stopped them, saying, "Stop, I have just heard that Monsieur Desbrosses wishes to hear the last composition complete." I give this little anecdote with pleasure, as it manifests at once a true spirit of politeness and a kindness of disposition.'

Good-looking, amiable, and endowed with social qualities which, had he not been a Prince, would have been in themselves a recommendation, we are not surprised to learn from Walton's letters that Charles was a welcome guest in Roman society. He was a frequent diner out, and devotedly fond of dancing. The three relaxations he chiefly indulged in were, boating with

[1] State Papers, Tuscany, Feb. 5, 1735. Walton invariably speaks well of the Princess. 'La Princesse Sobieski,' he writes in one of his earlier letters, 'est fort aimée et estimée ici à cause de son esprit et savoir vivre, et c'est elle qui maintient au Prétendant le peu d'amis qui lui sont restés parmi les cardinaux et prélats depuis la mort de Clément XI.'—ROME, *Feb.* 28, 1722.

his brother on the Lake of Albano, riding, and shooting the covers of the Villa Borghese.

Early in 1737 James, in order to form the Prince, sent him on a tour throughout the chief Italian capitals, giving directions that he was to be received with every distinction. Assuming the title of Count Albany, Charles quitted Rome on April 22, accompanied by Dunbar, Sheridan, and a suite of twelve persons, of whom five were in livery. On his arrival at Bologna, he was complimented by a deputation from the Senate, and a guard of honour, composed of twenty-four Swiss and two officers, told off to attend him to his palace, an escort which Charles, however, declined to accept, as he was travelling *incognito*. At Bologna he made a stay of a couple of days, and a public ball was given in his honour at the splendid palace of the Marquis of Tibbia. On the evening of May 6 he arrived at Parma, where apartments had been prepared for him in the Benedictine Convent by order of the Duchess Dowager Dorothea. Most flattering was the attention paid him here. On his presentation to the Duchess Dowager she greeted him most warmly, and begged him to accept a gold snuff-box set with diamonds. Charles bowed his acknowledgments and took the gift; then, in company with her Highness and the Bishop of Parma, he visited the churches, the picture galleries, and his attention was specially directed to the Veronese marble of the splendid baptistery near the Cathedral. The next day he was invited by the Dowager Duchess to a state dinner, and in the evening a ball, which was brilliantly attended, was given in his honour. On the morning of his departure for Piacenza, he inspected the troops at a review, and on bidding the Dowager Duchess farewell her Highness presented him with a valuable diamond ring.[1]

After a brief sojourn at Piacenza, where a ball was again given in his honour by the orders of his kind friend the Dowager Duchess, he travelled on till he reached Genoa, where apartments had been prepared for him in the Franciscan Convent. Here he was visited by the Spanish envoy, and became the special guest of Cardinal Spinola, who treated him with every attention. After the usual programme had been gone through of dinners, dances, and receptions, he proceeded on his way to Milan, where he was lodged in the Benedictine Convent, and freely entertained with true Milanese hospitality. All vied with each other in showing the young man honour save the

[1] State Papers, Florence, C. Fane, May 21, 1737.

Imperial officers, who had received express orders from Vienna not to visit him or pay him the slightest attention.[1] From Milan Charles proceeded to Venice, where the gorgeous gondola of the French ambassador was placed at his disposal. Here, for the first time on his tour, distinction due to royalty was shown him. He paid a visit to the Assembly of the Grand Council, where he sat on the Bench of Princes, and a Knight *della Stuolo d' Oro* was ordered to attend him. He then entered the Hall of Scrutiny, and was presented to the Doge, when reciprocal compliments passed between them. During his stay he made the acquaintance of the Duke of Bavaria, who, like himself, was passing through Italy *incognito*, and together they went to the play, and from the deck of one of the gondolas belonging to the Republic witnessed the sight of the Doge's marriage. After a stay of several days, which were occupied in the customary festivities, he took his departure for Florence.[2]

Passing through Padua, Ferrara, and again through Bologna, where his progress was one succession of triumphal honours, the Prince reached Florence on June 23, attended by the coaches of the Nuncio, and was lodged at the Corsini Palace. Now Mr. Fane, the English envoy at Florence, to whose letters I am indebted for my information, was by no means pleased at the distinction with which Charles was received by the different Italian cities. He therefore resolved that, though Bologna and Genoa, Milan and Venice, had treated Charles with every respect and attention, it should be from no fault of his if the 'Young Pretender' was not snubbed at Florence. No sooner did he hear that the Prince was meditating taking Florence on his way than Fane called upon the Secretary of the Grand Duke, and desired that no celebration should take place on the arrival of the young man at Florence. The Secretary assured the English envoy that he had heard nothing of the intended visit of Charles to Florence; that such a visit would not be agreeable to his royal master, and that, should the Prince come to the place, no 'improper mark of distinction would be paid him.'[3]

Satisfied with this reply, Fane took his departure, and wrote home that, whatever reception the other Italian capitals had accorded Charles, Florence would, at least, set an example of devotion to the House of Hanover. Judge, then, of our envoy's indignation when he heard that on the approach of the Prince

[1] State Papers, Florence, May 27. [2] *Ibid.* June 18, 1737.
[3] *Ibid.* May 13, 1737.

to Florence, the coaches of the Grand Duke had been sent forward to meet him! In no gentle mood Fane called upon the Secretary to remind him of the promise he had made but a few weeks before. The Secretary was all apologies, and replied that the ministers had never sanctioned the departure of the coaches, but that the blame lay entirely with Mr. Tyrrell, the Master of the Ceremonies of the Grand Duke, who had taken upon himself to show this respect to the stranger. Without a moment's delay Fane visited Tyrrell. The courtly official received him politely, listened to his remonstrances, but said he had not acted in this matter on his own responsibility, as the ministers had given him orders to despatch the royal carriages to meet the Prince.

It was not for the envoy to decide between such contradictory statements, but he again strongly urged upon the government of the Grand Duke the policy of not acting in any measure so as to mar the friendly relations that existed between the Court of his Highness and that of St. James's. The suggestion of Fane was accepted: the ministers promised not to recognise the Prince officially, and the carriages were at once ordered to return to the town. Still Charles had no reason to complain of the reception he received. Save by the Court, he was entertained magnificently by the Florentine aristocracy, and fascinated all who met him. 'It is not so much the attentions themselves which are shown to the Prince,' said Lord Dunbar to an official of the Grand Duke, in the hearing of Walton, 'that displease the English Court, as the manner in which the Prince receives them.' Could the voice of Florence have decided the fate of things, the exiled family would soon have been domiciled at St. James's, and '*the King would have his ain again.*'

The Florentines have been called the Parisians of Italy, and we may be sure that to such keen social critics the good looks of Charles, his air of high breeding, and the graceful urbanity which was the charm of his manner did not fail to make a most agreeable impression. The Grand Duke himself, though his courtiers prudently remained aloof, had heard so much in favour of Charles that his curiosity was excited, and he wished very much to see him. But Fane was true to the interests of his master, and when his opinion was asked by one of the officials of the Court, gave an answer in the negative. 'But you know how curious his Highness is?' pleaded the Florentine. 'Surely it cannot be considered a grave political offence to permit a brief

interview to take place?' Then the matter was fully discussed, and at last Fane agreed that, provided the Prince was not received publicly, and only entered into the Grand Ducal presence at a time when few people were present, no great harm would ensue. Unfortunately for Charles, however, the Grand Duke fell suddenly ill, and all thoughts of an interview between the two were at an end. Indeed, his Highness died a few days after the departure of the Prince.[1]

His stay at Florence concluded, Charles returned to Rome by way of Lucca, Pisa, and Leghorn, and throughout his tour was everywhere received with the greatest distinction. Indeed, from the very hour he quitted the palace of his father to the time of his return, his progress through the Italian cities was nothing but a succession of congratulations and princely festivities. So distasteful to the English government were the honours paid him, that Businiello, the Venetian resident in London—Venice having been the only town where Charles had been received as became royalty—was ordered without ceremony to leave England within three days. The Republic of Genoa was also informed that its interests would be better consulted if it treated the House of Hanover with a little more deference and the House of Stuart with a little less. Had it not been for the jealous supervision of Fane, the same reprimand would in all probability have been forwarded to the ministers of the Grand Duke.

One of the results of this Italian tour was to impress the mind of Charles with the reality of his unhappy position. From early youth he had been accustomed to the etiquette of a Court, and to the homage due to one who was recognised as the Heir-Apparent to a throne. By those who swelled his father's retinue he was styled Prince of Wales, and visitors who were ushered into his presence knelt down and kissed his hand. When he was received in audience by the Pope, an armchair was placed for him, and the Sacred Conclave yielded him precedence. As he grew up to man's estate, and entered into the hospitalities of society, he was shown the honours paid to royalty. But now he began to see how vain and empty were these attentions, and how false was the position he occupied. His thoughts winged their flight to that country which he had never seen, and over which his forefathers had reigned. And as memory recalled the eventful past and imagined the shadowy future, there rang in his ears the *sic vos non vobis* of

[1] State Papers, Florence, June and July 1737.

the poet. 'His father a king without a throne, an exile without a country; he himself an heir-apparent with nothing to inherit! What was England to his House but a geographical fact? His father was styled King James the Third of Great Britain and Ireland, and yet it was treason for him to enter the very dominions whose monarch he pretended to be! Why? Was his father not every inch a king; did he not spring lawfully from the loins of kings; and had not his ancestors ruled over the country that now rejected him? Could it be disproved that he was not the legitimate representative of English royalty, and that he who reigned in his stead was of the younger branch—a usurper and no lawful monarch? And why should such things be? Did not kings rule by right divine, and know no law but such as was acceptable to their own judgment? When a nation rose in rebellion against their divinely appointed monarch, was it not a most heinous sin? What if his grandfather had chosen to act contrary to the wishes of his subjects; had his subjects the right to dispute those wishes and to decree expulsion? Was a king subject to his people, or his people subject to their king? By what right had his line been ousted from the succession, and the name of his family erased from the roll of sovereigns? By no right. Was the voice of posterity in favour of this iniquitous degradation of a Royal House? If so, what meant the scenes of the year '15? What meant the present intrigues of France and Spain? What meant the devotion of adherents and the loyalty he encountered on all sides? What if the rumours he had heard should ever be realised, and he have to strike a blow for the cause of his line as his father had before him! Why should he tamely acquiesce in the deprivation of his rights? He had seen service in the cause of another at Gaeta, would he not draw the sword in defence of his own? Ay, let the hour come, and he would not fail his friends—only let the hour come!'

'Edward, titular Prince of Wales,' writes the Jesuit Cordara,[1] 'was reared from infancy never to forego the desire or the hope of recovering the crown, and even in early youth it was his aim to discipline to every kingly art those talents and regal endowments with which nature had furnished him. Features of remarkable regularity and beauty, with a certain princely air; a noble, generous, and fervid disposition; a soaring spirit, capable of the loftiest flights; a nimble yet robust frame, and an equable temperament, were native gifts to which he added a

[1] 'La Spedizione di Carlo Stuart.'—*Quarterly Review*, vol. lxxix.

studious acquaintance with all courtly habits and observances, and an admirably gentleman-like and easy manner with an unfailingly joyous and fluent address. Though avoiding all arrogance, he never demeaned himself to folly or trifling. He was averse to idleness, but much more to those sensual indulgences which Rome offered to a youthful prince. He knew several languages, and could converse freely in Italian, Latin, English, and French; his acquaintance with ancient and modern history was likewise extensive for his years. But the bent of his mind lay enthusiastically towards military life, as the arena of glory and distinction. And although he had nothing to desire in point of station and magnificence at Rome, where the citizens paid him royal honours and deference, yet he was sick of his residence in a community of priests, where, surrounded by peaceful pursuits, he found himself constrained in his prime to drag on an inactive existence. . . . He therefore urgently besought his father no longer to keep him lounging at home, but to send him where he could learn the art of war, as it surely was the duty of one born and bred in the expectancy of a crown to be a soldier ere he became a king, since that was the only path that could lead him to substantial sovereignty. Whilst secretly approving this youthful ardour, his parent mildly restrained such premature outbreaks, pleading the necessity of succumbing to circumstances and to evil times. This, however, the Prince reargued, saying that, on the contrary, we ought to struggle against adverse events, and by our own energy repair the injustice of fortune.'

Meditating upon the future, Charles was entirely absorbed with matters touching upon the past and present of Great Britain. We learn that now everything relating to the kingdoms his grandfather had lost possessed a deep interest for him. His presence was never denied to those of his countrymen who craved audience with him. The deeds of Englishmen on the battle-field, the romance of the feudal system in Scotland, the supremacy of the British flag, were subjects that always fascinated him. He never wearied when the conversation touched upon the fidelity of the Irish to his grandfather, the events of 1715, the loyalty of 'his brave Scotch,' and the chances of the restoration of his House. Ardently he longed to assume his rightful position among the monarchs of Europe, and be no more the titular prince of a titular king. So passionately did he brood over this subject that we read in the pages of Desbrosses that he felt 'deeply the oppressive character of his

present position, and should he not one day be relieved from that oppression, a want of enterprise will certainly not be the cause.'

But the clouds were gathering which were to break into the storm.

CHAPTER III.

INTRIGUE.

The only way relief to bring,
And save both church and steeple,
Is to bring in our lawful king,
The father of his people.
Ne'er can another fill his place,
O'er right divine and civil.

The birth of Prince Charles had revived the drooping spirits of the Jacobite party, which the successful administration of Lord Stanhope had crushed not a little. 'It is the most acceptable news,' writes Bishop Atterbury 'which can reach the ears of a good Englishman. May it be followed every day with such other accounts as may convince the world that heaven has at last undertaken your cause and is resolved to put an end to your sufferings!' An active correspondence now ensued between James and his adherents in England, who were controlled by a council composed of the Earls of Arran and Orrery, Lords North and Gower, and the famous Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester. The great object of the party was to obtain a foreign force, of some five thousand men, to land in England, from any government which would encourage the idea. For this purpose Ormond was intriguing in Spain, and General Dillon in France.

A plot charming in its simplicity was at last hit upon. The King of England was expected to visit Hanover in the summer, and his absence was full of hope to the conspiring mind. It was decided that immediately on his departure the foreign legion was to land in Sussex, accompanied by the inspiring presence of James. At once the head of the House of Stuart was to be proclaimed king throughout the country. The Tower was to be seized, and the bullion in the Bank and the Exchequer was to defray the expenses of the cause. These measures carried out, it was confidently expected that the nation, groaning under the bondage of Hanoverian oppression, would declare for the old line. But unfortunately for the

Jacobites, this very practicable scheme got wind, and the conspirators were brought to trial. Sentence of deprivation and banishment was passed upon Atterbury, whose connection with the plot was discovered, thanks to the now historical dog Harlequin.

Three years after this fiasco, another scheme was set on foot. James assured his followers that the Emperor would espouse his cause 'in a very particular manner,' and proposed that the pulse of the people should again be felt. A trusty Jacobite, one Allen Hay, was therefore sent over to Scotland to prepare the Highlands for a rising. The result of his mission was to inform James that the party in his favour had not decreased, that the Union was cordially hated, and that the people at large were ready to repeat the events of '15. In England, also, James was assured that he had a large band of followers. One condition, however, it was necessary to insist upon. Without the aid of a foreign power, no attempt in favour of the cause could possibly be successful.

Again, therefore, every court in Europe had its Jacobite agent intriguing for arms and money. Atterbury was plotting at Versailles, Ormond and Wharton at Madrid, whilst inferior partisans were engaged at Vienna and elsewhere. And again foreign cabinets amused themselves by making promises which were only made to be withdrawn, and only withdrawn to be repeated. On the death of George the First, however, the hopes of the Jacobites ran high. It was known how the incoming king hated Walpole, and the Tories expected a powerful majority. But such hopes were soon doomed to disappointment. After the brief reign of Compton, Walpole was restored and the influence of the Whigs stronger than ever. So confident had James been at this time of a prosperous issue to his cause that he hastened from Bologna to Nancy to confer with his adherents and to be ready to seize upon the advantages that it was expected would offer themselves. But his followers, aware that no definite promise of foreign aid had been given, and now fully alive to the fact that the signs of discontent which they had anticipated were wanting, opposed entering into hostile proceedings. The advices, both from Paris and London, were unanimous that the hour was not ripe for any desperate undertaking.

At first James seemed to have been resolved to repeat at all hazards the experiment of '15, and to repair to the Highlands with any who would support him, and it was only after

the strong expressions of disapproval both from Lockhart and Atterbury that he was induced to abandon his rash idea. After English pressure had forced him to quit Lorraine and subsequently Avignon, he returned to Rome. 'Thus in my present situation,' he writes to Atterbury, 'I cannot pretend to do anything essential for my interest, so that all that remains is the world should see that I have done my part.' [1]

And so years passed on. Scheme after scheme was proposed, discussed, and then fell to the ground. Wandering agents, bent on the restoration of the Stuarts, were to be found in every capital, weaving their empty plots one after the other. The little court of James was ever swelled by the arrival of some impulsive Jacobite, who had endless plans for the future, which had only to be propounded, however, to be rudely dismissed. Meanwhile the old leaders of the party —men like Mar, Atterbury, the faithful Lockhart, and the Duke of Wharton—had died, and their mantle had fallen on unscrupulous exiles and hot-headed *militaires.* Thus twelve years of idle plotting and self-seeking intrigue sped on. At last the hour arrived when it was thought the tide of fortune, taken at the flood, would lead the party on to victory.

On October 20, 1740, Charles the Sixth, the last German emperor of the male line of the proud House of Hapsburg, died, leaving a daughter, the afterwards heroic Maria Theresa, to mourn his loss. It had been the one object of the father that there should be no dispute touching the right of his child to succeed to the throne, and he had hoped that by the Pragmatic Sanction all opposition to her claims had been removed. The Imperial orphan, however, had barely ascended the throne, when the spark was kindled which was afterwards to lead to a general conflagration. Frederick the Second, destined to be the founder of Prussian military renown, invaded Silesia on the pretext that part of its territories were secured him by certain old treaties of co-fraternity, and prosecuted his conquest with great rapidity. The example set by successful aggression has never lacked followers, and it was not long before Bavaria, Spain, Naples, Saxony, and Sardinia laid claims to portions of the fair dominions of the unfortunate Maria Theresa. Such aggressive conduct could not but lead to a general war. France, deeming the present a fitting opportunity to humble Austria, espoused the cause of Bavaria, and the treaty of Nymphenburg was the result of her support. In Italy the King of

[1] Stanhope, vol. ii. p. 122.

Sardinia declared for Austria: the Republic of Genoa was in favour of France; the Pope, Venice, and Tuscany were neutral; the King of Naples resolved to support the claim of his family to the Austrian dominions in Italy, and, strengthened by the forces of his mother, the Queen of Spain, began to make vigorous preparations. Hanover and the States-General were augmenting their forces ready for any contingency that might arise. Russia and Sweden were on quarrelsome terms. Seldom has Europe been in such a state of disturbance.

The heroic conduct of Maria Theresa and the fidelity of her gallant Hungarian subjects, who, almost single-handed, had to resist the attacks of France, Bavaria, Poland, and Prussia, excited a strong feeling in favour of the Queen of Hungary in England. For a time Walpole was successful in preventing the King from actively interfering with the struggle; but on war being declared against Spain for her interference with our commercial interests, the Court of St. James's resolved to support the Court of Vienna. A fleet was sent into the Mediterranean to compel the King of Naples to desist from hostilities, and subsequently an Anglo-Hanoverian force, known as the Pragmatic army, was assembled in the German provinces of George the Second, who, shortly after its collection, joined it in person.

Whilst these events were occurring, a young man of good birth and fortune, whom Jacobite song has immortalised as the Judas of the cause, came to Rome with the intention of passing the winter. He was the son of Sir David Murray, a respectable Scotch baronet, and on his mother's side was connected with the Scotts of Ancrum. Having passed creditably through the University of Edinburgh, it was considered desirable for the completion of his education that he should make the grand tour. Accordingly early in 1741 he visited France, and after a brief stay in the different foreign capitals that fell within his route, found himself at the latter end of the year in Rome. Here, in common with all visitors to the Eternal City, he spent much of his time in the endless galleries criticising the paintings and the sculpture. One morning, whilst so engaged, two gentlemen came up to him and asked him whether he would like to see the Palace of the Santi Apostoli, the residence of his Majesty King James. Murray replied in the affirmative, and after being shown over the palace asked his guides whether his Majesty would permit him the honour of kissing hands. In response the guides said that his Majesty was always most

gracious to those who regarded him as their sovereign, but that at present the Court was at Albano; however, on his Majesty's return, his wish would be laid before the proper quarter. A few days after this conversation, Murray had the honour of being introduced to James, and was presented to the Princes. Charles and he being much of an age, a strong intimacy soon sprang up between them. Murray was fascinated with the Prince, and from the very moment of his introduction became fully impressed with the justice of the Stuart cause, and enrolled himself amongst its most devoted adherents. Charles, in his turn, was equally struck with his new friend, who was a man of a certain amount of culture, of a handsome appearance, and with very prepossessing manners. Murray now became a daily guest at the Palace, and was taken notice of not only by the Princes but by James, 'in such a manner as excited too much gratitude in him, and made him imagine the service of his whole life, and even life itself, scarce an equivalent for the condescension he received.' Gradually he acquired the fullest confidence of James, and was soon taken into the secret of all the schemes and intrigues which, owing to the position of European affairs, were then being hotly plotted. The climax of favouritism was reached when, by a special writ of James, John Murray of Broughton was constituted Secretary for Scottish affairs.

It was but natural that Murray, after the favour he had received, should write home the most enthusiatic accounts of the Court of James, and especially of his august friends, the young Princes. The terms in which he institutes a comparison between Charles and his brother, in a letter to his married sister, Lady Polmood, though highly coloured by the rosy hues of friendship, is not wanting either in truth or historical interest. 'Charles Edward,' he writes, dating from the year 1742, 'the eldest son of the Chevalier de St. George, is tall, above the common stature, his limbs are cast in the most exact mould, his complexion has in it somewhat of an uncommon delicacy; all his features are perfectly regular and well turned, and his eyes the finest I ever saw. But that which shines most in him, and renders him without exception the most surprisingly handsome person of the age, is the dignity that accompanies his every gesture; there is indeed such an unspeakable majesty diffused through his whole mien as it is impossible to have any idea of without seeing, and strikes those that do with such an awe as will not suffer them to look upon

him for any time, unless he emboldens them to it by his excessive amiability.

'Thus much, Madam, as to the person of the Prince. His mind, by all I can judge of it, is no less worthy of admiration; he seems to me, and I find to all who know him, to have all the good nature of the Stuart family blended with the spirit of the Sobieskis. He is, at least, as far as I am capable of seeing into men, equally qualified to preside in peace and war. As for his learning, it is extensive beyond what could be expected from double the number of his years. He speaks most of the European languages with the same ease and fluency as if each of them was the only one he knew, is a perfect master of the different kinds of Latin, understands Greek very well, and is not altogether ignorant of Hebrew. History and philosophy are his darling entertainments, in both of which he is well versed. The one, he says, will instruct him how to govern others, and the other how to govern himself, whether in prosperous or adverse fortune. Then for his courage; that was sufficiently proved at Gaeta, when, though scarce arrived at the age of fifteen, he performed such things as in attempting made his friends and enemies alike tremble, though from different motives. What he is ordained for we must leave to the Almighty, who alone disposes all; but he appears to be born and endowed for something extraordinary.'

Murray's opinion of the younger brother is equally laudatory, though, oddly enough, he considers the future ecclesiastic as the more warlike of the two.

'Henry Benedict, the second son, has also a very fine person, though of a stature somewhat lower than his brother, and his complexion not altogether so delicate; he is, however, extremely well made, has a certain agreeable robustness in his mien, and a more than common sparkle in his eyes. Many of those perfections I have, though faintly, described as appertaining to the one are equally the due of the other—'tis hard, indeed, to say which of them has most applied himself to all the branches of those kinds of learning which enable a man to be useful to his fellow-creatures. The difference I make between their tempers is this, that the one has the agreeable mixture of the Stuart and Sobieski, as I have already said, and the other seems actuated more entirely by the spirit of the latter; all the fire of his great ancestors on that side seems collected in him, and I dare believe that should his arm ever be employed in so warrantable a cause as that which warmed the

breast of his glorious progenitor, when a hundred and fifty thousand Turks owed their defeat to the bravery of a handful of Christians led on by him to victory,[1] this warlike young prince would have the same success. His martial spirit discovered itself when being no more than nine years old at the time his brother accompanied the young King of Naples to enforce possession of his dominions, he was so much discontented at being refused the partnership of that glory and that danger, that he would not put on his sword till his father threatened to take away his Garter too, saying it did not become him to wear the one without the other.[2]

In another comparison between the brothers, written at the same time as that of Murray, I find it said that 'the two young gentlemen are very pretty figures as to their persons. The elder has much better parts and a quicker apprehension than the younger, who, sensible of his inferiority in that respect, makes it up by greater application. The last is more lively, the other the more considerate, and never speaks without thinking, which makes him always reasonable in his conversation and actions, and has given him the habit of keeping a secret. They are both virtuous, and as likely as any young men to bear up against the corruption of idleness, the only quarter from which there appears any danger. They are both exceedingly good-natured and well bred, and their sweetness of temper and accomplishments of address and good breeding gain them the affections of all that converse with them. The elder, who is the more reasonable, and has the better knowledge and judgment, does not show any attachment to any particular mode of religion, to which the younger seems more disposed.'[3]

Shortly after Murray's introduction to James, the same honour was also asked by a young man then wintering at Rome, whose family had always been most loyal to the Jacobite cause. Lord Elcho, the eldest son of the Earl of Wemyss, had just completed his studies at Winchester School, and, as with Murray, was giving his education a finishing touch by foreign travel. The old Earl had been repeatedly offered posts under the Hanoverian government, but invariably refused to take the oath of allegiance, preferring the society of Paris to

[1] Alluding to the conduct of John, King of Poland, at the siege of Vienna.

[2] *Genuine Memoirs of John Murray, Esq.*

[3] State Papers, Domestic, 1745, No. 79. Papers relating to the Pretender and his son, communicated by Gen. Dalzell.

that of his own country. As soon as his son reached boyhood he sent him to Winchester, where, if we can credit the Diary of Lord Elcho, the discipline enforced was not of the strictest character. The boys played cards, haunted taverns, and their morals were anything but carefully looked after. 'We did not learn,' frankly writes Lord Elcho,[1] 'Latin and Greek as well as we should have done had we been placed with a private tutor, but we were taught how to live as men of the world, and made acquaintances which, if cultivated, could be very useful to us in after life.' Among these useful acquaintances were the sons of the Dukes of Hamilton, Devonshire, and Queensborough, and the Earls of Exeter and Coventry. As in the outer world, the school was divided into Jacobites and Hanoverians, and frequent conflicts ensued between those who supported 'King Jamie' and those who gave in their adherence to the 'Wee, wee German lairdie.'

On quitting Winchester Lord Elcho returned to Paris, and being now twenty years of age—indeed he was born in the same year as the Prince—his father sent him, in the winter of 1740, to Rome. Shortly after his arrival he desired the honour of being introduced to the Chevalier, and James graciously appointed a morning for the visit. On Lord Elcho presenting himself the head of the House of Stuart received him most kindly, bade him sit down by his side, and said that he was well aware of the loyalty of the Earl his father, and hoped when he ascended the throne of Great Britain to be able to repay with interest such attachment. He then sent for the Princes and introduced them to his visitors. Prince Charles and Lord Elcho being about the same age, James bade them stand back to back to see which was the taller, and Charles had slightly the advantage.

With the Chevalier Lord Elcho seems to have been much struck, and calls him 'a very affable, well-informed, and sensible Prince.' Of Charles he did not think as highly, considering him not nearly so polite or agreeable as Henry. 'Prince Edward,' as he invariably calls him throughout the pages of his journal, 'did not speak much to those who called on him,' he writes, 'but chiefly amused himself in shooting thrushes and blackbirds and playing "golf" in the grounds of the Villa Borghese; Prince Henry, on the contrary, knows how to converse, and takes a keen interest in English affairs.' But whenever Lord Elcho makes mention of Charles it is

[1] Journal MS. in the possession of Mrs. Erskine Wemyss, of Wemyss Castle.

necessary to receive his account with more than the ordinary grains of salt allowed for prejudiced writers. The Journal from which I quote was written years after the rebellion of '45, when Lord Elcho entertained the most bitter feelings towards the Prince, whom he accused of not paying what he borrowed, and of having sacrificed his Scottish friends for a coterie of scheming Irishmen who completely enslaved him by their counsels. The statement that Charles was cold and reserved in the presence of his visitors is so at variance with all that we hear of the Prince at this time, that we shall not be wrong in regarding the assertion as one of the many instances in which Lord Elcho, when commenting upon his former master, prefers spite to veracity. From this Journal we learn that though it was easy for visitors at Rome to pay their respects to the young princes, it was high treason, save under special circumstances, to talk to their father; hence the difficulty that attended a presentation to the Chevalier.

Lord Elcho and Murray of Broughton had been introduced to each other, and were most constant in their attendance at the court of James. Murray was, however, the favourite both with the Chevalier and his sons, and an opportunity soon offered itself for the display of his newly born devotion. The year before the arrival of these young men at Rome, certain Scottish Jacobites had formed themselves into an Association with the object of restoring the House of Stuart. The chief members of this society were Lord Lovat, the Duke of Perth, the Earl of Traquair, Sir James Campbell of Auchinbreck, Cameron of Lochiel, Lochiel the younger, Lord John Drummond, and John Stuart, Lord Traquair's brother. One William Drummond, *alias* Macgregor of Bohaldie, was constituted the agent of the party, and was despatched to Rome to acquaint James with the existence and object of the Association. After an interview with the exile, during which he greatly raised James's waning hopes, Drummond went to Paris and saw Cardinal Fleury. Here the agent presented matters in the most favourable light. He told the pacific Cardinal that Scotland was ripe for rebellion, that 20,000 men would appear for the cause of the Stuarts, that there was a large Jacobite party in England, and that all that was required to insure success was the support of France. The Cardinal was far from being averse to the proposal, and an active correspondence ensued between Drummond, directed by a mischievous, egotistic person, called Lord Semple, the

agent of James at Versailles, and the members of the Association. Early in 1742 Drummond returned to Scotland, and declared to the Association that the Cardinal was a staunch friend to their cause, and that provided encouragement were received from England, troops would be sent over from France in the autumn.

Everything being now dependent upon the state of feeling south of the Tweed, Lord Traquair came at once to London to sound Sir John Hinde Cotton, Sir Watkin Wynn, and Lord Barrymore, who occupied the same position in England as the members of the Association did in Scotland. These persons declared their readiness to give every assistance in their power the moment troops were landed in England, but declined to promise anything in writing. With regard to the question of money, Sir Watkin said that if he were expected to contribute heavily he should decline; for though his estate was a large one, it was incumbered, and he had very little to spare. On hearing this Lord Barrymore at once said that there need be no difficulty on that score, as he would take care to have the money ready when it was required. Whilst this interview was taking place, the Duke of Perth came in, having returned from York, where he said the Mayor and corporation were Jacobite to the backbone, and had promised, if a sufficient body of troops came into their country, to join them with 10,000 men.

During the elaboration of these intrigues, James despatched Murray of Broughton to Paris, to see how matters stood with the Cardinal, and thence to proceed to Scotland to ascertain how far the clans might be depended upon. Shortly after the young Secretary's arrival at Paris, Cardinal Fleury, who with true French policy had been temporising in the affair, died, and Cardinal Tencin was appointed his successor. The accession of Tencin was most favourable to the Jacobite cause. The new minister was warmly attached to the Stuarts, to whom he had been indebted for his Hat, was of a scheming, enterprising temper, and possessed little of that dilatory prudence which had always been the characteristic of Fleury. He at once took the matter up vigorously. After a long interview with Murray, his Eminence agreed that, as soon as the affairs of France permitted, 3,000 French troops should be sent to Scotland under Lord Marischal, 1,500 of which were to land at Inverness, where they were to be joined by Lord Lovat and the Frasers, whilst the other 1,500 were to land on the

west coast: the Macleans were to be raised in the Isle of Mull; the Macdonalds and the Macleods were to march through Ross-shire to join the Frasers; and Count Saxe was to land with 12,000 men within two or three days' march of London. From Paris Murray now started for Scotland, where he seems to have been successful in engaging the clans to promise to support the expected invasion.[1] As an agreeable relief from the anxieties attendant upon dynastic intrigues, he now paid his attentions to a young lady of great beauty, and shortly afterwards married her.

In order that there should be no delay in the execution of the proposed scheme, it was thought advisable that Charles should be on the spot to take his place at the head of the expedition. Accordingly, Tencin wrote to James, desiring him to allow the Prince to start at once for Paris; but the father, who had so often been led to rely on promises that were never fulfilled, wrote back that it would be better for his son to defer his departure until the preparations were fully completed. His suggestion was complied with, and it was not till troops were assembled at Dunkirk, and a fleet ready to sail from the harbours of Brest and Rochefort, that James, seeing that France was really in earnest, gave his son the requisite permission.

The parting between the two was affecting.

'I go, Sire,' said Charles, embracing his father, 'in search of three crowns, which I doubt not but to have the honour and happiness of laying at your Majesty's feet. If I fail in the attempt, your next sight of me shall be in my coffin.'

'Heaven forbid!' cried the father, bursting into tears, 'that all the crowns of the world should rob me of my son!' Then, tenderly embracing him, he added, 'Be careful of yourself, my dear Prince, for my sake, and, I hope, for the sake of millions!'[2]

Thus they separated.

On the departure of Charles from Rome the greatest care was taken to shroud his movements in the most complete secrecy in order to baffle the vigilance of the English government. But the watchful John Walton was ever on the alert, and fully equal to the occasion. Of late this pattern of diplomatic espionage had been unable to send home news of any great importance. He regretted that the Jesuits around the

[1] Exam. of John Murray, Aug. 13, 1746. State Papers, Domestic. Further exam. Nov. 17, 1746.

[2] *Genuine Memoirs of John Murray, Esq.*

Pretender so absorbed all the secrets of the household that hardly any found their way into his despatches.[1] He, however, constantly states that the affairs of the Jacobites are at a great crisis; that they are plotting something of importance; and not unfrequently mentions the general fact that there is a good deal of talk about sending Charles to France. It also appears that, at a ball given at the Palazzo Pamphili, the young Prince wore a Highland dress which had been sent him from Scotland, and which being a costume unknown in Italy attracted considerable attention.[2] Charles, conscious of the admiration the bright tartan of his house created, swaggered about the rooms and chatted in terms of enthusiasm about Scotland and its people. Walton regarded the wearing of this kilt as a very suspicious circumstance, and as an indication of the bent of the young man's thoughts. He felt sure, too, that the activity displayed by the Jacobites at Rome was fraught with conspiracy. 'The great precautions,' he writes, 'taken by the ministers of France and Spain in order to hide the most trifling steps of the Pretender's son are a certain argument that they intend to make him play an important *rôle* shortly upon the world's theatre—both courts being infatuated with the false idea that nothing in the world would more embarrass the British government than an invasion in which the eldest son of the Pretender would be at the head, and the perpetual representations made by the Scotch Jacobites let them imagine that such an enterprise would be very easy to put into execution.'[3] Aware from the frequent communications between France and Rome that something important was on the *tapis*, Walton redoubled his vigilance, and took a keen interest in all the moves that were being played within the walls of the Palazzo of the Holy Apostles. The result was that, careful and elaborate as had been the schemes of Charles and his friends to hide the fact of his departure, he had not travelled many leagues before the news of his intended visit to France was speeding as fast as the post could carry it to the official regions of Whitehall. Three months later Walton writes that James, fully alive to the difficulties in the way of this intended expedition, had strongly opposed the departure of his son, and indeed only finally consented at the powerful instances of the Pope and Cardinal Acquaviva.[4]

The flight of Charles, in spite of its discovery, was, how-

[1] State Papers, Tuscany, May 31, 1739.
[2] *Ibid.* Feb. 18, 1741.
[3] *Ibid.*, July 8, 1741
[4] *Ibid.* March 31, 1744.

ever, managed very cleverly. The Prince had given out that he intended going boar-hunting with his brother and several friends on January 11, 1744, at Cisterna, and a few days before the day appointed sent on his horses and baggage ready for the expedition. Having obtained all the necessary facilities for his departure by the gate of St. John, he rose from his bed in the middle of the night of the 9th, leaving his brother Henry still fast asleep, and softly descended the staircase. At the porch, Dunbar was in waiting for him with a postchaise and two saddle-horses led by a groom. Charles got into the chaise and gave directions to drive to Albano, but after posting several miles he complained of the cold, and said that he would rather ride than drive. The groom who had been trotting behind with the led horse was accordingly hailed, and Charles at once jumped into the saddle. Leaving Dunbar in the chaise, the Prince now rode on followed by his servant, who was a faithful Norman and fully in the secret, till he came to the cross-road which leads to Frascati. Here he pulled up and waited for Dunbar. On the arrival of the chaise he complained of having hurt his foot from a bad fall that he had just received. Dunbar, with well-feigned surprise, at once advised the Prince to re-enter the carriage, but Charles said he preferred remaining on horseback, as he could get over the ground faster, and that after his accident he wanted rest. It had been previously arranged that, when Henry awoke and inquired after his brother, he was to be told that Charles, owing to his passion for sport, had gone on before, but would meet him at Albano. In consequence of his accident the Prince now told Dunbar that it would be impossible for him to proceed to Albano as he originally intended, but that he would take the road to Marino, and go straight to Cisterna, where he would lie down for a few hours. He advised Dunbar, however, to hasten to Albano to explain matters to Henry. The object of this byplay was to throw the postilions and servants, who thought they were driving Charles to early sport, off the scent.

On Dunbar's arrival at Albano, Henry, who had not been let into the secret, naturally inquired after his brother. At first the acting was kept up, but afterwards Dunbar told the whole truth, and advised Henry to talk openly about the accident and to begin boar-hunting without Charles. His advice was acted upon, and so well was the ruse maintained that every day Dunbar called upon the Duke of Sermoneta, to whom Cisterna belonged, to give him an account of the progress that

Charles was making. The Duke was especially desired not to mention the accident in any of his letters to Rome, for fear it should come to the ears of James, and thus cause the Chevalier needless anxiety, but to say that the brothers had very good sport and spent their time very well. Whether his Grace of Sermoneta was so accommodating, we know not, but in order the better to keep matters dark at Rome, hampers of wild boar, pretending to come from the brothers, were sent to the Pope, to Acquaviva, and other friends.

Thus the sham went on till the 17th instant, when a letter purporting to have been written by Charles was received by Dunbar, saying that the Prince had recovered from his accident, but that, as the weather was bad, he did not care for hunting, but would go back to Rome instead. On the receipt of this intelligence the party broke up and returned to the Eternal City, Dunbar having planned that a young man who closely resembled Charles should be by his side so as to preserve the secret still from the people. Two days afterwards James despatched Dunbar to the Vatican to inform the Pope that Charles had left for Paris, and that he had not acquainted his Holiness with the fact earlier 'because he thought thus to prevent the umbrage of those who might have hoped to stop this motion.' On the news being publicly known that the Prince had safely reached his destination, James received the congratulations of the ministers of France and Spain, and of all those interested in the welfare of his cause.[1]

Meanwhile Charles had been pushing on to France. Here is his portrait on the road as forwarded by Horace Mann to the Duke of Newcastle. 'The young man is above the middle height and very thin. He wears a light bag-wig; his face is rather long, the complexion clear, but borders on paleness; the forehead very broad, the eyes fairly large, blue, but without sparkle, the mouth large with the lips slightly curled; and the chin more sharp than rounded.'[2]

Until his arrival at the Tuscan frontier, Charles had given out that he was a Neapolitan courier, travelling to Spain, and for that purpose wore on his breast the badge then exhibited by the Italian couriers. On reaching Tuscan territory he removed the badge, and showed a passport which the Cardinal

[1] 'Spedizione di Carlo Stuart.' 'Secret Intelligence from Rome.' Stanhope, *Hist. of England*, vol. iii. Appendix. John Walton, Jan. 28, 1744. State Papers, Tuscany.

[2] State Papers, Tuscany, Jan. $\frac{11}{22}$, $174\frac{3}{4}$.

Acquaviva had obtained from the minister of the Grand Duke, in which Charles was represented as an officer in the Spanish service under the name of Don Biagio. Furnished with this important document he rode, still attended by his faithful Norman, through Sienna, Castel Firentino, Pisa, until he arrived at Carrara. Here a Maltese barque was in waiting for him, and after a voyage of a few hours he reached Genoa. But the excessive cold and the fatigue of the journey, during which he had never once taken off his clothes, was now too much for him, and he had to keep his bed a day and night. From Genoa he hastened on to Savona, where he remained some six days, for what reason we know not, and then, embarking in a small vessel, ran cleverly through the English fleet and arrived at Antibes. Once on French territory, he posted night and day, with a brief interval of rest at Lyons, till he reached Paris, which city he safely entered eleven days after his flight from Rome.[1]

On his arrival at Paris, Charles rode straight to the house of his father's unscrupulous agent, Lord Semple, where he remained for about a fortnight, and then proceeded to Gavelines, attended by Drummond, Buchanan, a former steward of the banker Macdonald, and one or two servants. Here he took the keenest interest in the preparations for the descent upon England, and so little was he known that, putting up once at one of the ordinary cabarets, with which the port abounded, he was compelled to leave by the proprietor threatening to give him a thrashing—under what provocation is not stated.[2] Curiously enough, in spite of the friendship pretended to be felt by the French Court for Charles, during the whole of the time that he spent at Paris and at Gavelines neither the King nor his ministers nor any persons of distinction took the slightest notice of him.[3] So marked was this neglect that the Jacobites at Paris augured unfavourably for the success of their cause. Lord Elcho laughed at the reports Semple was industriously circulating, that there would be a general rising in London on the approach of the Dunkirk expedition, whilst many, among them the Duke of Ormond, openly stated that they did not believe that the expedition was ever intended on behalf of the young Prince.[4]

That Charles at this time was in rigid seclusion is evident

[1] State Papers, Tuscany, Jan 28, 1744; also Feb. 4, 1744.
[2] Exam. of Æneas Macdonald. State Papers, Domestic, Sept. 17, 1746.
[3] *Ibid.* [4] *Ibid.*

from his letters to his father. 'The situation I am in is very peculiar,' he writes, 'for nobody knows where I am, or what is become of me; so that I am entirely buried as to the public, and cannot but say that it is a very great constraint upon me, for I am obliged very often not to stir out of my room for fear of somebody's noting my face. I very often think you would laugh very heartily if you saw me going about with a single servant buying fish and other things, and squabbling for a penny more or less.'[1] A few days afterwards he continues, 'Everybody is wondering where the Prince is: some put him in one place and some in another, but nobody knows where he is really; and sometimes he is told news of himself to his face, which is very diverting.'[2] He was, however, not idle, but busy with the plans of the future. 'I have every day,' he writes, 'large packets to answer, without anybody to help me but Bohaldie. Yesterday I had one that cost me seven hours and a half.'[3] This must have been no little effort to a man who so cordially hated correspondence that it was always a matter both of physical and mental difficulty.

And now the long-talked-of expedition was put into motion. The squadrons at Brest and Rochefort had combined, and, led by Admiral Roquefeuille, were sailing up the Channel. The English fleet, commanded by Sir John Norris, which had hitherto lain at Spithead, was sheltering in the Downs, expectant of the foe. As Roquefeuille neared the Isle of Wight, he was on the look-out for the fleet, which, he had been informed, was anchored off Spithead, but to his astonishment not one English frigate was to be seen. With the impulsiveness of his nation, he at once jumped to the conclusion that owing to stress of weather the English fleet had sought the safety of Portsmouth Harbour. Instantly he sent intelligence of the fact to Dunkirk, and urged that the expedition should take place without delay. His advice was only too welcome, and in a few hours 7,000 troops were embarked under Marshal Saxe, with whom was Prince Charles, and the transports were crowding all sail for the shores of Albion.

Meanwhile Roquefeuille, coasting along, had met almost athwart his bows the squadron under Sir John Norris. An engagement would have been attended with the worst consequences to the French, but the English commander, what with the state of the tide and the approach of night, thought it

[1] Stuart Papers, April 3, 1744. [2] *Ibid.* April 16, 1744.
[3] *Ibid.* March 6, 1744.

prudent to defer the battle till the next morning. But the French Admiral, actuated by a still sounder prudence, and seeing that the English were vastly his superiors in number, quietly weighed anchor during the night and hastened back to his own country. The fates, however, were against him; a fearful storm arose; the wind blew dead on to the French coast, and the waves ran as if lashed by a hurricane. Many of the ships belonging to the retreating squadron were severely damaged, but the greatest sufferers were the transports now ready for the conquest of England in the port of Dunkirk. These were well-nigh totally shipwrecked. Some of the largest ships were lost with all the troops on board; others were dashed against the coast, and their men saved with difficulty; whilst of those vessels which had already put out to sea in the hopes of shortly sighting the shores of Sussex, but few regained the harbour. Happily the transport in which Marshal Saxe and Charles had sailed succeeded in putting into port without receiving much damage.

This disaster was a terrible blow to Jacobite hopes. The French ministers were sorely discouraged, and abandoned all idea of a further attempt until a more propitious occasion; Marshal Saxe was appointed to the command in Flanders; the army was withdrawn from Dunkirk, and England felt that all prospect of an invasion was for the moment removed. To Charles, who had been panting with the ardour of youth for military distinction, and who had hoped in a few short hours to have loyal subjects rallying round his standard, this fiasco was a bitterness worse than death. Had it not been for the wise counsels of Lord Marischal, he would have chartered a small fishing-smack and sailed for Scotland alone, there to be joined by any friends who would support him. Nay, he even offered to enter the French army and fight against that England which had exiled his race, and called his father Pretender; most indignant too was he that this wish also was thwarted by Lord Marischal. Nor was James a whit less disappointed than his son. So certain had be been that the expedition would be crowned with success that he had ordered new liveries for the servants of his household to be put on for the first time when the news reached him that Charles had made his triumphant entry into London.[1] But now he and his adherents seemed stunned at the sudden collapse of all their bright hopes, and so

[1] State Papers, Tuscany, April 14, 1744.

keenly did the Chevalier feel his mortification that he shut himself up for days in the most rigid seclusion.

It was not to be expected that the English government would permit Charles to find a home in France without remonstrance. No sooner was it known that the young Prince had left Rome meditating a visit to Paris than the Duke of Newcastle wrote to Mr. Thompson, the English secretary at the Court of Versailles, and desired him to call at once upon M. Amelot, the French minister for Foreign Affairs, and to say that the King of Great Britain, mindful of the treaties that existed between France and England regarding the Pretender, fully expected that his Most Christian Majesty would not permit Charles to remain in French territory or countenance him in any way. M. Amelot, however, did not view the matter in the same light, and returned so 'injurious and offensive' an answer that Mr. Thompson received orders to quit France immediately without taking leave of the Court, and war was openly declared.[1]

On the failure of the Dunkirk expedition, and the effect it produced upon the enthusiasm of France, Buchanan, the ex-steward of Macdonald, was sent over to England by the Paris Jacobites to tell their brother-intriguers that nothing more could be expected at present from the French ministry, but that it was hoped fortune soon would be more propitious. After a brief stay in London, Buchanan returned to Paris, and was at once met by Lord Semple. This unscrupulous member of a titular aristocracy appears to have regarded truth as a virtue utterly unworthy of his notice, for he had concocted a pretty little story, which the recent visit of Buchanan to London rendered not improbable. He arranged to introduce Buchanan to Messieurs Amelot and D'Argenson, who was then to tell them that he had just returned from England, where he had been visiting the Lord Mayor and several people of consequence, and that the country was so strongly opposed to the Hanoverian succession that there were 20,000 men ready to join Prince Charles the moment he should cross the Channel. Buchanan willingly entered into the spirit of this audacious hoax. Accordingly these two honourable supporters of the House of Stuart being ushered into the presence of MM. Amelot and D'Argenson, Semple was the spokesman, and made out that England was in such a state that it only wanted the merest spark to put the whole country into a conflagration. Honest

[1] State Papers, France, Feb. 3 and March 6, 1744.

Buchanan, sitting by his side, was constantly referred to, and confirmed whatever his lordship advanced. It is not, therefore, very surprising to learn that the French ministers were much pleased with Lord Semple's account of English domestic affairs, and thought that something might yet be done to atone for the recent catastrophe at Dunkirk.[1]

During this time Charles had taken lodgings at Gavelines, where he was living, according to his own account, the life of a hermit,[2] but after a while he returned to Paris, and was known by the title of Baron Renfrew. Here he now made the acquaintance of a young banker, Æneas Macdonald by name, to whose subsequent confessions I am indebted for my present information, and the two soon became great friends, frequently going out together on 'parties of pleasure.' Upon the one subject which must have incessantly absorbed his thoughts, we learn that Charles maintained a rigid silence. Friendly as the two young men were, the Prince never alluded to the schemes of his adherents, never mentioned the names of those who supported his interests, and, whenever the conversation touched upon England, invariably changed the topic.[3] No doubt this reserve was due in some measure to the bitterness of disappointment. When Drummond was at Rome on one of his special expeditions, he had spoken enthusiastically to Charles upon the help to be received from France, showed him a list, which afterwards turned out to be false, full of distinguished English names anxious to enrol themselves in his cause, and, in short, deceived the young Prince as grossly as Buchanan had deceived the French ministers. Full of hope, and confident that the promises made would be fulfilled, Charles had arrived at Paris. And what was the result? The Dunkirk expedition a failure, with no present probability of further aid. The promised adherence of those influential friends conspicuous by its absence, for, save from his staunch partisans in Scotland, he had received no encouragement from England. His openly avowed supporter, the King of France, not taking the slightest notice of him—indeed, his Majesty had openly shunned him at two or three *bals masqués* at Versailles to which he had gone with Macdonald. Where were the assurances of support upon which he had built so many brilliant castles in the air? Well, indeed, may he have said that 'there was no believing a word that either Semple or Drummond said.'[4]

[1] Exam. of Æneas Macdonald, Sept. 17, 1746. State Papers.
[2] Stuart Papers, June 1, 1744.
[3] Exam. of Æneas Macdonald, Sept. 17, 1746. [4] *Ibid.*

Aware of Semple's unscrupulous character, and that Drummond was not the most fitting companion for the Prince, Lord Marischal and the other more respectable adherents of the cause did their best to remove Charles from the intimacy of these men. Drummond was sent to Holland on a pretended mission to buy arms, and the Prince, in order to make the acquaintance of the Irish officers in the French service—men like Lord Tyrconnel, Lord Clair, and Colonel Dillon—who were not cordially disposed towards Semple, quitted Semple's roof, whose guest he had lately been, and took lodgings for himself at Paris in a street called the Petite Écurie. It was now through the interest of Cardinal Tencin, who had been worked upon by O'Brien, Kelly, and Sheridan, whom James had despatched to Paris, that Charles received an allowance from the French Court of 5,000 livres a month.

About this time John Murray, who had been busy in the interests of James both in England and Scotland, came to Paris to see how affairs stood at the French Court. Charles had a long conversation with him, expressed impatience at this dallying with fortune, and said that he was determined to go over to Scotland, even if he took only a single footman with him. Murray tried to dissuade him, but finding it useless, promised to talk the matter over with the leaders of the party, and ascertain how far they thought such an attempt feasible. On his return, therefore, to Scotland, he mentioned the intention of Charles to the Council of Seven. All, with the exception of the Duke of Perth, opposed it. Cameron of Lochiel thought it 'a rash and desperate undertaking'; Macleod was of the same opinion, and said that no one would join the Prince. Murray in his turn was not favourable to the scheme, and wrote a strong letter to Charles, advising him to abandon the idea, but the letter being delayed by private hands, never reached its destination. So little chance did Murray think there was of an invasion that he was trying for employment in the Dutch service.[1]

Not so Charles. The more he thought of visiting the land of his ancestors, and of following the example his father had set him thirty years before, the more the idea began to assume a definite form, and the greater seemed to him the prospect of success. Though England might stand aloof, he was sure of his own country. He knew that the moment he landed in

[1] Exam. of John Murray, Aug. 13 and Nov. 17, 1746. State Papers, Domestic.

Scotland stalwart adherents from its rocky glens and heather-crested hills would flock round his standard and support the old line. England, it is true, was cold now; but would she so continue? What said the proverb?—

> He that would England win,
> Must with Scotland first begin.

Once let his kilted friends enrol themselves in his service, and fight under his banner, as they had fought in years bygone under that of his ancestors, and his cause would be far from hopeless. But come what may, let them have the opportunity of seeing their future King, and of offering or withholding their obedience. He was tired of these fruitless promises of France; she was engaged in her own cause, and had no time to think of his; besides, it had always been his wish to restore his royal father by means of his own subjects alone. Let him, then, place the fullest trust in that loyalty to his house which he had been so frequently assured every true Scotchman felt. At all events, he would not shrink from hazarding his life and fortune to win the object of his ambition. 'Whatever I may suffer,' he writes to his father, 'I shall not regret in the least as long as I think it of service for our great object. I would put myself in a tub, like Diogenes, if necessary.'[1]

He was now stopping at Fitzjames, the seat of the Duke of Berwick, a few miles from Paris, and he began to put his schemes vigorously into action. He was surrounded by several Irish officers, who strongly encouraged him in his resolve, and willingly co-operated with him. Indeed Æneas Macdonald says 'the expedition to Scotland was entirely an Irish project.'[2] He used every effort to procure arms. He borrowed 180,000 livres from two of his adherents, the bankers Waters and Son, and gave orders, without expressing any definite reasons, that his jewels at Rome should be pawned. By the aid of two merchants at Nantes, Rutledge and Walsh, he obtained two vessels—the one a man of-war, which had been granted to Rutledge by the French Court to cruise on the coast of Scotland; and the other, a small brig, which belonged to Walsh, and which had been fitted out against the British trade. The name of the man-of-war was the 'Elizabeth,' and the name of the brig 'La Doutelle.' The 'Elizabeth' lay at Belleisle, and had on board all the arms Charles had been

[1] Stuart Papers, Jan. 3, 1745.
[2] Further Exam. of Æneas Macdonald, Jan. 12, 1748. State Papers, Domestic.

able to obtain—1,500 fusees, 1,800 broadswords, twenty small field-pieces, and ammunition. The 'Doutelle' was at Nantes.

All things being ready on the Wednesday before Ascension Day, Charles came to the lodgings he still kept on in Paris, and invited Æneas Macdonald to dinner. The invitation was accepted. After dinner Charles said to his guest, who was then on the eve of visiting Scotland about a lawsuit in which he was engaged: 'I hear, Macdonald, that you are going to Scotland: I am going there too—we had better bear each other company?' Macdonald readily agreed, and after a little discussion it was decided that Macdonald should proceed to Nantes and there wait for the Prince. 'After the Prince had settled everything for his subsequent undertaking,' writes Macdonald in his narrative, 'the gentlemen who were to accompany him in his voyage took different routes to Nantes, the place appointed to meet at, thereby the better to conceal their designs. During their residence there, they lodged in different parts of the town; and if they accidentally met in the street, or elsewhere, they took not the slightest notice of each other, nor seemed to be any way acquainted, if there was any person near enough to observe them. During this time, and whilst everything was preparing to set sail, the Prince went to a seat of the Duc de Bouillon, and took some days' diversion in hunting, fishing, and shooting—amusements he always delighted in, being at first obliged to it on account of his health. By this means he became inured to toil and labour, which enabled him to undergo the great fatigues and hardships he was afterwards exposed unto.'[1]

At Painbœuf Charles was joined by Sir Thomas Sheridan, Kelly, O'Sullivan, Buchanan, Sir John McDonald, and Francis Strickland. On arriving at Nantes they all embarked on board 'La Doutelle,' which lay in the mouth of the Loire, and sailed for Belleisle, where they were to be joined by the 'Elizabeth.' On this brief voyage the Prince suffered much from sea sickness. At Belleisle they remained eight days, taking in provisions, and, on the 'Elizabeth' coming up, sailed in earnest for the shores of Scotland, July 13, 1745.[2]

All these preparations had taken place without the knowledge or consent of France. The arms had been shipped by Walsh under a false statement made to the Minister of War, that they were intended for his own plantations in Martinique.

[1] *Jacobite Memoirs*, p. 1.
[2] Exam. of Æneas Macdonald, Sept. 17, 1746. State Papers, Domestic.

The 'Elizabeth' had been lying by out of commission when Rutledge obtained her from the Minister of Marine, to fit her out as a privateer—a custom then common in France when men-of-war were not actually in service. We are assured that had the Court of France been acquainted with the design of Charles he would not have been suffered 'to execute so wild a project.'[1] Nor had James been admitted into the secret. It was not till the 'Elizabeth' had cast off her moorings in the harbour of Belleisle, and was in full sail for Scotland, that the father was informed of the perilous resolve of his son. The letter of Charles on this occasion is worthy of insertion. It is dated from Navarre, a château near Evreux, belonging to the Duc de Bouillon, who was a most enthusiastic friend of the Prince, and with whom Charles was then staying.

'NAVARRE, *June* 12, 1745.

'SIR,—I believe your Majesty little expected a courier at this time, and much less from me, to tell you a thing that will be a great surprise to you. I have, above six months ago, been invited by our friends to go to Scotland,[2] and to carry what money and arms I could conveniently get; this being, they are fully persuaded, the only way of restoring you to the crown, and them to their liberties.

. . . . . .

'After such scandalous usage as I have received from the French Court, had I not given my word to do so, or got so many encouragements from time to time as I have had, I should have been obliged, in honour, and for my own reputation, to have flung myself into the arms of my friends, and die with them, rather than live longer in such a miserable way here, or be obliged to return to Rome, which would be just giving up all hopes. I cannot but mention a parable here, which is, that if a horse which is to be sold if spurred does not skip, nobody would care to have him, even for nothing; just so my friends would care very little to have me, if, after such usage as all the world is sensible of, I should not show I have life in me. Your Majesty cannot disapprove a son's following the example of his father. You yourself did the like in the year '15; but the cir-

[1] Further Exam. of Æneas Macdonald, Jan. 12, 1748. State Papers, Domestic.

[2] Charles here drew upon his imagination to excuse his project. His friends never advised him to visit Scotland; on the contrary, as we shall see, they were strongly opposed to such a step. In their opinion the time had not yet arrived for the enterprise.

cumstances now are indeed very different by being much more encouraging, there being a certainty of succeeding with the least help; the particulars of which are too long to explain, and even impossible to convince you of by writing, which has been the reason that I have presumed to take upon me the management of all this without even letting you suspect there was any such thing a-brewing, for fear of my not being able to explain and show you demonstratively how matters stood, which is not possible to be done by writing, or even without being upon the place, and seeing things with your own eyes: and, had I failed to convince you, I was then afraid you might have thought what I was going to do to be rash, and so to have absolutely forbidden my proceedings.

. . . . . .

'I have tried all possible means and stratagems to get access to the King of France, or his minister, neither could I get Littleton (Sir Thomas Sheridan) an audience, who, I was sure, would say neither more nor less than what I desired him, and would faithfully report their answer. As for Wright (the Cardinal) he is not much trusted or well looked upon by Adam (the King of France), who is timorous, and has not resolution enough to displace him. Now, I have been obliged to steal off without letting the King of France so much as suspect it, for which I make a proper excuse in my letter to him,[1] by saying it was a great mortification to me never to be able to speak and open my heart to him; that this thing was of such a nature that it could not be communicated to any of the ministers, or by writing, but to himself alone—in whom, after Almighty God, my resting lies, and that the least help would make the affair infallible. If I had let the French Court know this beforehand, it might have had all these bad effects:—1st. It is possible they might have stopped me, having a mind to keep measures with the Elector, and then, to cover it over, they would have made a merit of it to you, by saying they had hindered me from doing a wild and desperate thing. 2ndly. My being invited by my friends would not be believed, or at least would have made little or no impression on the French Court. . . .

'I have sent Stafford to Spain, and appointed Sir Thomas Geraldine to demand succours in my name to complete the

[1] At Belleisle Charles had despatched Rutledge to the French Court with a letter to the King, explaining the nature of the intended expedition. (Exam. of Æneas Macdonald, Sept. 17, 1746.)

work, to whom I sent letters for the King and Queen, written in the most engaging terms, to the same purpose. Let what will happen, the stroke is struck, and I have taken a firm resolution to conquer or to die, and stand my ground as long as I shall have a man remaining with me.

'I think it of the greatest importance your Majesty should come as soon as possible to Avignon, but take the liberty to advise that you would not ask leave of the French Court; for if I be not immediately succoured they will certainly refuse you. . . .

'Whatever happens unfortunate to me cannot but be the strongest engagements to the French Court to pursue your cause. Now if I were sure they were capable of any sensation of this kind, if I did not succeed, I would perish, as Curtius did, to save my country and make it happy; it being an indispensable duty on me as far as lies in my power.

'Your Majesty may now see my reason for pressing so much to pawn my jewels, which I should be glad to have done immediately, for I never intend to come back, and money, next to troops, will be the greatest help to me. I owe to old Waters about 60,000 livres, and to the young one about 120,000 livres. I and Sir Thomas will write more fully to Edgar about these matters, both as to the sum I carry with me and arms, as also how I go. I write this from Navarre, but it won't be sent off till I am on shipboard. If I can possibly I will write a note and send it from thence at the same time. I have wrote a note and sent it to Lord Marischal, telling him to come immediately, and giving him a credential to treat with the minister for succours.

'To the Duke of Ormond I have writ a civil letter, showing a desire of his coming here immediately, but at the same time leaving it to his discretion so to do.

'. . . I should think it proper (if your Majesty pleases) to be put at his Holiness's feet, asking his blessing on this occasion; but what I chiefly ask is your own, which I hope will procure me that of Almighty God upon my endeavours to serve you, my family, and country, which will ever be the only view of

'Your Majesty's most dutiful son,

'CHARLES P.'[1]

During the passage Charles wore the habit of a student of the Scots College at Paris, and, the better to conceal his features, allowed his beard to grow. None of the crew were conscious of the rank of their distinguished passenger.

[1] Stuart Papers.

CHAPTER IV.

THE RAISING OF THE STANDARD.

. . . the array
That around the royal standard
Gathered on the glorious day,
When, in deep Glenfinnan's valley,
Thousands on their bended knees
Saw once more that stately ensign
Waving in the northern breeze!
When the noble Tullibardine
Stood beneath its weltering fold,
With the ruddy Lion ramping
In its field of tressured gold!
When the mighty heart of Scotland,
All too big to slumber more,
Burst in wrath and exultation
Like a huge volcano's roar!

Four days after quitting Belleisle the 'Elizabeth' fell in with an English man-of-war, called the 'Lion,' commanded by Captain Brett, the officer who, in Anson's expedition, stormed Paita. An engagement was inevitable, and after a desperate but singularly equal conflict, which lasted some six hours, both vessels retired, each considerably shattered. In the struggle the 'Elizabeth' lost several of her men, and her captain was wounded; it was therefore necessary for her to change her course and run into Brest to refit.

Fortunately Charles and his companions were on board 'La Doutelle,' the captain of which, though repeatedly urged by the Prince to bear down to the aid of the 'Elizabeth,' resolutely refused. Too staunch a Jacobite, and too conscious of the responsibility devolving upon him, Walsh had no intention of putting in danger the royal person of his young master. On the contrary, instead of taking any part in this engagement, he crowded all sail, and, under cover of the insignificance of his own vessel, made straight for the West of Scotland.[1]

As the return of the 'Elizabeth' to France had made the party lose nearly all the arms and ammunition which it had cost Charles such efforts to obtain, the banker, Æneas Macdonald, advised the Prince to put back to Nantes, and defer the expedition to a more convenient season. His advice was supported

[1] 'Journal of the ship the young Pretender came to Scotland in,' July 2, Aug. 5, 1745. State Papers, Domestic.

by Strickland and Sir John M'Donald, the latter stating that it was a 'desperate undertaking.' But Charles, who, when once his mind was made up, was inflexibility itself, turned a deaf ear to all their counsels, and scorned to return any other answer than 'You will see! you will see!'[1]

Burning no light at night, and ever keeping due course, 'La Doutelle,' after a brief chase by an English man-of-war, which she managed to escape by her superior speed, anchored on August 2, 1745, off the island of Erisca, one of the islets of the Hebrides, situated between Barra and South Uist. An eagle, frightened from his eyrie, came hovering round the ship. 'Here,' said Tullibardine, pointing upwards, 'is the king of birds come to welcome your Royal Highness to Scotland!'

The laird of this district was young Macdonald of Clanranald, 'an indolent, head-strong boy, guided by the priests,' as Murray of Broughton called him,[2] but one whom Charles knew to be devoted to his interests. A messenger was immediately despatched to inform him of the arrival of the Prince. The young chieftain happening to be absent on the mainland, his uncle, Macdonald of Boisdale, received the news in his stead. At once Boisdale went down to the coast, and was rowed on board 'La Doutelle.' His visit was not encouraging. He assured Charles that the enterprise must end in disaster; that his friends had all along told him that without arms and men from France a rising was nothing less than insanity; and that without foreign aid not a chieftain would summon a single man or wield a single claymore. The old chief ended by advising Charles to return to France, and not to ruin matters by an impatience which was as dangerous to himself as it was to his cause. The Prince, however, had resolved to pay no heed to all such timid counsels; he was bent on landing, and even if every clansman shunned him he would yet unfurl his standard. With all his persuasive arts Charles tried to represent the expedition in a glowing light, and win over the opposition of the sturdy chief; but Boisdale was too hard-headed to be imposed upon. He gave a decided no as his answer, and rowed back to his island more obstinate and unconvinced than ever. 'With 6,000 troops and 10,000 stand of arms at his back the Prince had a chance of success, but not unless,' he growled.

[1] Exam. of Æneas Macdonald, Sept. 17, 1746. State Papers, Domestic.

[2] *Account of the Clans*, by John Murray of Broughton. State Papers, Domestic, Aug. 22, 1746.

Charles, however, was not to be daunted. He had entered upon the undertaking well aware of the obstacles he would encounter, and he was resolved that nothing short of death should deter him from the object he had in view. Let Boisdale remain in the safety of seclusion, let others follow his example, still he was sure that deserters from the standard he had come to unfurl would be the exception, not the rule. 'I am come *home*,' he cried, 'and I will entertain no notion of returning to the place from whence I came: for I am persuaded that my faithful Highlanders will stand by me!'[1] He trusted his loyal Scotch, and those who had left sunny France with him for these bleak western shores would soon see that his confidence was not misplaced. But if the worst came to the worst, rather than return he would roam through the wilds and glens of those glorious Highlands, and beat up for recruits himself whilst making the echoes resound with the slogan of his cause. Was he to be deterred by a first rebuff? If the tributaries were dry, let them see how fared it with the parent stream. If the Isles refused homage to their true lord, let them appeal to the loyalty of the mainland. And 'La Doutelle' altered her course for the rugged coast of Inverness, and in a few hours entered the rocky basin of Lochnahuagh, between Moidart and Arisaig.

As at Erisca, a messenger was now sent to apprise Clanranald of the arrival of his distinguished visitor. A large tent was rigged up on deck, and beneath the awning the choicest vintages of France stood in tempting companionship with the stronger spirits of the country the party had come to explore. Charles, seated in the tent ready for the interview, was dressed in a black coat, 'with a plain shirt not over clean, a cambric stock fixed with a plain silver buckle, a fair round wig out of the buckle, a plain hat with a canvas string, having one end fixed to one of his coat buttons, and black stockings, with brass buckles to his shoes.' This sober attire well suited the character he assumed before the ship's crew of an English clergyman on a visit to the Highlands. Around him were his trusty Council of Seven, not a little anxious to know whether the conduct of Macdonald of Boisdale was to be imitated on this occasion.

On receiving the summons, Clanranald, attended by several of his tribe, especially by Macdonald of Kinloch-Moidart, the brother of the banker Æneas, and by the Lairds of Glenala-

[1] *Jacobite Memoirs*, p. 12.

dale and Dalily, at once came on board and did homage. Charles immediately plunged in *medias res*, and urged the same arguments that he had shortly before used to Boisdale; but, to his mortification, only with a like result. The only answer the young chief returned was that the hour was not fitting, that his resources were too slender, and that foreign assistance was indispensable for a rising. Precisely the echo of the words of Boisdale.

Again and again Charles pleaded his cause, but still failed to alter the decision of the chieftain. In the earnestness of argument he paced up and down the deck, and, whilst trying to force his views upon his visitors, noticed a young Highlander, who had been attentively listening to all that had been said, with flushed cheek and sparkling eye. He was dressed in the tartan of the Macdonalds of Kinloch-Moidart, and was indeed a younger brother of the chief of that ilk. To him the hesitation of Clanranald and of Kinloch-Moidart was cowardice unworthy of their clan. The son of their lawful king plead for aid, and be refused—appeal to a subject and meet with no response—approach the shores from which he had been so long exiled, and be bidden to withdraw! It was treason and disloyalty of the blackest, and the young man looked as if for very shame he could have buried his face in the plaid around him. Charles marked the agitation working in this loyal breast, saw the chord of sympathy his words had struck, and at once rushed forward with hands extended:—

'You, at least, will not forsake me?' he cried.

'I will follow you to death, were there no other to draw a sword in your cause,' was the eager reply.

The enthusiasm of the answer passed into the hesitating chiefs, and they declared that, since their Prince was resolved, it became them ill to dispute his pleasure. Henceforth they were his vassals.

Charles now landed, and was at once installed at Borrodaile, a neighbouring farmhouse belonging to Clanranald, in one of the wildest parts of Inverness-shire. With him disembarked the aged Marquis of Tullibardine, called by all true Jacobites the Duke of Athol, though he had been attainted for his share in the insurrection of 1715, and the dignity had descended to a younger brother; Sir Thomas Sheridan, the Prince's tutor; Sir John Macdonald, an officer in the Spanish service; Kelly, a nonjuring clergyman, who had been concerned in Atterbury's plot; Francis Strickland, an English

gentleman; Buchanan, the messenger, and Æneas Macdonald, the banker. These have been called the 'Seven Men of Moidart,' and, save the name of one, whatever curiosity has preserved of them exhibits, in no doubtful colours, their unswerving fealty. But a Judas was in their midst.

With the caution of commerce, Æneas Macdonald, as soon as the effect of excitement had worn off, had by no means approved of being mixed up with dynastic intrigues. His pursuits were mercantile, not military, and he regretted that it should be his lot to share in the efforts of revolution. But the Fates were against him, and he had been compelled to act that most unhappy of all characters, the unwilling accomplice of a distasteful enterprise. Shortly after landing he had been asked to visit Sir Alexander Macdonald of Sleat, the Laird of Macleod, Maclean of Coll, and several other lairds in the Isle of Skye, and inform them of the arrival of the Prince, and bid them assemble their men. But Macdonald, finding that Sheridan, who proferred the request, had no letters from these chieftains authorising such an appeal, declined to undertake the embassy. Indeed, so far from becoming an advocate in the cause of the Prince, the young banker used the influence his name possessed in those parts to dissuade the people of Moidart from having anything to do with the meditated rising of the clans.[1] And at a later period we find him acting the part of a traitor in the camp, by sowing the seeds of discontent among the followers of Charles. For Æneas had wished, when he saw the undertaking assuming a formidable character, to sever his connection with it altogether; but a warrant had been issued for his apprehension by the law officers in Edinburgh, who, aware that he was one of the Seven Men of Moidart, had deemed him a Jacobite staunch and true. Thus self-preservation, more than anything else, made him cling to the ranks of the Highlanders. Nay, he would have surrendered, only self-interest stood in the way, for being the deputy of a M. Dubernay, purveyor-general of the French army, he feared that such a course would militate against him with the French Court, as they had it in their power to ruin him.[2] This lukewarm calculating position soon exposed itself. It was not long before Charles and his friends heard reports not very creditable to the banker's loyalty; they were believed, and Æneas was sent to Coventry. The banker, though he must have been

[1] Exam. of Æneas Macdonald, Sept. 17, 1746. State Papers, Domestic.
[2] *Ibid.*; also Exam. Jan. 12, 1748. State Papers, Domestic.

perfectly aware of the grounds he had given for just offence, wrote a piteous letter to the Prince, complaining of the treatment he received.[1] He denied that he had been disloyal, or had attempted to tamper with the soldiers, but that on the contrary 'No servant could ever serve a prince with greater fidelity and attachment,' and that he was 'quite grieved to the heart to see himself so much wronged when he deserved a quite different treatment.' This letter did not have the effect intended. Macdonald remained with the Prince during the march into England, but the ban under which he lay seems never to have been removed. On being taken prisoner he willingly gave his evidence. His is not the only instance in history of one who steers a middle course in the stormy seas of political intrigues, only to land in safety with the loss of all that men hold most dear.

But such treachery was the exception throughout the Forty-Five. Those who wore the white cockade well knew at what peril to life and property they rallied round their Prince; but once having declared themselves in his favour they supported him with the strictest loyalty, and met their death like men. And of all these followers second to none was the brave Cameron of Lochiel, the Bayard of the expedition. 'He was a man of pretty good understanding,' says Murray of Broughton, condescendingly, 'though of no learning, and esteemed by everybody to be in private life a man of strict honour.'[2] He soon received his summons to attend, and waited upon Charles immediately. Like Boisdale, he was fully convinced of the rashness of the enterprise, and intended to advise the Prince to return to France. 'If such is your purpose, Donald,' said his brother, Cameron of Fassiefern, 'write to the Prince your opinion; but do not trust yourself within the fascination of his presence. I know you better than you know yourself, and you will be unable to refuse compliance.' Lochiel declined to accept the advice. He visited Charles, and before the fascination of the Prince his resolve melted like snow in the sunshine. As long as Charles confined himself to the coldness of mere argument, Lochiel was firm, and saw the weak points in the enterprise, but when the Prince made an appeal to his feelings, the wariness of the chief was at once conquered.

[1] Æneas Macdonald to the Prince, Sept. 10, 1745. State Papers, Domestic.
[2] *Account of the Clans*, by John Murray. State Papers, Domestic, Aug. 22, 1746.

'I have come hither,' said Charles, 'with my mind unalterably made up, to reclaim my rights or to perish. Be the issue what it will, I am determined to display my standard, and take the field with such as may join it. Lochiel, whom my father esteemed the best friend of our family, may remain at home, and learn his Prince's fate from the newspapers.'

The chief was moved. 'Not so,' he replied: 'if you are resolved on this rash undertaking, I will go with you, and so shall every one over whom I have influence.'

This answer was full of importance to the interests of the Prince. No man possessed more authority in the Highlands than Lochiel, and had he refused his support, not a chief would have risen in favour of the House of Stuart. 'Thus,' writes Sir Walter Scott, 'was Lochiel's sagacity overpowered by his sense of what he esteemed honour and loyalty, which induced him to front the prospect of ruin with a disinterested devotion not unworthy the best days of chivalry. His decision was the signal for the commencement of the rebellion.'[1]

Lochiel had been gained, but there were others whose adherence was of equal moment. Sir Alexander Macdonald of Sleat and Macleod of Macleod were two of the greatest chieftains in the Hebrides, and their joint forces were estimated at more than three thousand men. The hereditary sympathies of these two powerful families had been Jacobite, and it is said they had hinted to the members of the Association that, provided the Prince landed with sufficient foreign support, they would go over to his side. If such a promise had ever been made, when put to the test it was unhesitatingly withdrawn.

Clanranald was sent to Mugstat, the seat of Sir Alexander Macdonald, where Macleod happened also to be staying, and begged the chieftains to raise their followers. He said that the Prince expected their adherence, that the clans already assembled were eagerly waiting their reply, and that their active support would set an example of incalculable value to the cause. The chiefs returned a decided refusal, and, in spite of the promises they are said to have made, but which they denied having made, not only declined to be mixed up in any way with the rebellion, but did their best, and apparently at first not without success, to dissuade their kinsman Clanranald from having anything to do with it. 'It is certain,' writes Macleod to Duncan Forbes,[2] 'that the pretended Prince of

[1] *Tales of a Grandfather*, vol. iii. p. 161.
[2] Aug. 3, 1745, Culloden Papers.

Wales is come on the coast of South Uist and Barra, and has since been hovering on parts of the coast of the mainland . . . His view, I need not tell you, was to raise all the Highlands to assist him. Sir Alexander Macdonald and I not only gave no sort of countenance to these people, but we used all the interest we had with our neighbours to follow the same prudent method; and I am persuaded we have done it with that success that not one man of any consequence benorth the Grampians will give any sort of assistance to this mad rebellious attempt. . . . Young Clanranald has been here with us, and has given all possible assurance of his prudence.' A few days later Sir Alexander Macdonald wrote in the same strain to the Lord President,[1] declaring that he would not have the slightest connection 'with these madmen,' but regretting that 'young Clanranald is deluded notwithstanding his assurance to us lately.'

At the same time Sir Alexander also wrote to General Guest, then in command of the Castle, vindicating his loyalty in case it should be unjustly aspersed. 'Before this reaches you,' he says,[2] 'the delusion of some Highlanders must be known to you. The good nature of mankind will probably report me as making a part of that mob against the government, though I never had (and indeed never will have) any concern with these people. I hope, sir, you will readily believe me when I assure you that this island is quiet, and will continue so. Dare I venture to beg the favour of you, sir, to say so to Sir John Cope, to whom I have not the honour to be known; if you are so good as to put this confidence in my veracity, I shall look upon it as a piece of kindness as well as honour done to me.'

An eminent historian has to my mind judged the conduct of these two chieftains on this occasion very unfairly. 'Their object being,' writes Earl Stanhope,[3] 'to wait for events and to side with the victorious, they professed zeal to both parties.' I certainly fail to see the 'zeal' evinced for the cause of Charles. Nothing can well be stronger than the loyalty expressed towards the Hanoverian government by Sir Alexander Macdonald and Macleod of Macleod, in their letters to the Lord President. To the Prince they did not, though more than once appealed to, vouchsafe the slightest support. In their eyes he was 'the

[1] Aug. 11, 1745, Culloden Papers, p. 207.

[2] Aug. 11, 1745. I am indebted for a copy of this letter to the kindness of Mr. Home Drummond Moray of Abercairny.

[3] *The Forty-Five*, p. 24.

pretended Prince of Wales,' and his followers a parcel of 'madmen.' Nor was their loyalty merely passive. When the rebellion had fairly broken out, they accepted commissions in the king's service.

The defections of these two powerful chiefs—if defection it can be called; for, from their subsequent conduct, it seems very doubtful whether they ever pledged themselves to adherence—was a great blow to the Prince; but he resolved not to be discouraged. Conscious that his hopes of success depended entirely upon the support of the Highlands, he did everything in his power to ingratiate himself with the people. He was affable to all, and denied his presence to none who wished to visit him. He joined in their sports, and won their hearts by trying to talk Gaelic. As George the Third piqued himself upon being an Englishman, so Charles wished to be thought a Highlander. Taking up his abode in the very centre of those tribes which had ever been loyal to his house, his manly, frank disposition, the quiet dignity of his manner, his handsome bearing, and last, but not least, his adoption of the national costume, soon won the hearts of those who had always called his father king.

Oh! better loved he canna be;
  Yet, when we see him wearing
Our Highland garb sae gracefully,
  'Tis aye the mair endearing.
Though a' that now adorns his brow
  Be but a simple bonnet;
Ere lang we'll see of kingdoms three
  The royal crown upon it.

Not many days succeeded his landing before clan after clan promised to come down from their mountain fastnesses to swell the ranks of his followers.

The feudal authority of the Scottish chieftains was still unbroken, and still as strong as ever. The civilisation which was working its healthy way in the Lowlands had not yet penetrated the Highland wilds. There, in their pathless woods and gloomy valleys, the inhabitants still adhered to the customs of their forefathers, still wore the garb which for centuries had been their characteristic, and still spoke the language of Erse. That patriarchal system so dear to Stuart monarchs still pervaded every clan. The chief was the leader in war, the judge and protector in peace, and the whole income of the tribe, paid into his purse, served to maintain that rude but generous hospitality which was meted out to the poorest of the clan. The value of an estate was never estimated according

to its rental, but according to the number of men that it could raise. The story is told of Macdonald of Keppoch, who, entertaining some Lowland gentry with great hospitality at his Highland seat, was asked by one of the guests, with blunt curiosity, 'what was the rent of his estate.' 'I can raise five hundred men,' was the only answer. The men thus raised were often idle, haughty, and warlike—their only occupation fighting or hunting, their only law the command of their chief.[1]

'The Highlanders,' writes Murray of Broughton, in his information to the Government,[2] 'are naturally sagacious, cunning, and extremely curious. Very hospitable to strangers when not to remain amongst them, but jealous to a degree of any who propose to settle in their country, and seldom fail to use all methods, however unjust, to distress them. Very much addicted to theft, which is much owing to the indolence of their chief, who, if honest and active, can easily prevent it. Their chief is their god and their everything, especially when a man of address and understanding, but if weak, or of an easy temper, no farther regarded than so far as custom prevails, or interest directs.'

The English Government, after the insurrections of 1715 and 1719, aware of the danger that might accrue from this state of military autonomy, passed an Act of Parliament to disarm the Highlands, whilst several other measures were introduced with the object of weakening the connection between chieftains and clansmen. Companies of Highlanders were enrolled and constituted regiments, known, on account of the darkness of their uniform, by the title of the Black Watch—now the famous Forty-Second. These companies, officered by Highland gentlemen, were employed to maintain the authority

[1] The following is a list of the clans, and of the number of men it was in the power of their chieftains to raise. The list was forwarded by the Duke of Cumberland to the Duke of Newcastle; in some instances it under-estimates the strength of the chiefs:—Macneal of Barra, 60 men; Clanranald, 700; Macleod, 1,000; Macdonald, 1,000; Macleod of Rasa, 40; Mackinnon of Strath, 100; Macleans, 300; Macdougal of Lorn, 100; Stuart of Appin, 300; Cameron of Lochiel, 800; Macdonald of Glengarry, 300; Macdonald of Glencoe, 100; Grant of Glenmoriston, 100; Lord Lovat, 600; Chisholm of Strathglass, 100; Macdonald of Keppoch, 300; Macintosh, 500; Macphersons, 500; Argyll and Breadalbane, 4,000; Macgregors, 200; Robertson of Struan, 300; Menzies of Wemyss, 200; Drummond, 500; Athol, 2,000; Mackenzies, 2,000; Mackays, 500; Sutherland, 700; Monroes, 300; Ross, 100; Grants of Strathspey, 700; Duke of Gordon, 1,000; Forbes of Don, 200; Farquharsons in Mar, 300; Lord Ogilvie, 500—total, 19,800 men. *List of the Highland Clans.* State Papers, Scotland, March 174⅞.

[2] *Account of the Clans.* State Papers, Domestic, Aug. 22, 1746.

of the Government in the mountain regions of Scotland. Nor was such a force unnecessary. The union with England was by no means popular with the fiery Gael, who regarded it as a slavish subjugation. Home Rule, with a Stuart on the throne, was the one object of the political creed he ever cared to profess. And since he believed that this event would one day come to pass, thanks to Highland chivalry, he was always ready to scheme, plot, and prepare. It was natural, therefore, that he would use his best efforts to evade the Disarming Act. And he was successful. With the exception of the Duke of Argyll's clan, not a tribe had been effectually stripped of its weapons.[1] As a rule the Government received the worn-out old arms, whilst those that were keen and serviceable were carefully concealed and kept ready for a future occasion.

Nor had the confiscation of the estates of fugitive Jacobites, which the Government had thought proper to enforce, stamped out the fidelity of the clans. The Lowland gentry, well aware of the fate in store for them should they buy up the land of an exiled laird, refused to enter themselves as purchasers. The fate of Alexander Murray had taught them a lesson. This person had dared to become the purchaser of Ardnamurchan, tempted by its valuable lead mines, and hoping that the cannons of Fort William, which almost frowned down upon his newly acquired property, would protect him from insult and outrage. But he was mistaken. Woe was the day when the presumptuous Lowlander succeeded to the confiscated acres of a Highland chieftain! His buildings were burnt, his cattle were houghed, his workmen were shot down, and finally he himself had to save his life by a hasty flight. For these outrages no redress could be obtained.

The embodiment of the Black Watch was a step in the right direction, but it failed from local motives to serve the end intended. In the regiment were many of the best friends and relatives of the exiled Jacobites, while the chiefs availed themselves of the corps to keep alive the martial spirit of their clans.

[1] Yet so well concealed was this fact that we find General Wade writing: 'I can assure your Lordships that the Disarming Act has fully answered all that was proposed by it, there being no arms carried in the Highlands but by those who are legally qualified. Depredations are effectually prevented by the Highland companies, and the Pretender's interest in the clans is so low, that I think he can now hope for no effectual assistance from that quarter.' State Papers, Scotland, Aug. 9, 1726. The year before he writes: 'The Highlanders, instead of guns, broadswords, dirks, and pistols, are now reduced to travel to their fairs and markets with only a staff in their hand.' S. P. S. Oct. 20, 1725.

men. Thus that wiliest and most unscrupulous of chieftains, Lord Lovat, having obtained, owing to his services in the '15, the command of a company in the Black Watch, took the opportunity of giving all the men of his clan a good knowledge of drill, and of the use of arms at his Majesty's expense, by enrolling them by rotation in the King's service. His fidelity being suspected, Government thought it prudent to deprive him of his commission. Hence the indignation he entertained towards the House of Hanover, and that calculating, valueless support he afterwards offered the Prince.

Such was the organisation of the Scottish Highlands, and Charles was not slow to perceive the advantages it offered. He at once sent for his friend Murray, who was in his home in the south of Scotland, and intrusted him with the dangerous duty of getting the manifestoes of James, and the papers appealing for arms and volunteers, printed. Murray readily undertook the task, and was appointed Secretary of State, an office which he held till the end of the Rebellion.

The next step was to circulate through the Highlands a Proclamation previously drawn up by Charles, announcing the object of his enterprise, and his hopes of adherents. It began by declaring that by virtue of a commission of regency granted to him by his royal father, he had come to execute his Majesty's will, by setting up his royal standard, and of asserting his undoubted right to the throne of his ancestors. To all such as had been in rebellion against the House of Stuart since the flight of James the Second, a general pardon would be granted, provided they now swore fealty to their new king, and renounced all allegiance to the usurper. All soldiers engaged at the present time in the service of the Elector of Hanover would receive a full pardon should they quit their respective regiments for the ranks of his Majesty King James. Officers on deserting the Hanoverian standard for the forces of the Prince Regent would occupy a higher military position than they formerly held; whilst private soldiers and able-bodied seamen who thus declared for their lawful king would receive all their arrears and a whole year's pay.

On the rights of his Majesty King James being effectually asserted, a free Parliament would be summoned, and all the privileges, ecclesiastical as well as civil, of the respective kingdoms settled, confirmed, and secured as heretofore. The fullest toleration in religious matters would be preserved, his Majesty being utterly averse to all persecution and oppression

whatsoever. In order to avoid inconvenience, all civil officers and magistrates now in office should continue the exercise of their respective employments until further orders, but in the name and by the authority of his Majesty King James, and all officers of the revenue and excise should deliver the public money in their hands to those authorised by the Prince Regent to receive it. Every subject between the ages of sixteen and sixty was to join himself to such as should first appear in his own shire to represent his Majesty's cause.

'Lastly,' concluded the document, 'we do hereby require all Mayors, Sheriffs, and other magistrates, of what denomination soever, their respective deputies, and all others to whom it may belong, to publish this our declaration at the market-crosses of their respective cities, towns, and boroughs, and there to proclaim his Majesty, under the penalty of being proceeded against according to law for the neglect of so necessary and important a duty. For, as we have hereby graciously and sincerely offered a free and general pardon for all that is past, so we, at the same time, seriously warn all his Majesty's subjects, that we shall leave to the rigour of the law all those who shall from henceforth oppose us, or wilfully and deliberately do or concur in any act or acts, civil and military, to the let or detriment of us, our cause and title, or to the destruction, prejudice, or annoyance of those who shall, according to their duty and our intentions thus publicly signified, declare and act for us.'[1]

This paper Murray took upon himself to print and set in circulation. Before the Prince had landed many days, copies were liberally scattered throughout the Western coast, and some even travelled as far south as Edinburgh, Berwick, and Carlisle.

On August 11, Charles quitted the farmhouse at Borrodaile for the seat of Macdonald of Kinloch-Moidart, but before leaving he took a cordial farewell of his friend Anthony Walsh, the commander of 'La Doutelle,' and wrote to Rome begging that the gallant captain might be created Earl of Ireland. 'It is the first favour I ask of you since my arrival in this country. I hope it will not be the last, but at all events I beg of you to grant it. . . . I have, thank God, arrived here in perfect good health, but not with little trouble and danger, as you will hear by the bearer. . . . I am joined here by brave people as I expected. As I have not yet set up the standard I cannot tell

[1] Collection of Declarations, &c., May 16, 1745, Paris.

the number, but that will be in a few days, as soon as the arms are distributed, at which we are working with all speed . . . if they all join, or at least all those to whom I have sent commissions at request, everything will go on to a wish. . . . The worst that can happen to me, if France does not succour me, is to die at the head of such brave people as I find here, if I should not be able to make my way. . . . The French Court must now necessarily take off the mask, or have an eternal shame on them; for at present there is no medium, and we, whatever happens, shall gain an immortal honour, by doing what we can to deliver our country, in restoring our Master, or perish with sword in hand.'[1]

The news of the landing of Charles tended entirely to dissipate the melancholy which had reigned in the little Jacobite Court at Rome since the failure of the Dunkirk expedition. James was in the highest spirits, and confident of his son's success. His paternal anxiety was greatly relieved by Charles having taken the precaution of enrolling himself, before quitting France, as an officer in the Spanish service, and thereby rendering himself liable, if captured, only to the treatment of a prisoner of war.[2] Pope Benedict XIV., however, seems not to have placed much faith in the virtue of this foreign commission, for in conversation with some of his confidential prelates, who were disputing whether the Prince had set foot in Scotland or no, his Holiness said, 'He certainly has set foot there, and what is more may also leave his head there!'[3]

The day was rapidly approaching for the unfurling of the royal standard, when an event occurred which was regarded by the followers of the Prince as a good beginning to the expedition. It so happened that the English governor of Fort Augustus, suspecting matters were not quite so peaceable in the Highlands as they might be, had determined to send, on August 16, a reinforcement of two companies of the Scots Royal, under the command of a Captain Scott, to Fort William. These two forts had been erected under the direction of General Wade for the purpose of keeping the Highlanders in check, and were united by a military road running between the mountains and the banks of the lakes Loch Oich and Loch Lochy. Captain Scott, on receiving his orders, marched his men without molestation for some twenty miles, and was expecting to reach Fort William in a few hours, when all of a

[1] Stuart Papers, Aug. 4, 1745.
[2] State Papers, Tuscany, Aug. 24, 1745.
[3] *Ibid.* Oct. 5, 1745

sudden he was beset in the narrow ravine of Spean Bridge by an armed body of Keppoch's Highlanders. A fierce but short engagement ensued. From the mountain heights a destructive fire poured down on the English; the report of the musketry attracted other Highlanders to the spot, and soon Keppoch's men were swelled by a body of the Lochiel clansmen. The odds were heavy against Scott, whose men were not only fatigued by a long march, but had also wasted much of their ammunition on an invisible foe. After a brief struggle Scott gave the word to beat a retreat; then, harassed by an incessant fire, he felt it prudent at last to surrender. The contest had not been bloodless. The loss of the English was about five killed and as many wounded; Captain Scott was among the latter, being slightly wounded on the top of the shoulder. The prisoners, who were eighty-two in number, were treated with great humanity, the wounded being carried to Lochiel's own house at Auchnacarrie, whilst Captain Scott was sent to Fort Augustus on parole to receive surgical aid; the governor of that fort not permitting the surgeon to issue from the walls to attend upon the captured officer.[1]

This affair, though slight in itself, led the Highlanders to believe that, though their mode of warfare was irregular, and their arms rude, they had nothing to fear from disciplined troops.

And now the day dawned when the royal standard was to be erected, and the liege men of the Prince to march down their clans for the great cause of the Restoration of the Stuarts. August 19 had been the date fixed upon, and the spot chosen for the impressive scene was Glenfinnan, a narrow vale in which the river Finnan runs between high and craggy mountains, whilst at both ends of the glen the view dissolves into the blue waters of Loch Eil and Loch Shiel. Before the appointed day, Charles had received the promise of fealty from more than one chief, and his heart beat high with hope. In the early morn of the 19th, true to the punctuality he always practised, he took up his stand at the place of rendezvous. He had expected to find the whole valley alive with variegated tartans, and the echoes ringing with the welcome pibrochs. Save a company or two of Macdonald's, he was alone. Had his true men failed him? Were his subject chiefs making sport of his cause? Were their promises only made to be broken, and was insult thus to be added to disloyalty? For

[1] Letter to Lord Advocate, Aug. 20, 1745. State Papers, Scotland.

two hours he remained in a state of the most painful anxiety, the neighbouring mountains echoing no tread of marching men. Then his fears were set at rest: cresting the hills appeared Lochiel and his Camerons, about six hundred in number, advancing in two lines, with the prisoners they had taken at Spean Bridge between them.

On the gathering of these men, Charles bade the standard be unfurled. The aged Tullibardine, supported by an attendant on each side, obeyed the order, and soon the 'white, blue, and red silk' unspread its folds and floated in the breeze. Then 'such loud huzzas and schiming of bonnets up into the air, appearing like a cloud, was not heard of, of a long time.'[1]

O high-minded Moray!—the exiled—the dear!—
In the blush of the dawning the STANDARD uprear!
Wide, wide on the winds of the North let it fly,
Like the sun's latest flash when the tempest is nigh.

Ye sons of the strong, when that dawning shall break,
Need the harp of the aged remind you to wake?
That dawn never beamed on your forefathers' eye,
But it roused each high chieftain to vanquish or die.

O sprung from the kings who in Islay kept state,
Proud chiefs of Clanranald, Glengarry, and Sleat!
Combine with three streams from one mountain of snow,
And resistless in union rush down on the foe!

True son of St. Evan, undaunted Lochiel,
Place thy targe on thy shoulder, and burnish thy steel!
Rough Keppoch, give breath to thy bugle's bold swell,
Till far Coryarrack resound to the knell!

Stern son of Lord Kenneth, high chief of Kintail,
Let the stag in thy standard bound wild in the gale!
May the race of Clan-Gillian, the fearless and free,
Remember Glenlivat, Harlaw, and Dundee!

Let the clan of grey Fingon, whose offspring has given
Such heroes to earth, and such martyrs to heaven,
Unite with the race of renowned Rorri More,
To launch the long galley, and stretch to the oar!

How Mac-Shiemie will joy when their chief shall display
The yew-crested bonnet o'er tresses of grey!
How the race of wronged Alpine, and murdered Glencoe,
Shall shout for revenge when they pour on the foe!

Ye sons of brown Dermid who slew the wild boar,
Resume the pure faith of the great Callum-More!
Mac-Niel of the Islands, and Moy of the Lake,
For honour, for freedom, for vengeance awake!

Awake on your hills, on your islands awake,
Brave sons of the mountain, the frith, and the lake!
'Tis the bugle,—but not for the chase is the call;
'Tis the pibroch's shrill summons,—but not to the hall!

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[1] Culloden Papers, p. 387.

'Tis the summons of heroes for conquest or death,
When the banners are blazing on mountain and heath;
They call to the dirk, the claymore, and the targe,
To the march and the muster, the line and the charge!

To the brand of each chieftain, like Fin's in his ire,
May the blood through his veins flow like currents of fire;
Burst the base foreign yoke as your sires did of yore,
Or die like your sires, and endure it no more![1]

When the enthusiasm had subsided—the prelude to such misery and bloodshed—the manifesto of James and the commission of regency granted to Prince Charles were read. This formal proceeding ended, Charles stepped forward and addressed his followers. He had come to Scotland, he said, to vindicate his rights, and restore happiness to the people groaning under Hanoverian oppression. Rather than in England, rather than in Ireland, he had preferred to land in Scotland, knowing that he should there find a population of brave men who would be as willing to live and die with him as he was resolved to conquer or to perish. He felt sure that his cause, being in the eyes of Heaven a just and righteous one, must be triumphant. Then turning to an English officer who had been taken prisoner in the Spean Bridge affair, he said, 'Go, sir, to your general! Say what you have seen; and add that I am coming to give him battle!'

And now pouring into the valley assembled those clans whose chiefs had promised obedience. There with his 250 men was Stuart of Appin, 'a bashful man of few words and but ordinary parts,'[2] his clan 'chiefly of the Church of England, and esteemed the least given to theft of any in the Highlands,'[3] commanded by Stuart of Ardshiel. There with his 150 men stood Macdonald of Glencoe, 'very proud, and his people false and traitorous.'[4] And there with but 300 of his men was the Protestant Keppoch, whose Roman Catholic clan, taking offence at not being allowed the privilege of a priest to accompany them, had shorn their strength by numerous desertions. Conspicuous by their absence were the vassals of Macdonald of Sleat and Macleod of Macleod.

These important chieftains still sternly held aloof from the undertaking, and refused permission to their men to attend. Their isolation was so grave a misfortune for the cause of the Prince that his followers again resolved to remonstrate with

[1] Flora Macivor's Song, *Waverley*.
[2] *Account of the Clans*, by John Murray. State Papers, Domestic, Aug. 22, 1746. [3] *Ibid.* [4] *Ibid.*

them. Accordingly, the day after the unfurling of the standard, a letter was drawn up by the Highland chiefs and despatched to the now Hanoverian lairds in the Isle of Skye. 'We cannot but express,' the chieftains wrote,[1] 'the greatest surprise as well as concern at your manner of acting on the present occasion, than which no two subjects ever had a greater to deserve eternal honour or eternal infamy. The King's Restoration or the ruin of his Family; the liberty or destruction of your country will lie chiefly at your door. Consider how often you have expressed your readiness to join the Prince, though he should come alone to deliver his country from the oppression it has so long groaned under. Consider how much the influence of men of your figure have drawn others in to think you were in earnest, and resolved to do the same. The case has now happened. The Prince, upon the repeated assurances of the disposition of his faithful Highlanders, has thrown himself into our arms with a firm resolution never to abandon us. He has been received by us and others whom we expect to-day or to-morrow with the greatest joy, and we have with the greatest alacrity undertaken his cause. We have already drawn the sword, and are resolved not to sheathe it till death or victory shall free us from a foreign yoke. You may easily foresee the consequences of the one or the other. And it would be very extraordinary in men of your judgment to imagine that you alone could be safe when the rest of us are rooted out. We desire you to think seriously of this, as well as of the assurances you have lately given to some of us who have spoken to you. The Prince has written to you twice and received no answer. Should we meet with the same usage, we should think it, however, very extraordinary. But we still hope for better things.'

They hoped in vain.

CHAPTER V.

ON THE MARCH.

Wha' wadna fecht for Charlie,
Wha' wadna draw the sword?

At this time the post of Secretary of State was filled by one of the fussiest and most incompetent ministers that ever held the seals. It would be difficult to find, in the whole annals of

[1] State Papers, Domestic, 1745, No. 93.

parliamentary history, a statesman more entirely indebted to the influence which rank and riches command, for the lofty position he was called upon to occupy, than Thomas Pelham, Duke of Newcastle. Without his high-sounding title and boundless wealth, he would never have risen even to the level of ordinary mediocrity. Shallow, perfidious, and offensively egotistical, he owed the favours that fortune lavished upon him to the mere accident, and to that alone, of birth. 'I am compelled,' said George II., who cordially disliked his Grace, 'to take the Duke of Newcastle to be my minister, though he is not fit to be Chamberlain in the smallest court of Germany.'

Utterly unprincipled, and conscious of his intellectual disadvantages, Newcastle had recourse to those favourite weapons of the weak—treachery and cunning. He cringed and intrigued, deceived and lied, whenever he thought flattery or disloyalty, falsehood or servility, would attain his ends. And he did attain them. Now leaguing himself with one minister, and then, when calculation prompted, making terms with an opponent, he ascended step by step the political ladder. The one creed of his life was that politics should mean office, and that all labour was in vain unless it identified his own interests with those of the nation. Indeed deception had become at last so much the creature of habit, that if he could have gained his purpose by a lie as well as by the truth, he would have preferred the falsehood. 'His name is Perfidy,' said Sir Robert Walpole, with whom he had been leagued, and whom he had forsaken. 'He is a very great liar,' said the frank Lord Chatham.

Nor had the Duke of Newcastle any qualities to compensate for his vices. It is not exaggeration to say that he was incapable of even that knowledge which is more the result of routine and constant surroundings than of intellectual exertion. In spite of the political atmosphere he was incessantly breathing, he never acquired the capacity which even the feeblest parliamentary hack, when occasion requires, can display. He was a miserable speaker, and though he seldom addressed the House, he never rose on his legs without contradicting what he had previously asserted, and leaving their lordships more confused after a ministerial statement or explanation than they had been before.

Neither, like many men who fail in oratory, was he characterised by sound, shrewd business habits. Whenever he sat upon a committee, or had to do the duties on a commission, he put questions which even a Boswell would have hesitated to

ask, and never offered a suggestion unless to reveal the meagreness with which his head was furnished. And yet with that restless energy which is so often the intellectual activity of the incompetent, he was never content unless he supervised every petty detail of official work. Never was he idle, and yet the result of his labours was absolutely nil. With him work had no distinctions, was divided into no degrees : he wrote a request to his gardener to attend to the orchids at Claremont, with the same painstaking incapacity as he would compose a state paper which might set Europe in a blaze. He did everything, as he did nothing, with an unmanly anxiety and a spinster fussiness. 'He loses half an hour every morning,' said Lord Wilmington, 'and runs after it during the rest of the day without being able to overtake it.' 'If one could conceive a dead body hung in chains,' says Horace Walpole, 'always wanting to be hung somewhere else, one should have a comparative idea of him.'

Much of this restless conduct was due to his intense timidity. In an age which put as high a value upon personal bravery as it did upon wit, the cowardice of his Grace of Newcastle was always a fruitful theme for the satirists. Of all cravens he was the most abject. He had an awful dread of the sea, and when it was necessary for him to accompany his royal master to Hanover, the agony of his fear was something too terrible to be ridiculous. Until he married, a man-servant always slept in the same room with him, for during the silent hours of darkness he was the victim of a dread which most boys, ere they go to a public school, leave behind them in the nursery. But the *bête noire* of his life was perhaps his dread of catching cold. Had he been a popular singer he could not have been more careful of himself. The slighest draught left by a half-closed door or an open window, any inattention paid to the airing of his linen, any neglect by which a sudden check to the action of the pores could be created, unnerved him as much as the dangers of the ocean or the imaginary terrors of darkness. It is recorded that on the occasion of his first visit to Hanover, with his royal master, he was accompanied by Sir Joseph Yorke, then ambassador to the Hague. On the first night of their travelling companionship Sir Joseph retired to his couch at an early hour, and was soon comfortably asleep. Suddenly he was aroused by the curtain of his bed being drawn, and a valet of the Duke's making his appearance. As the servant hesitated, and looked considerably dumfounded, Sir Joseph jumped to the most alarming conclusion that his loyal mind could suggest.

'For God's sake,' he cried, 'what is the matter? Is the King ill?' The man replied that his Majesty was in perfect health, but still hesitated to give the message it was evidently his duty to deliver. At last he blurted it out. 'When Sir Joseph had sufficiently aired the bed, would he kindly turn out and let his Grace take possession of the couch?' History does not give us Sir Joseph's answer.

It was this susceptibility of his nervous system that never permitted the Duke of Newcastle to say no to a man's face. He would promise the same thing to fifty, and disappoint all because he dared not gratify one. To an official who had been called upon to resign, he would write a letter full of regrets and honeyed phrases, and at the same time abuse his incompetency to the more fortunate successor. Never was he frank and true. He ruled the country not in the spirit of an English gentleman, but in the letter of a pettifogging attorney. No more miserable example of the exclusiveness of the parliamentary government of those days exists than that such a man should have been intrusted, for sixteen long inglorious years, with the guardianship of the State.

Had it not been for the able mind of Henry Pelham, the country would have been, at the outbreak of the rebellion, in a most critical state; for the time Prince Charles had chosen to carry on his expedition was not ill calculated. England was immersed in an anxious foreign war. The King was in his German dominions. The Duke of Cumberland, and most of the forces, were on the Continent. The defeat at Fontenoy had dealt a severe blow to the Government, and damped the spirits of the people. The administration of affairs was in the hands of not the most competent of Lord Justices. Parliament was up, and the Privy Council, with the rest of the advisers of the Crown, were passing their holidays at their country seats. The coast was poorly guarded by an inconsiderable part of the navy. The militia of the different counties was unprepared for any sudden emergency. London was wholly defenceless. Had France really been in earnest in her support of the House of Stuart, she was now in possession of an opportunity not likely to be renewed. That she neglected such a moment is a proof, in spite of her protestations to the contrary, of her coldness and indifference.

But the Duke of Newcastle believed in the hostility of Versailles. His agents abroad had assured him that France was meditating a sudden descent upon our shores; that the Court of Versailles had resolved to make a diversion in Eng-

land, and take every advantage of her present defenceless condition; that the young Pretender was being furnished with a large body of troops and a formidable stand of arms, and would soon set sail for the western coast of Scotland; and that shortly the Government might expect all the horrors of an invasion. By many, these reports were not credited; but by the Duke of Newcastle they were fully believed in. This new complication, springing up on the political horizon at such an unfortunate moment, was not to be lightly treated. Frequent, therefore, were the consultations between his Grace and his brother, Mr. Pelham—the 'my brother' who figures so often in his correspondence—and still more frequent were the letters that passed between him and Scotland.

Affairs in the North were at this time conducted by six important persons. Lord Tweeddale was the Scottish Secretary of State in London. The celebrated Duncan Forbes, whose name will never die as long as Scotland values patriotism, uprightness, and humanity, was the Lord President of the Court of Session. Andrew Fletcher, Lord Milton, an able man, and indefatigable in the Hanoverian cause, was Lord Justice Clerk. William Grant was the Lord Advocate. Sir John Cope, whose military shortcomings have earned an unenviable notoriety in Jacobite song, was the Commander-in-Chief. Whilst last, but not least, the Duke of Argyll, whose services in 1715 had been so basely ignored by the Government, exercised that influence in all the departments which was due to his high rank and previous experiences. The moment had now come when the united ability of this Council of Six was to be called forth and its energies tested to the utmost.

On August 1 the Duke of Newcastle had written to the Duke of Argyll that he had received a letter from Lord Harrington, his brother secretary, stating[1] 'that the King had undoubted intelligence that the resolution was actually taken at the Court of France to attempt immediately an invasion of his Majesty's British dominions. This intelligence came through such a channel that they have not the least doubt of it. . . . Our advices, for some time past, from the ports and the coast of France, show that steps are actually taking to put that design in execution. My Lord Harrington wrote immediately, by the King's order, to the Duke of Cumberland to have a body of troops ready to send here in case of necessity, and we have been using our utmost endeavours to get together

[1] State Papers, Scotland, Aug. 1, 1745.

a good squadron in the Channel (though I am very sorry to say we have made but little progress in it as yet), which is to be commanded by Admiral Vernon. His Majesty has been so good as to declare that if the scheme of an invasion should go on, and that it should be thought absolutely necessary for the public service that he should return immediately to England, he would begin his journey on the first notice. In answer to which I wrote to my Lord Harrington on Friday last, in the name of his Majesty's servants here, humbly to entreat his Majesty not to defer putting those, his gracious intentions, in execution. All this happened before Sunday last, when we had an account from Mr. Trevor that Van Hoey [the ambassador of the Netherlands at Paris] had despatched an express to the States acquainting them that the Pretender's eldest son embarked on the 15th of July, N.S., at Nantes, on board a ship of about sixty guns, attended by a frigate loaded with arms for a considerable number of men, and that it was universally believed that they were gone for Scotland. . . . This account was laid before the Lord Justices on Tuesday last, and it was thought necessary that my Lord Tweeddale should immediately send directions to Sir John Cope to assemble the troops in proper places, and to order the dragoon horses to be taken up from grass. Sir John Cope is also to concert with the Lord Justice Clerk and the Lord Advocate what may be proper to be done for securing the public peace and tranquillity, and disappointing these designs. . . . We have this day signed a proclamation offering £30,000 for apprehending the Pretender's son in case he should land in any part of his Majesty's dominions.'

In these days of steam and electricity, when a speech delivered by a leading statesman at the Wick Burghs can be read within a few hours in a remote Cornish manor house, it is difficult to understand how so important an event as the landing of a rival Prince on our own shores should have given rise for any length of time to doubt and conflicting statements. And yet for many days the fact of Charles's arrival in Scotland was denied in Edinburgh, though it seems to have been pretty well credited in London. 'I cannot believe,' writes the Lord Advocate to Tweeddale on August 6,[1] 'the intelligence you have of his being actually landed.' 'It is possible that this piece of intelligence may not be true,' says the Lord Justice Clerk the following day.[2] 'I consider the report as improbable,' writes the Lord President[3] on August 8, 'because I am confident that

[1] State Papers, Scotland, 1745. [2] *Ibid.* [3] *Ibid.*

young man cannot with reason expect to be joined by any considerable force in the Highlands. Some loose, lawless men of desperate fortunes may, indeed, resort to him. But I am persuaded that none of the Highland gentlemen who have aught to lose will, after the experience with which the year 1715 furnished them, think proper to risk their fortunes in an attempt which to them might appear desperate, especially as so many considerable families have lately altered their sentiments.' And even when Charles was quietly ensconced in the house of Kinlochmoidart and counting the days that intervened before the raising of his standard, we find Tweeddale on August 13 [1] still cautiously writing to Lord Harrington, whilst inclosing intelligence from Scotland, 'though it does not yet appear absolutely certain from these informations that the Pretender's son is actually landed there, yet they confirm in general the first intelligence we received.' Three days later he gravely writes,[2] 'Upon the whole I am of opinion that it is probable the Pretender's son may be landed in Scotland.' Only probable even then! Nay, Charles had assembled his men, and was marching south, and still Tweeddale[3] thought it prudent to put himself in communication with the Lord Justice Clerk in order to obtain 'more particular accounts as to the young Pretender himself, since there are several letters in town absolutely contradicting the accounts sent to the Government here from Scotland, of his ever having landed there.' Certainly those who administered the affairs of Scotland at that time cannot be congratulated upon their expedition in receiving or circulating intelligence.

Whilst these nebulous statements were being passed to and fro, Government thought it proper to take precautionary measures. Sir John Cope was ordered to dispose of his forces as he deemed best, to secure the forts and garrisons in the Highlands, and to take the dragoon horses from grass.[4] The Lord President, doubtful whether this rumour of an invasion was true or not, hurried down to his seat in Inverness-shire, and used all his influence to confirm the well-affected and awe the Jacobites. He entered into communication with the Earl of Sutherland, Lord Reay, Sir Alexander Macdonald, the Laird of Macleod, and with the chieftains of the Grants and Munros. All these promised, when occasion required, adherence to the Government of King George. He then agitated

[1] State Papers, Scotland, 1745. [2] *Ibid.* [3] *Ibid.* Aug. 29, 1745.
[4] Tweeddale to Cope, Aug. 2, 1745. State Papers, Scotland.

the question of obtaining commissions for the raising of twenty companies, and put himself actively in communication with Whitehall. By his industry and ability he was the most formidable enemy the House of Stuart at this time possessed.

But the Duke of Newcastle, especially as matters on the Continent were not so happy as had been expected, refused to be comforted. 'Your Grace will allow me to assure you in confidence,' he writes to Argyll,[1] 'that I never was in so much apprehension as I am at present . . . the loss of all Flanders, and that of Ostend (which I am afraid must soon be expected), will, we apprehend, from the great superiority of the French in Flanders, be soon followed by some embarkation from Ostend or Dunkirk, or both. And there is reason to believe that the French and Spanish ships which are now in the Western ports of France, and in the Bay of Biscay (amounting to between twenty and thirty, twenty of which are of the line), may be intended to support the embarkation either by coming up the Channel, where at present we have not a squadron sufficient to oppose them. Or (as I find is apprehended by some), by coming north, about Scotland to Ostend. Seven French men-o'-war sailed from Brest about five weeks ago. It is thought possible they may be somewhere lying to the westward to wait there till Ostend shall be in the hands of the French, and then proceed round Scotland thither. We are getting our ships ready, and I hope we shall soon have a tolerable squadron in the Channel. But if the French should come north about, they might surprise us. We are sending transports for 10,000 men to Campveer and Flushing, in order to bring part of our army from Flanders, if it should be necessary for the defence of this kingdom.'

Frequent as were the appeals from Whitehall to Edinburgh, the Government was anything but prompt in following the advice of the Duke of Argyll, the Lord President, and the Lord Justice Clerk. By the Act for disarming the clans, the friends of the Hanoverian cause in the Highlands were rendered useless for an emergency like the present. The disaffected clans, as I have said, had managed to evade the Act by secreting their serviceable arms, whilst the well-affected had on the contrary given up their weapons unreservedly. Should a struggle therefore ensue, the clans attached to the House of Hanover would be powerless to assist the Government unless

[1] Newcastle to Argyll, Aug. 14, 1745. State Papers, Scotland.

the Act was suspended and they were again permitted to bear arms. The advisers in Edinburgh repeatedly urged the Ministry to adopt such a course, and give 'legal strength to the friends of the Government in the Highlands.' 'It is men, money, and ammunition,' writes the Lord Justice Clerk,[1] 'it is *timely* and *properly arming* the King's friends and faithful subjects that can only resist the enemies of the Government in time of invasion.' A fortnight later[2] he again mentions the subject, and offers it as his opinion that regular troops will be useless in the inaccessible parts 'without the help of the friends of the Government, who remain *still without arms or power to make use of them.*' The Duke of Argyll, the Lord President, and the Lord Advocate reiterated the same advice, and yet, as we shall see, weeks elapsed before proper attention was paid to their remonstrances.

Meanwhile Sir John Cope had received instructions from Tweeddale to set out at once for the rendezvous of the rebels. Having concentrated his troops near Stirling, he proposed to begin his march into the Highlands on the very day that Charles had chosen to unfurl his standard at Glenfinnan. His forces, however, were not very formidable—barely 3,000 men—two regiments of dragoons, Gardiner's and Hamilton's, three newly raised regiments, several companies of a Highland regiment under Lord Loudoun near Inverness, and a few troops in the garrison. As the numbers of the followers of the Prince had been grossly exaggerated, there were those in Edinburgh who thought the Commander-in-Chief might meet with more difficulties than his light-hearted advisers anticipated. It may also be that Cope, who was one of those dull officers whom routine and interest promote to a conspicuous position, as if for the purpose of proving their utter unfitness for the advancement, did not inspire the fullest confidence in his proceedings. 'I pity poor him,' writes Horace Walpole,[3] 'who with no shining abilities, and no experience, and no forces, was sent to fight for a crown. He never saw a battle but that of Dettingen, where he got his red ribbon. Churchill, whose led captain he was, and my Lord Harrington, have posted him up to this misfortune.'

That in Cope's setting out to engage the Prince there was the possibility of failure is plainly seen from the correspondence between Edinburgh and the Government.

[1] Letter to Tweeddale, Aug. 4, 1745. State Papers, Scotland.
[2] *Ibid.* Aug. 18. [3] *Letters*, vol. ii. p. 68.

'Sir John Cope will march as he is ordered' (in the direction of Fort Augustus), writes Argyll to Newcastle,[1] 'though I am not sure *that such a march is practicable*; for if the rebels can come near with the numbers they say they were to have this day at the setting up their standard, the advantage those Highlanders will have in the mountains inaccessible to regular troops, *may produce a very bad effect*; and if they can actually defeat him in an action, I fear that very few of all the men he has with him can escape to the Low Country. In that case they will immediately have possession of all Scotland. On the other side, if he can arrive at Fort Augustus with the 1,500 foot he has with him, it will cast a great damp on the rebellion, though, even in that case, he cannot pursue them through the mountains without Highlanders, the raising of which,' he continues sorely, 'is criminal till the militia is called out by royal authority, and arms must be delivered to them before they can act. As to all this the time is far spent.'

'Sir John Cope,' writes the Lord Justice Clerk to Tweeddale,[2] 'will have no small difficulty in getting at the rebels with regular troops in so inaccessible a country, or preventing them from *getting betwixt him and the Low Country* without the help of the friends of the Government, who remain still without arms, or power to make use of them.'

'I hope you will forgive me,' says the Lord Advocate to the same,[3] 'to suggest it, *that if any rub should happen to Sir John Cope, and the chance is the greater that his troops are but new raised*, and he is not very well supported with many officers of rank or of military experience. . . . I hope his Majesty's servants will not grudge some expense to make provision even *for the worst and most unexpected events*.'

The Commander-in-Chief, however, did not share these fears. He believed that his sudden march to the mountains would throw the enemy into the greatest consternation, and that on his route his ranks would be swelled by hundreds of eager volunteers. His preparations were being busily carried out. Bread and biscuit were largely baked at Perth and Stirling for the troops. Orders were sent for the two companies of Lord John Murray's regiment to join the main army. At the foot of the Highlands Cope was to be met by eight companies of infantry stationed at Perth. Perth and the surrounding country were to be protected by four troops of dragoons, whilst

[1] State Papers, Scotland, Aug. 19, 1745. [2] *Ibid.* Aug. 19.
[3] *Ibid.* Aug. 22.

several regiments of cavalry were to be quartered in the neighbourhood of the capital. Lord Loudoun's troops were ordered to keep watch about Inverness, and arms had been sent to that garrison. Some artillery had also been despatched to Stirling.[1]

All these arrangements completed, save the arrival of the troops he had asked for the protection of Edinburgh, Sir John quitted the capital in the early morning of the 19th with some 1,500 men, his two regiments of dragoons, and a vast quantity of baggage, and the following day entered Stirling. Here, as forage was difficult to obtain, and cavalry would be useless in the mountains, he left his dragoons behind for the protection of the Lowlands. After a couple of days' easy marching he reached Crieff, and now it was that he began to perceive the difficulties of his expedition. Expecting to be joined by the loyal youth of the parts he passed through, he had brought an extra thousand stand of arms for these recruits of the future. To his astonishment not a volunteer presented himself, and as the additional arms were found to be very cumbersome, he contented himself with only retaining a quarter of their number, 'in hopes of some few more men of Lord Loudoun's and some of the Duke of Athol's' entering his ranks, and sent the remainder back to Stirling.[2] On the 22nd he arrived at Amolrie, where he was forced to encamp for the night, 'though I did intend to go further,' he writes to Tweeddale; 'but the difficulty of getting horses to march at daylight, and they, being weak, keep the men so long on the march that I must leave many behind, (which I can't well afford) if I made long marches.'[3] Five days afterwards he reached Dalwhinnie, having encountered no slight difficulties in his march from the want of horses to carry provisions. His zeal was also greatly cooled from the fact of 'not one single man having joined him since he set out.' 'Nothing,' he writes to Colonel Guest, who then was in the command of the castle at Edinburgh,[4] 'but the strongest orders received at Edinburgh, and since received at Crieff, would have prevailed with me to have come further than Crieff; but I had no choice left me to make, therefore,' adds he, as if coming events were casting their shadows before, 'consequences I am not accountable for.' Here matters for the first time in the campaign looked serious.

In the meantime the Prince had not been idle. As soon as

[1] Cope to Tweeddale, Aug. 10. State Papers, Scotland, 1745.
[2] *Ibid.* Aug. 22. [3] *Ibid.* [4] State Papers, Scotland, Aug. 27, 1745.

he heard of the advance of Cope, he began his march south eager for the contest, and determined to anticipate the tactics of his foe. Resolved not to imitate the dilatory policy of Mar in the '15, he was anxious to strike whilst the iron was hot, and to take every advantage of the *élan* and new-born ardour of his men. His troops, increased by the clansmen of Glengarry the younger and by the Grants of Glenmoriston, now numbered nearly 2,000 men, and were all keen for conflict. On hearing of the proclamation which set a price upon his head, Charles had at first refused to retaliate. In his eyes—always accustomed to view matters in an amiable and humane light—such a proceeding was 'unusual among Christian Princes,' and he had no intention of imitating so 'infamous an example.' But at last he found it necessary to comply with the wishes of those around him. Accordingly, from his camp at Kinlocheil a counter-proclamation was issued in the name of the 'Regent of the Kingdoms of Scotland, England, France, and Ireland,' and signed by the secretary Murray. It ran as follows:—

'Whereas we have seen a certain scandalous and malicious paper published in the style and form of a proclamation, bearing date the 1st instant, wherein, under pretence of bringing us to justice like our royal ancestor, Charles the First of blessed memory, there is a reward of 30,000*l.* sterling promised to those who shall deliver us into the hands of our enemies. We could not but be moved with a just indignation at so insolent an attempt. And though from our nature and principle we abhor and detest a practice so unusual amongst Christian Princes, we cannot but out of a just regard to the dignity of our person promise the like reward of 30,000*l.* sterling to him or them who shall seize and secure till our further orders the person of the Elector of Hanover, whether landed or attempting to land in any of his Majesty's dominions. Should any fatal accident happen from hence, let the blame be entirely at the door of those who first set the infamous example.'[1]

About the same time as the issue of the proclamation, those chiefs who had taken the field under the banner of the Prince drew up an association, pledging themselves never to abandon Charles whilst he remained in the realm, and never to lay down their arms or make peace without his express consent. One great laird, however, still refused his open adherence. Of all the Highland chieftains none, from his rank and the number of vassals which he could bring into the field, possessed greater

[1] State Papers, Domestic, August 22, 1745.

influence than the notorious Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat. In addition to his own clan, which he kept in a high state of military discipline, he exercised no little authority over the Laird of Cluny, his son-in-law, and chief of the Macphersons; over the Macintoshes, the Farquharsons, and the other clans in the neighbourhood of Inverness. It was very natural therefore that the Prince should be anxious to secure his fealty. But Lovat aimed at steering that middle course by which the cunning and the unscrupulous so love to attain their ends. Discontented with the Government for depriving him of his independent company, he had long declared his intention of embracing the cause of the House of Stuart. Anxious to become Duke of Fraser and Lord Lieutenant of the shire of Inverness, he had made a bargain with James, when signing himself as an adherent in 1740, that, provided those honours were conferred on him, he would uphold his cause. Accordingly when the Prince lay at Invergarry, Lovat despatched one Fraser of Gortuleg, his especial confidant, to beg for the patent of the Dukedom and the lieutenancy which King James had promised him. But the cannie chieftain, though he was anxious that the promise made to him should be fulfilled, had no intention—until matters assumed a more definite form—of carrying out his own stipulations. He expressed his heartfelt loyalty for the cause of the Prince, but deeply regretted that his age and infirmities would not permit him at present to assemble his clan. As Sir Walter Scott puts it, he wanted the bait without any chance of being caught by the hook. But he was a bite worth playing, and the bait was given him. And so, standing in this slippery middle position, he amused himself for a time by reaching out to both sides. Now he was offering his services to the Prince, and mourning that all that he could give at present in the great cause were his prayers; and then in the same breath was writing to the Lord President, calling Charles 'a mad and unaccountable gentleman,' and vowing his 'zeal and attachment for his Majesty's Government.' Such duplicity seldom fails to meet with its own reward, and the subsequent fate of Lord Lovat proves no exception to the rule.

Fortunately for the Prince the men under his command were made of truer stuff than he who was the chieftain of the Frasers. The clans who followed the fortunes of the silken banner that had been raised in the valley of Glenfinnan were heart and soul as brave and single-minded an army as ever wooed the dangers of battle. Impressed with the righteousness

of their cause, and inspired by no mean or mercenary ambition, they exchanged the peace of their mountain homes for the most terrible rigours of the law, in order that the royal rights which they held were the due of him who had landed in their midst should be asserted and restored. They knew that the odds were heavy against them, but never once did disloyalty rise within their stalwart breasts; on the contrary, they counted the hours until they should meet face to face their Lowland foes, and prove their superiority in the field. At last they believed the long-looked-for moment had arrived.

On the morning of August 26 the Prince reached Aberchallder, within three miles of Fort Augustus, and halted for the evening. Scouts and deserters now told him that Cope was approaching Dalwhinnie, and that an engagement in the hills would be inevitable. Much, therefore, depended upon gaining the command of the situation. Before him lay the steep mountain of Corryarrack, with its tortuous paths winding their difficult way to the broken crest of the hill. Intersected by deep ravines, and flanked by huge boulders of rock, the rugged sides of the mountain offered excellent protection to sharpshooters, whilst the points where a safe ambush could be lodged were innumerable. At this time the pass over the Corryarrack was the chief means of communication between the Eastern and Western Highlands, and to secure such a position was therefore a matter of extreme importance. Cope with his men would have to scale the south side of the mountain; Charles, the north side; the struggle would thus, in all probability, take place in the pass, and the Corryarrack be another Thermopylæ. The Prince, fully alive to his situation, and aware that promptness in his measures might give him a most appreciable advantage, resumed his march early next morning, and hastened to ascend the hill on the northern side. He was full of hope at the coming contest, and, while pulling on a new pair of Highland brogues, said in great glee, 'Before I throw these off, I shall fight with Mr. Cope!'

As he toiled up the base of the mountain, he sent on Macdonald of Lochgarry and Secretary Murray to reconnoitre the position of the enemy, and to give timely warning. It was expected that the two armies would come into collision about midday. But what was the astonishment of the Prince when, instead of hearing it reported that the zigzag paths on the south were thronged with redcoats, he learnt that the view in front was wrapped in silence and solitude; that not an English

soldier was visible, and that deserters had just brought in the intelligence that Cope had altered his tactics and was in full march for Inverness! From the top of the hill the panting Highlanders gazed on the desolate plain below with feelings in which disappointment and congratulation were struggling for the mastery. They had been prepared for battle, and were eager for the fray, but they had never expected an English general would hold their numbers in dread and beat a retreat. And the more they dwelt on the strangeness of the fact, the more they felt that such a flight was a compliment to their prowess, which even victory itself could not have offered. With a cheer they threw their bonnets into the air, and, like hunters baffled of their prey, called unanimously to follow the retreating commander and force him to fight. But prudence waited upon enthusiasm, and after a council among the chiefs it was resolved to leave the English general unpursued, and to march at once upon the unprotected Lowlands.

To return to Cope. Shortly after reaching Dalwhinnie, he heard that the Highlanders were in possession of the pass of the Corryarrack, and he was at a loss how to proceed. To attack an irregular army, accustomed to mountain warfare, posted in a defile, was ridiculous. To reach Fort Augustus by the pass in front of him was, as he wrote to General Guest, simply to court the utter destruction of his troops.[1] To return to Stirling would be ignominious. To remain where he was would be culpable inactivity. He had heard that his foes were far more in number than he had been led to expect, and now they were intrenched in a commanding position. What should he do? In the multitude of counsellors there was wisdom: he would call a council of war.

His chief officers assembled in his tent, and he laid before them the situation of affairs. Whoever had informed him either of the movements or the condition of the enemy it is evident had grossly exaggerated matters. He began by saying that on each side of the Corryarrack there were 400 men lying concealed ready to spring upon the King's troops as soon as they entered the pass. Every winding of the zigzag path in front of them was commanded by the enemy's cannon; thus an ascent could only be made in the very teeth of hidden guns, and under a terribly rakish fire. At the base of the mountain were 800 men waiting in concealment to attack the rear of the troops; on the summit, intrenched as in a fortress, were some

[1] State Papers, Scotland, Aug. 27, 1745.

1600; whilst at Snugborough a large force was assembled ready for attack. Moreover, all the bridges over the deep ravines and mountain torrents were cut down. Under these circumstances, it was nothing short of madness to march to Fort Augustus by the Corryarrack. What course did they advise? To fall back upon Stirling would only encourage the disaffected in the north who as yet had not taken up arms. To remain here or at Garviemore would not prevent the enemy marching into the Lowlands, as they could go by other routes—by the head of Loch Tay, for instance. In his opinion they should proceed at once to Inverness. His advice was taken.[1]

Nothing more clearly proves the incapacity of Cope for the position he held than his conduct on this occasion. It is extremely doubtful whether, with his small force, he should ever have suggested a march into the Highlands. The formation of a camp at Stirling, a few men-of-war stationed in the Forth to prevent the Prince crossing the estuary, and troops sent by sea to Inverness and farther north to raise the well-affected would have perhaps been a more prudent course to adopt. But having once marched towards the Highlands, nothing short of actual defeat should have made him relinquish his purpose. That he was right in not courting an engagement in a mountain pass is evident, but had he remained in the neighbourhood of Dalwhinnie he could either have given battle on his own terms or have been content with hemming the Prince in, and making him suffer from the want of money and provisions. In starting for Inverness he certainly adopted the worst of the three courses open to him.[2] 'The military men here are of opinion,' writes Tweeddale to the Lord President,[3] 'that though it might not have been fit for his Majesty's service for Sir John Cope to attack the rebels when they were posted on the Corryarrack, or that it was even practicable for him to have marched that way to Fort Augustus after they were possessed of that pass, yet they think that he ought to have stayed somewhere about Dalwhinnie; and in that case it would not have been easy for the rebels to have made such a progress into the south before him.'

For thus deserting his position Cope has been branded a coward and a traitor. Yet he erred neither from timidity nor from treachery; he was a plain, stupid soldier, with courage

[1] State Papers, Scotland, Aug. 27, 1745. Council of War at Dalwhinnie.
[2] *Tales of a Grandfather*, vol. iii. p. 174.
[3] Sept. 10, 1745. Culloden Papers, p. 399.

enough to follow, and capacity enough to fill a subordinate post, but utterly unsuited for the position and responsibility of command. Like many of his class, he was so burdened by the authority intrusted to him, and so fearful of failure, that he deemed an engagement only justifiable when victory was reduced to the most perfect certainty. Believing that the enemy greatly outnumbered him—as the Highlanders themselves believed that he greatly outnumbered them—he considered it good generalship to hasten to Inverness in order to swell his ranks with the well-affected clans, and then to give battle to the foe, which he believed would never do otherwise than follow him in the same direction. He little thought that, whilst his redcoats remained in their rear, the Highlanders would dare to descend upon the Lowlands. He was mistaken.

Charles was not slow to take advantage of the retreat of the English General. After an unsuccessful attempt to surprise the barracks of Ruthven, he marched at once southward upon Garviemore. Two days carried him through the passes of Badenoch, and on the third his men looked down upon the fertile vale of Athol, spread out before them like a map. Ere the month of August had come to a close, he was entertained at Blair Castle by his aged follower, Tullibardine, whose younger brother, the Duke of Athol, hastily fled at the approach of the insurgents. 'He stayed some time at the Duke of Athol's,' writes Horace Walpole,[1] 'whither old Marquis Tullibardine sent to bespeak dinner; and has since sent his brother word that he likes the alterations made there. The Prince found pine apples there, the first he ever tasted.' Whilst Charles remained here more than one Jacobite of note hastened to his standard. Viscount Strathallan and his son; Oliphant of Gask and his son; Mr. Murray, the brother of Lord Dunmore; John Roy Stewart, and others eagerly pressed themselves into his service. Strengthened by these new allies, he resumed his march, and in the soft light of an early September evening entered the walls of the ancient city of Perth.

On his march the Prince had again made overtures to Lovat, but the old chief thought it still better to play his waiting game. He was not yet sure how far the tactics of the Prince would be crowned with success. It was true that the Highland clans were rallying in numbers round the exiled line, captivated by the fascination of its young chief; but it was also true that the Lord President was busy in the North raising

[1] *Letters*, vol. ii. p. 62.

independent companies, and soliciting government for arms. He did not, therefore, yet know how matters would turn out; but though he was pursuing a double and neutral policy, he was at the same time preparing to throw his weight on to the winning side. Meanwhile Charles had gained an important acquisition in the person of Macpherson of Cluny, Lovat's son-in-law, who had been carried off prisoner at Ruthven. Cluny had been appointed by the government captain of one of the independent companies, but, after a few interviews with the Prince, renounced his Hanoverian allegiance, and swore fealty to the Stuarts. As an excuse for this transfer of sentiment, he admitted that the personal pleading of Charles was so irresistible that 'even an angel could not resist such soothing close application!' His adherence was no light thing, for his clan was among the most civilised in the Highlands, whilst he himself was a man of both sense and activity, and exercised a control over his vassals such as no chief then possessed.[1]

At Perth Charles was met by the Duke of Perth and Lord George Murray, the two most important accessions to his strength which he had yet received. As a mark of his appreciation both were created Lieutenant-Generals in his service. The Duke of Perth was grandson of James, fourth Earl of Perth, who, on following James the Second to France, had been created Duke of Perth. He had been educated in France, and his manners bore all those signs of breeding for which the court of Versailles and the halls at Marli were then famous. A man of much amiability of character and command of temper, he was yet too young and too unskilled for the position in the field which the Prince had been pleased to confer on him. Shortly after the landing at Moidart a warrant had been issued for his apprehension, though he was then living quietly at Drummond Castle, as it was well known that his proclivities were in favour of the exiled family. Fortunately, by a clever piece of presence of mind, he managed to effect his escape, and withdrew to the neighbouring Highlands, where he remained concealed, in spite of all the vigilance of the government, until the approach of Charles, whom he hastened to meet with some 200 men he had succeeded in raising. In the opinion of his enemies Perth did not stand very high. Horace Walpole[2] calls him 'a silly racehorsing boy'; whilst Tweeddale, in commenting upon his escape from Drummond

[1] *Account of the Clans*, by Murray of Broughton. State Papers, Domestic, Aug. 22, 1746.

[2] *Letters*, vol. ii. p. 69.

Castle, writes to Lord Harrington that, 'as he is a man of so little spirit, and has no great following in the Highlands, he cannot be of any great consequence.'[1]

Lord George Murray was a very different man. He was both an able and experienced soldier, and undoubtedly the best officer the Prince possessed. Like his brother, the Marquis of Tullibardine, his sentiments were Stuart, and he had been engaged in the affair of 1715. He had also been present at the battle of Glenshiel, in 1719, and subsequently served for some years in the Sardinian army. On being pardoned by the government, he married, and passed his days quietly upon his property; but on the invasion of the Prince, his old feelings of loyalty became as vivid as ever, and he hastened to join his young master on the war-path. Unfortunately, the adherence of Lord George was not an unmixed advantage. Conscious of his military capacity and of his past services, he held in no little contempt the rude simple men who called themselves his brother officers, many of whom could not even relieve guard without making blunders which would draw a smile from the rawest recruit. Thus his military superiority, coupled with a hot and haughty temper, led him often into collision with those around him. Almost from the very first day of his assuming command a jealousy sprung up between him and the Duke of Perth, and throughout the campaign an ill-timed rivalry was ever at work between the two. Nor was this all. As Lord George made himself as personally objectionable in the council chamber as he did in the field, he soon created a party hostile to him. Murray of Broughton and Sir Thomas Sheridan were the two who became his most bitter enemies. It so happened that some years ago Lord George had asked for a commission in the British army, but had been refused; Murray accordingly took every opportunity of poisoning Charles against his new lieutenant, by insinuating that he was not so zealous in the good cause as he should be, and so far effected his purpose that the Prince, in spite of all the services rendered him by Lord George, never quite believed in the sincerity of his lieutenant's devotion.

'Lord George Murray,' writes the Chevalier de Johnstone, 'possessed a natural genius for military operations, and was a man of surprising talents; which, had they been cultivated by the study of military tactics, would unquestionably have rendered him one of the greatest generals of his age. He was

[1] State Papers, Scotland, Aug. 9, 1745

tall and robust, and brave in the highest degree; conducting the Highlanders in the most heroic manner, and always the first to rush sword in hand into the midst of the enemy. He used to say, when we advanced to the charge, "I do not ask you to go before but merely to follow me." He slept little, was continually occupied with all manner of details, and was altogether most indefatigable, combining and directing alone all our operations; in a word, he was the only person capable of conducting our army. He was vigilant, active, and diligent; his plans were always judiciously formed, and he carried them promptly and vigorously into execution. However, with an infinity of good qualities, he was not without his defects. Proud, haughty, blunt, and imperious, he wished to have the exclusive ordering of everything; and feeling his superiority, he would listen to no advice. Still it must be owned that he had no coadjutor capable of advising him, and his having so completely the confidence of his soldiers enabled him to perform wonders. He possessed the art of employing men to advantage without having had time to discipline them; but taking them merely as they came from the plough, he made them defeat some of the best disciplined troops in the world. Nature had formed him for a great warrior;—he did not require the accidental advantage of birth.'

At Perth Charles remained a week. Here he spent his time in drilling his newly raised troops, and adding to his exhausted exchequer, by levying the cess and public revenue in those towns—Dundee, Montrose, and the Lowland towns north of the Tay—where his authority dared not be disputed. The gaols were forced open and the prisoners set free. Parties were sent throughout Angus and Fife to proclaim King James VIII., and busily enlisted followers. At the same time Charles was exercising his social qualities and winning golden opinions on every side. He was courteous to all, and permitted no theft or rapine to take place without swift punishment visiting the offender. A fair being held in Perth at this time, he granted passports to all strangers, protecting their persons and goods from violence or depredation. Balls were given in his honour, and the Prince, well trained by the handsome beauties of Rome and Venice, soon obtained the verdict of the fair sex in his favour. But still aware that grave work, and not amusement, was his chief duty, he never allowed the charms of society to interfere with his heavier labours. Indeed he offended more than one fair dame by neglecting her charms for

a military inspection. Whenever he rode through the town he was greeted by loud huzzas, and the inhabitants struggled amongst themselves to obtain a good view of him. As for his followers, the more they saw of him the more they idolised him. 'His fine person, his affability, and, above all, his putting on the Highland dress; marching at the head of his infantry, and being the first to plunge into any river they were to pass, charmed them to such a degree, that I believe there was scarce a man among them that would not have readily run on certain death, if by it his cause might have received any advantage; but as their lives were of much greater service, they testified their love and admiration of him by huzzas and acclamations that even rent the sky whenever they saw him, and by making songs in his praise, and singing them among themselves when they saw him not.'[1]

It was whilst staying at Perth that the Prince penned the following encouraging letter to his father, who was watching keenly the progress of his son:—

'Since my landing, everything has succeeded to my wishes. It has pleased God to prosper me hitherto even beyond my expectations. I have got together thirteen hundred men; and am promised more brave determined men, who are resolved to die or conquer with me. The enemy marched a body of regular troops to attack me, but when they came near they changed their mind, and, by taking a different route and making forced marches, have escaped to the north, to the great disappointment of my Highlanders; but I am not at all sorry for it—I shall have the greater glory in beating them when they are more numerous and supported by their dragoons.

'I have occasion to reflect every day on your Majesty's last words to me, that I should find power, if tempered with justice and clemency, an easy thing to myself, and not grievous to those under me. 'Tis owing to the observance of this rule, and to my conformity to the customs of these people, that I have got their hearts, to a degree not to be easily conceived by those who do not see it. One who observes the discipline I have established would take my little army to be a body of picked veterans; and, to see the love and harmony that reign amongst us, you would be apt to look on it as a large well-ordered family, in which every one loves another better than himself.

'I keep my health better in these wild mountains than I

[1] *Genuine Memoirs of John Murray.*

used to do in the Campagna Felice, and sleep sounder, lying on the ground, than I used to do in the palaces of Rome.

'There is one thing, and but one, in which I had any difference with my faithful Highlanders. It was about the price upon my kinsman's head, which, knowing your Majesty's generous humanity, I am sure will shock you, as it did me when I was shown the proclamation setting a price upon my head. I smiled and treated it with the disdain I thought it deserved; upon which they flew into a violent rage, and insisted upon my doing the same by him. As this flowed solely from the poor men's love and concern for me, I did not know how to be angry with them for it, and tried to bring them to temper by representing that it was a mean, barbarous principle among princes, and must dishonour them in the eyes of all men of honour; that I did not see how my cousin's having set me the example would justify me in imitating that which I blame so much in him. But nothing I could say would pacify them. Some went even so far as to say, "Shall we venture our lives for a man who seems so indifferent of his own?" Thus have I been drawn in to do a thing for which I condemn myself.

'Your Majesty knows that in my nature I am neither cruel nor revengeful; and God, who knows my heart, knows that if the prince who has forced me to this (for it is he that has forced me) was in my power, the greatest pleasure I could feel would be in treating him as the Black Prince treated his prisoner the King of France—to make him ashamed of having shown himself so inhuman an enemy to a man for attempting a thing, whom he himself, if he had any spirit, would despise for not attempting.

'I beg your Majesty would be under no uneasiness about me. He is safe who is in God's protection. If I die, it shall be, as I lived, with honour; and the pleasure I take in thinking I have a brother, in all respects more worthy than myself to support your just cause, and rescue my country from the oppression under which it groans (if it will suffer itself to be rescued), makes life more indifferent to me. As I know and admire the fortitude with which your Majesty has supported your misfortunes, and the generous disdain with which you have rejected all offers of foreign assistance, on terms which you thought dishonourable to yourself and injurious to your country; if bold but interested friends should at this time take advantage of the tender affection with which they know you

love me, I hope you will reject their proposals with the samo magnanimity you have hitherto shown, and leave me to shift for myself, as Edward the Third left his brave son, when he was in danger of being oppressed by numbers in the field. No, sir, let it never be said that, to save your son, you injured your country. When your enemies bring in foreign troops, and you reject all foreign assistance on dishonourable terms, your deluded subjects of England must see who is the true father of his people. For my own part, I declare, once for all, that, while I breathe, I will never consent to alienate one foot of land that belongs to the crown of England, or set my hand to any treaty inconsistent with its sovereignty and independency. If the English will have my life, let them take it if they can; but no unkindness on their part shall ever force me to do a thing that may justify them in taking it. I may be overcome by my enemies, but I will not dishonour myself; if I die, it shall be with my sword in my hand, fighting for the liberty of those who fight against me.

'I know there will be fulsome addresses from the different corporations of England; but I hope they will impose upon none but the lower and more ignorant people. They will, no doubt, endeavour to revive all the errors and excesses of my grandfather's unhappy reign, and impute them to your Majesty and me, who had no hand in them, and suffered most by them. Can anything be more unreasonable than to suppose that your Majesty, who is so sensible of, and has so often considered, the fatal errors of your father, would, with your eyes open, go and repeat them again?

'Notwithstanding the repeated assurance your Majesty has given in your declaration that you will not invade any man's property, they endeavour to persuade the unthinking people, that one of the first things they are to expect will be to see the public credit destroyed; as if it would be your interest to render yourself contemptible in the eyes of all the nations of Europe, and all the kingdoms you hope to reign over, poor at home and insignificant abroad. They no doubt try to frighten the present possessors of church and abbey lands with vain terrors, as if your Majesty's intention was to resume them all; not considering that you have lived too long in a Catholic country, and read the history of England too carefully, not to have observed the many melancholy monuments to be seen there of the folly of those pious princes who, thinking to honour religion, have lessened it by keeping superstitious rites in the

church, whereby they have insensibly raised up a power which has too often proved an over-match for their successors.

'I find it a great loss that the brave Lord Marischal is not with me. His character is very high in this country, and it must be so wherever he is known. I had rather see him than a thousand French, who if they should come only as friends to assist your Majesty in the recovery of your just rights, the weak people would believe came as invaders.

'There is one man in this country whom I could wish to have my friend, and that is the Duke of Argyll, who, I find, is in great credit amongst them, on account of his great abilities and quality, and has many dependants by his large fortune; but I am told I can hardly flatter myself with the hopes of it. The hard usage which his family has received from ours has sunk deep into his mind. What have those princes to answer for, who by their cruelties have raised enemies, not only to themselves but to their innocent children?

'I must not close this letter without doing justice to your Majesty's Protestant subjects, who, I find, are as zealous in your cause as the Roman Catholics, which is what Dr. Wagstaff has often told me I should find when I came to try them. I design to march to-morrow, and hope my next shall be from Edinburgh.'[1]

The hope with which this letter concluded was not falsified. The English General on reaching Inverness was deeply hurt at finding his tactics so completely frustrated by the descent of the Highlanders. Aware how unprotected was the condition of Edinburgh, he at once assembled his men and marched straight for Aberdeen, where he intended to embark and sail south as swiftly as the winds would carry him to defend the capital. For this purpose he wrote to the Lord Advocate, desiring that 2,000 tonnage of shipping should be despatched from the Forth, for the purpose of transporting the troops on their arrival at Aberdeen. But various difficulties encountering him on the line of march, he was not able to make the rapid progress he expected. The officials at Edinburgh, now fully alarmed, wrote, urging him to hasten south with all speed. To this Cope replied that he had marched from Inverness without a halt, but could not go over the ground 'a quarter so fast as those at a distance expect.' At the same time he was confident of ultimate success. 'Though damage,' he writes to the Lord

[1] Stuart Papers, Perth, Sept. 10, 1745.

Advocate, 'may be done by the quickness of the march which the Highlanders are much more able to make than we are, yet a solid body like ours must effectually get the better of them in the end.'[1] Little did he anticipate the humiliation in store for him!

Meanwhile the Prince had quitted Perth, and was pushing south with all haste. True to his tactics of always anticipating his foe, he determined to forestall Cope at Edinburgh, as he had forestalled him at the Corryarrack. The moment the scouts brought him intelligence of the intention of the English General, he resolved to lose no time in idle delay, but to collect his rough troops and set out at once for the fair capital of his new kingdom. The route was given, and Charles, quitting the town with the vanguard, was joined at Dunblane by the rest of his men. 'There were about two thousand,' writes Captain Vere, an English officer and a staunch adherent of him whom the Highlanders called 'the Elector,'[2] 'that marched in one body from Perth, the rest joined them upon their march. They have four brass cannons with them, that they got at the Duke of Athol's house, and twelve swivel guns, that they brought from Lochaber with them. There are great numbers of them perfect boys, without arms, stockings, and shoes, of about fourteen or sixteen years of age. They have brass hilted swords tied about them with straw ropes, and they are no better than a band of thieves and robbers plundering the country everywhere they come.'

This last accusation was a very favourite one with those attached to the existing government, and not always to be credited. Considering the predatory habits of the Highlanders, it is a matter of surprise that their behaviour on the line of march should have been as regular and orderly as it was. It is certain that many of the stories concerning the outrages they committed are false, and were only circulated by the government in the hope of ruining the cause of the Prince. Throughout the whole progress of the Rebellion, the clans were under the strictest orders to do no hurt to the cities and villages, fields and farms, through which they passed. Any one so offending was severely punished. Where the 'plundering' really consisted was in the Prince, as Regent of the kingdom, raising taxes and levying contributions of food and money from those he compelled to acknowledge his authority. That the Highlanders at times disobeyed their orders, and gave full

[1] State Papers, Scotland, Sept. 9, 1745. [2] *Idem*, Sept. 12, 1745.

scope to their national instincts of appropriation, cannot be denied. What nation when on the war path has failed to do as they did? The astonishing fact is, not that these rough mountaineers, whose whole lives had been passed in clan-robberies and border-lifting, availed themselves of what loot they came across, but that when opportunity offered they should have been so moderate in their theft, and so merciful in their behaviour.

Rapidly passing over ground every inch of which was fraught with memories of Scottish history,—Sheriffmuir, where thirty years before the Stuart cause had struggled for its rights —Stirling, whose every battlement spoke of sieges, victories, and surrenders—Bannockburn, where English and Scotch met face to face, and the Saxon and his foreign allies had to bite the dust—Falkirk, on whose plains the great Wallace had been taught the bitter lesson of defeat and desertion—Linlithgow, in whose palace the unhappy wife of Darnley first saw the light, and on whose bridge Angus and Lennox waged mortal combat,—the Prince halted his men within a few easy miles of Edinburgh.

CHAPTER VI.

THE FIRST VICTORY.

The battle of Gladsmuir it was a noble stour,
And weel do we ken that our young Prince wan;
The gallant Lowland lads, when they saw the tartan plaids,
Wheel'd round to the right, and away they ran:
For Master Johnnie Cope, being destitute of hope,
Took horse for his life, and left his men;
In their arms he put no trust, for he knew it was just
That the King should enjoy his own again.

NOTHING could exceed the consternation of the good people of Edinburgh at the progress of the Highlanders. At first the news of the invasion had been received with contempt and derision. It was an undertaking unworthy of serious attention, and would no sooner raise its rebellious head than be crushed in the bud. 'The Highlanders,' sneered the Edinburgh 'Evening Courant,' 'were only a pitiful crew, good for nothing, and incapable of giving any reason for their proceedings, but talking only of tobacco, King James, the Regent, plunder, and new brogues.' But when such confident folk heard that Cope had refused to encounter this 'pitiful crew,' and that the

Prince had already reached Perth, matters assumed a more serious aspect. It was now thought advisable, however contemptible might be the foe, to take some active measures to defend the city, and not to be entirely behindhand in preparations for resistance.

Such precautions were not premature. In a military point of view no town was worse protected than Edinburgh. It is true that it possessed defences, but these were of so ancient a character as to be useless in the hour of danger. A high solid wall inclosed the city from the West Port to the Potterrow Port, but though it looked a showy object of fortification, it was too narrow for mounting cannon, and, save at one or two points, exhibited neither turret nor redoubt from which the defensive line could be flanked or defended. In addition to this, it was out of repair in several places, and could be easily scaled from more than one spot. Nor were the gallant defenders of the city in a much more serviceable condition. By the name of Trained Bands, the different townspeople capable of bearing arms had been from time to time embodied, and served with firelocks which were kept in the town's magazine. But no military discipline being maintained, this institution—like the late National Guard in France—was looked upon as a harmless corps, which had no other object in view than to display its military ardour on all festive but peaceful occasions. There were also the Town Guard, and a few volunteers; but except the two regiments of dragoons which Cope had left behind him for the protection of the Lowlands, no regular troops remained to dispute the passage of the Prince.

It was evident that if resistance was to be seriously thought of, there should be no time lost in making the needful preparations. A meeting was held, and measures of defence passed. Volunteers were enrolled; fortifications were added to the walls under the direction of the celebrated M'Laurin, Professor of Mathematics in the University of Edinburgh; cannon were mounted on available parts; the city guard was doubled, all the vessels in the Frith were brought over to the Edinburgh side, and the wheat stored in Leith was ordered to be housed in the capital.[1]

But careful as these measures were, the government in Scotland, which had never been blind to the dangers which faced them, still viewed matters very seriously. There were

[1] *Tales of a Grandfather*, vol. iii. p. 182. State Papers, Scotland. Lord Advocate to Tweeddale, Sept. 5 and 10, 1745.

many in the city strongly in favour of the Prince, and who only hid their hopes under cover of the ridicule and irony with which they interrupted all means taken for the protection of the town. The Lord Provost himself was more than suspected of being a Jacobite. Should Cope therefore be anticipated by the arrival of the Highlanders, it would go hard in the present defenceless state of affairs with the Hanoverian cause in the north. The secret Jacobites lurking in the town and the neighbourhood only wanted a little encouragement to proclaim openly their adherence. Let the Prince once gain possession of the capital, and Scotland would be his. Hundreds who now held back from fear, both in the north and the south, would hasten to join the ranks of him whom they regarded as their lawful liege, and whose name was so closely identified with the history of their country.

All this the Scottish law officers represented to those who presided at Whitehall; and yet the English cabinet took no pains to protect its interests across the Tweed. The chieftains of the well-affected clans had written to Edinburgh begging that arms might be supplied to their people, and explaining under what disadvantages they laboured from the disarming clauses; but the Duke of Argyll and the Lord Justice Clerk had been forced to reply that they were powerless to act in the matter—they had expressed their views to the Ministry in London, but no attention had been paid either to their remonstrances or their advice: the chieftains must do the best they could. Still, in spite of the past, the Lord Justice Clerk determined to make one further appeal to those at the helm of government. It was not pleasant to keep on reiterating demands persistently refused, but high-minded men, anxious for the welfare of their country, never permit personal feelings to stand in the way of the national good.

'Your lordship will be pleased to reflect,' he therefore writes to Lord Tweeddale,[1] 'on the state of this country at present at the beginning of this rebellious insurrection, which began about six weeks ago and at this hour is holding in dread the capital of this part of the kingdom. Scotland may be divided into two parts, the one disarmed and the other unarmed. By the former I mean the Highlands, and by the latter the Lowlands. The former produces as good a militia as any in Europe; the latter (with which your Lordship and I are most acquainted) are neighbourlike, but little accustomed to

[1] State Papers, Scotland, Sept. 16, 1745.

the use of arms till they are employed in a military manner. The Highlanders again may be divided into three classes. First, what I shall call the Whig clans, who have always borne that character since these names and distinctions were among us. Of this sort your lordship, and every one acquainted with this country, knows the chief are the Campbells, the Sutherlands, the Grants, the Monroes, the Mackays. The second class are the clans still professedly Jacobites, and who at this moment are giving proof of it, viz. the Camerons, the Macdonalds of Clanronald, Keppoch and Glengary, and a few more of lesser note. The third class is made up of those who were engaged in the late rebellion, but whereof the chiefs now profess and practise submission and obedience to the government. Among these may be accounted the Mackenzies, Macleods, Gordons, Macdonald of the Isles, *the behaviour of which last has been most exemplary and meritorious on this occasion.* By an Act of the first of the late King, intituled "An Act for the more effectual security of the peace of the Highlands," the whole Highlanders, without distinction, are disarmed for ever and forbidden to use or bear arms under penalties. This Act has been found by experience to work the quite contrary effect from what was intended by it, and in reality proves a means for more effectually disturbing the peace of the Highlands and of the rest of the kingdom, and his Majesty's government by and through those Highlands, and the cause of this operation is now plainly visible. For all the disaffected clans retain their arms, and either concealed them at the first disarming or have provided themselves since—at the same time that the dutiful and well-affected clans have merely submitted to this measure of the government and act of the legislature, and are still disarmed or have no quantity of firearms amongst them. The fatal effects of this difference at the time of a rebellious insurrection must be very obvious and but too clearly seen, and by us in this country felt at this hour: I pray God they be felt no further south. By that disarming Act, as it stands, there is still room left for arming occasionally even the Highlands or prohibited countries, and this method reserved or excepted from the prohibition is, when by his Majesty's orders and out of his arsenal the people are called out, and armed by the Lord-Lieutenant of the counties, then they may lawfully wear and use such arms during such number of days and space of time as shall be expressed in his Majesty's orders.' On this point the Lord Justice Clerk dilates at length, and urges Tweeddale

to impress upon the government not only the necessity of arming the Whig clans, but also the Lowland militia in the southern and western counties. 'If this had been done,' he continues in a spirit of just indignation, 'it is as clear as any moral demonstration to every man in Scotland that this, at first pitiful, and now ugly insurrection, would have been dissipated and crushed at once . . . instead of which, what do we see? Scotland seemingly reduced under the obedience of the Pretender! And by what force? The dregs and scum of two or three petty Highland gentlemen—the Camerons and a few tribes of Macdonalds!'

Meanwhile the 'dregs and scum' were pushing on to Edinburgh. The King's dragoons, who had been left behind by Cope, with a consistency which marked their movements throughout the campaign, rapidly retreated before the onward march of the troops of the Prince. In every quarter of the capital grave fears were entertained. All depended upon the movements of Cope. Would he be able to land his troops before the arrival of the Prince? That was the question. The secret Jacobites in the town were sanguine of their cause, and felt that, thanks to the rapid marching of the Highlanders, the English general was at a disadvantage. 'I look upon Scotland as gone,' writes Horace Walpole.[1] 'I think of what King William said to the Duke of Hamilton when he was extolling Scotland: "My lord, I only wish it was a hundred thousand miles off, and that you was King of it!"'

But at last it was resolved to stem the tide of rebellion. The dragoons of Colonel Gardiner were within three miles of the city, and had now summoned up courage to make a stand at a place called Corstorphine. The second regiment of dragoons, known as Hamilton's, were quartered at Leith; orders were at once despatched for them to form a junction with Gardiner, and to collect as many volunteers, on their march through Edinburgh, as the town could supply. Hamilton did as he was requested. As the men rode through the city, loud were the huzzas that rang through the streets, whilst the volunteers, who hastily enrolled themselves under the cavalry colonel, aware that fair eyes beamed upon them from every casement, were brave with the pride that casts out cowardice. On marched the cavalry, clanking their swords and shouting that the Highlanders would soon get their deserts; on marched the volunteers, with colours flying, the band playing, and all

[1] *Letters*, vol. ii. p. 60.

the charms of the panoply of war, till the more fashionable parts of the town had been passed. But the courage that is animated by the presence of spectators is somewhat apt, when that presence is withdrawn, to ooze away. As the brave volunteers approached the city gates, and felt that they were about to engage in stern earnest with the furious Highlanders—the Highlanders whom report and romance depicted as the most awful of monsters, whom even regular troops feared!—they began to regard matters more from a personal than a patriotic point of view. The ranks became thinner and thinner as the march proceeded. One by one the men dropped off, till at last, when their gallant commander had passed the gates, and was about to inspect his courageous followers, a miserable dribble of some two dozen men only met his eye. It was, therefore, thought better that this gallant remnant should be dismissed, and the cavalry proceed unsupported. The advice was acted upon.

But the example was infectious. On the morning of September 16, General Fowkes, who had been appointed to supersede Gardiner, drew up his men near the north end of the Colt Bridge, which crosses the water of Leith some two miles from Corstorphine. Here the troops remained in a fever of expectancy, and soon showed the stuff of which they were made. It so happened that the Prince, according to his wont, had despatched a party of mounted officers in advance to reconnoitre; these gentlemen, seeing a body of dragoons in their front, rode up, with a coolness which more than one Englishman must have then envied, and discharged their pistols almost in the faces of the cavalry. And now a most humiliating scene ensued. The dragoons, terrified beyond measure at the appearance of these few Highlanders, were seized with a sudden panic, and thrown into disorder; in vain their officers tried to rally them; commands or curses were powerless to restore courage, and at last every man turned tail, buried his spurs in his horse, and fled for dear life. On they galloped in full view of the city they had vowed to defend, and of the inhabitants, whose cheers still seemed to resound, until they reached Leith. But even here they were not safe; a cry was raised that the Highlanders were at hand, and again the bold dragoons jumped into their saddles, and away they sped till the folds of darkness overtook them, and the gates of Dunbar opened their welcome portals. Such was the 'Canter of Coltbrigg'—perhaps the most contemptible instance of military cowardice that the annals of warfare have ever had to record.

The flight of the dragoons—the only regiment Cope had left for the defence of the capital—struck all in Edinburgh but the Jacobites with terror. A few short hours before a message had been delivered to the Provost, purporting to come from the Duke of Perth, stating that if the citizens surrendered, the town would be favourably treated, but that if any resistance was attempted, military execution must be expected. Crowds even then flocked to the Lord Provost, and begged him to yield up the town, and not to shed needless blood. But after the withdrawal of Gardiner and Hamilton's men, few advocated resistance. What means of defence, they said, had they but the City Guard, and a few newly raised recruits? The regular troops had fled: was it not madness to resist? Let the town be delivered up. Such advice was not perhaps unwelcome to the Jacobite Provost; but before acting he said he would assemble the magistracy and take the sense of the meeting. To assist him in his counsels he sent for the Lord Justice Clerk, the Lord Advocate, and the Solicitor-General; but these important functionaries had wisely quitted the city, and were safely housed at Dunbar. However, in spite of their absence, the meeting was convened, and being packed with Jacobites and terrified citizens, the cry for surrender was all but unanimous. The volunteers had been drawn up in the street, but as no one came forward to command them, they resolved to disembody themselves, and return their arms to the Castle magazine. This resolution was all the more agreeable as a report had just been spread that the Highlanders were close upon the town, and 16,000 strong.

And now, whilst stormy debate was agitating the Town Council, a letter was brought in from the Prince summoning the city to surrender, and declaring that if he were compelled to enter the place by force, it would go hard with those inhabitants who were under arms. The reception of this epistle only increased the cry against resistance, and after much confusion and rival advice, it was at last agreed that a deputation from the Town Council should be sent to the Prince, who had now taken up his quarters at Gray's Mill, within two miles of Edinburgh, and beg for the suspension of hostilities until the citizens had agreed upon the answer they should return. The members of the deputation were selected, and at once despatched upon their mission.

Shortly after the Prince's arrival at Gray's Mill, Lord

Elcho, who had only waited until Charles approached Edinburgh to attach himself to his suite, entered his tent, and declared his adherence to the Stuart cause. Charles received him most cordially, and appointed him his first aide-de-camp, at the same time bidding him not take Lord George Murray into his confidence, as he knew that Lord George had only joined him to betray him. On conversation becoming more and more confidential between the two, Charles informed his latest supporter that he was in great distress as regards money matters, not having even enough to pay his men. Elcho asked him how much he was in immediate want of. Charles replied that if he could have a sum of 1500 guineas it would be now of the greatest service to him. It so happened that Lord Elcho, when expressing his intention of joining the Prince to his younger brother, who had inherited a large fortune from his maternal grandfather on taking the name of Charteris, had received from him the exact sum of 1500 guineas as a present. Elcho now begged the Prince to accept this 1500 guineas, saying that he was charmed to have it in his power to advance his Royal Highness the money, as there still remained with him some thousand guineas to carry on the campaign. Charles gladly availed himself of Lord Elcho's offer, and thanked his new adherent most warmly for his generosity.[1] We shall hear more than once of this loan.

Meanwhile the deputation, with all the speed of timidity, were wending their way to Gray's Mill. But now a new complication ensued. Scarcely had the selected suppliants quitted the city than a report—long expected, but which hope had almost abandoned—circulated like wildfire through the town. It was said that the army of Sir John Cope had just arrived in the transports from Aberdeen, that the fleet was seen off Dunbar, and that the commander-in-chief intended to land his troops and march immediately to the relief of Edinburgh. At once a messenger was sent to recall the deputation, but he failed to overtake them. The council were in a quandary. They dare not adopt any strenuous measures for fear of giving the alarm in the camp of Charles, and having the members of their deputation hanged without ceremony. And yet to be idle at such a crisis was not possible. In another day Cope would enter the city; it was therefore important to use all means to hold out until his arrival. General Guest, who commanded the Castle, was asked to recall the dragoons, but he

[1] MS. Journal of Lord Elcho.

declined, saying it was better for the service that they should join Cope. The disaffected citizens now begged for a new supply of arms, but Guest, conscious of the irresolution of the volunteers, refused: he however said that the magistrates might arm those whom they could trust from the city's magazine. Whilst these demands were being raised, the deputation sent to the Prince returned. Their mission had not resulted in much good. The reply of Charles was that before two o'clock in the morning he must have a positive answer to his summons. It was now past ten at night. Both parties, therefore, felt how important an element, in the proper conduct of their tactics, time was. To dally with the hours, the Town Council resolved to despatch another deputation to entreat for a further suspension of hostilities and a longer time for deliberation. The deputation started off again for Gray's Mill; but this time they were refused admission to the royal presence, and had to return without an answer. Little did they think what ends their return would further.

Charles, as well aware as the Town Council that time was everything, and also conscious that matters might soon arise which would render his summons for surrender difficult to enforce, had resolved to delay no longer, but steal a march upon the inhabitants of Edinburgh, and secure the city by a *coup de main.* Shrouded by the darkness of night, Lochiel and Secretary Murray, with five hundred Camerons, were sent stealthily forward to reconnoitre the town wall. Arriving at the Netherbow Port, which then closed the head of the Canongate, they halted, and lay in ambush ready for any opportunity that might arise. A piece of good fortune soon favoured them. The rejected deputation had just returned to the city in the same coach which had carried them into the enemy's camp; the driver had put down his fares and was leisurely driving home to his stables in the Canongate. It was necessary for him to pass through the Netherbow Port. He approached the gates utterly unconscious that a troop of Highlanders were secreted close to him, and knocked loudly. It was known by the porter that the coachman had been engaged that night in the service of the magistrates, and without any ado the gates were opened, and the lumbering coach rolled through the archway. But visitors less peaceful also gained admission. The leaves of the gate had no sooner unfolded themselves than the Camerons rushed in, when they easily disarmed the few watchmen, and secured the guard-house. The victory was as complete as it

was simple. On the inhabitants of Edinburgh awaking a few hours later, they found that the Highlanders were masters of the city. And yet the capture of the town had been managed so quietly that no disturbance was created and no blood shed. As an instance of this it is recorded that a citizen of Edinburgh, taking his customary stroll round the walls on that eventful morning, observed a Highlander seated astride upon a cannon, waving his bare legs to and fro, and solemnly impressed with his duty as a sentinel. The astonished citizen approached him, and said that surely he and his fellows were not the same regiment which mounted guard yesterday? 'Och no,' replied the Cameronian coolly, 'she pe releeved!'

For this tame surrender of Edinburgh the Lord Provost Stewart, on the overthrow of the rebellion, was brought to trial for high treason. The Lord Advocate, on the facts of the case being placed before him for his opinion, thus sums up:[1] 'What renders the conduct of Mr. Stewart liable to the worst construction, is the uniformity of his behaviour from the beginning to the end in discovering a constant unwillingness to provide for, or heartily prosecute, the means that were in a manner forced upon him for defence of the city . . . such as taken together afford at least a presumptive evidence of an inclination or formed design upon his part that the city should be suffered to fall into the hands of the rebels at a time when, if he had observed a contrary conduct, there was at least a high probability that it might have been preserved.'

Those who read the account of the trial of the Lord Provost carefully will indorse to a certain extent this opinion. There can be no doubt but that Stewart was a Jacobite, and openly showed his proclivities. At the latter end of August it had been proposed that a thousand men should be raised by voluntary subscriptions to defend the capital: the proposal was received by the Lord Provost 'with derision and contempt.' On certain volunteers having been enrolled, they were treated with great rudeness by the Lord Provost, who refused to appoint field officers for their direction. The repairing of the city walls was also carelessly superintended by him, and on the 15th, when the rebels were within a few miles of Edinburgh, he refused to give orders for loading the cannon planted on the walls. Again, on the evening of the 16th, in spite of the danger that menaced the capital, the captain of the guard was ordered to his post by

[1] Report of Lord Advocate on the case of Archibald Stewart. State Papers, Scotland, Sept. 20, 1746.

the Lord Provost with only the usual complement suited for peaceable times. His lordship likewise refused to give orders that the 1,200 city arms should be secured in the Castle.[1]

Such conduct certainly affords presumptive evidence of treasonable inclinations; but then, on the other hand, does it of itself justify the belief that, had more care and promptness been shown, the town would have held out? I think not. Edinburgh was an open and unfortified city, and incapable of resisting a siege. At first, when the two regiments of cavalry were quartered in its neighbourhood, there were some who hoped that the town would be enabled to make a stand until the arrival of Sir John Cope; but on the flight of the gallant dragoons it is difficult to see what course, other than the one adopted, could have been pursued by the Lord Provost. He had no regular soldiery to protect the town; the chief advisers of the Crown had fled to Dunbar, and he was left to act alone; whilst he was worried on all sides to obey the commands of the Prince and surrender the city. Very wisely he asked time for deliberation; and, on hearing that Cope was marching to the relief of Edinburgh, renewed his application for a further delay of hostilities in the hopes that the regular troops would arrive and save the town. But the Prince, well aware that time was his friend and delay his most dangerous enemy, was too clever for the Lord Provost, and by a secret night attack gained possession of the city. Had Stewart been the most loyal of mayors, how could he—with his dilapidated walls, his terrified volunteers, and the leaven of Jacobitism working strongly among the inhabitants—have made any resistance worthy of the name? He showed neglect and delay in making the preliminary preparations for defence, and, so far, was guilty of a betrayal of his trust; but when once the Highlanders were at his gates and Cope's men still miles away, he had no alternative but to try to play a waiting game. Perhaps, too, he would have succeeded had Charles been less prompt in his movements.

In the trial that ensued, the Lord Provost was unanimously found not guilty; the jury was, however, notoriously packed with Jacobites, and its verdict History need not scruple to reverse. Stewart was guilty of high treason inasmuch as he neglected precautions which a loyal subject in the face of an enemy should have—however worthless in the end they might be—scrupulously observed: still it is unfair to attribute the

[1] Report of the Lord Advocate.

capture of the city to his neglect alone. Edinburgh fell into the hands of the Highlanders, not on account of the treachery or supineness of its mayor, but because it was ill fortified, ill disciplined, and in want of regular troops. The same result would have been attained had the Lord Provost been gifted even with the loyalty and ability of the hero of the siege of Londonderry. 'Alas, my lord!' writes the Lord Justice Clerk to Tweeddale, 'I have grief and not glory that my fears have been more than fulfilled; for more than I feared is come to pass. Yesterday, the two regiments of dragoons fled from the rebel army in the sight of Edinburgh, where many loyal gentlemen stood armed to defend the city, *which was so dispirited and struck with consternation, that they resolved to open their gates to the rebels, despairing of speedy relief, and unable to make a long defence.*'

About noon of the same day as the capture of Edinburgh—September 17—the Prince set out from his camp to enter the capital of his ancestors, and take possession of that palace from whose walls his line had so long been excluded. To avoid the fire of General Guest he made a considerable circuit to the south, and halted in the hollow between Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crags. As he approached Holyrood by the Duke's Walk, the favourite promenade of his grandfather, he called for his horse; and, escorted on one side by the Duke of Perth and on the other by Lord Elcho, slowly made his triumphal entry into the palace. Nothing could exceed the warmth of his reception. An immense crowd surged around him, at one time almost endangering his safety. Men and women struggled with each other to get near him so as to touch his clothes or kiss the hand ever readily extended. Huzzas, whose echoes resounded through the walls of the castle, were raised with a cheer which showed that the heart was in unison with the voice. Ladies waved their handkerchiefs, and freely displayed in their costume the white ribbons that denoted their adherence to the House of Stuart. Nor was the hero of this ovation one calculated to damp the ardour of this new-born loyalty. Aware of the national pride which runs strong in all Scotch breasts, Charles had the tact to identify himself by his garb with the ancient nation he had summoned to arms. He was dressed in a short tartan coat and a blue bonnet with a white rose, while the star of St. Andrew glittered on his breast. As men gazed upon his pale, handsome face, they compared him with Robert Bruce, whom they said he resembled in the grace of his figure

as well as in the charm of his features. Even his enemies admitted that, though he did not look like a conqueror, he looked like a gentleman.

As the Prince entered the porch of Holyrood, a person stepped from the crowd, bent his knee in homage, and then, with sword unsheathed, marshalled Charles into the halls of his ancestors. This was James Hepburn of Keith, the pink of the Scottish gentry, and one who had taken no inactive part in the struggle of 1715. The arrival of the Prince was the signal for every attention due to his rank and to the important mission upon which he was engaged. With all ceremony—the magistrates in their robes, the heralds and pursuivants in their resplendent official dresses—the father of the Prince was proclaimed King James the Eighth, at the old Cross—site of many a scene recorded in history—and the Royal Declarations and Commission of Regency read amid the cheers of the crowd. The beautiful wife of John Murray of Broughton sat on horseback close to the Cross, a drawn sword in one hand, whilst with the other she distributed white ribbons to those who pressed around her. In the evening a ball was held at Holyrood, and the day closed amid the most brilliant festivities.

> The lamp shone o'er fair women and brave men ;
> A thousand hearts beat happily, and when
> Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
> Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,
> And all went merry as a marriage bell.

Who knows how many a fair waverer was converted that night to the cause of the House of Stuart by the charms of the Prince ?

But danger was close at hand, and the day that now had dawned was devoted to the sterner details of business. The banner raised at Glenfinnan had been lately joined by the Earl of Kellie, Lord Balmerino, Sir Stuart Thriepland, Sir David Murray, Lockhart of Carnwarth the younger, and several Lowland gentlemen of distinction. This accession of strength was now further augmented by the arrival of Lord Nairne with the five hundred men he had been busy collecting in the north. Fortunately for the equipment of these newly raised troops, a thousand arms which had been lodged in the city magazine by the trained bands were secured by order of the Prince. At the same time a requisition was laid upon the capital for a thousand tents, two thousand targets, six thousand pairs of shoes, and six thousand canteens. Aware that matters

were rapidly coming to a crisis, Charles assembled his clans and passed them in review. A strange sight they presented. The chieftains, dressed in their picturesque costumes, were all well armed, and not one who wore the eagle's plume but possessed firelock and broadsword, dirk and target, pistols and the short knife so terrible at close quarters. But with them equipment and uniformity ended. Their brave vassals had to content themselves with whatever weapons they could lay hands on. Those were to be envied who possessed either sword, dirk, or pistol; many had nothing but scythe-blades set straight on the handle—an unwieldy but most murderous implement; whilst not a few were only armed with heavy clubs and cudgels. As the more civilised Lowland crowd watched these ill-clad, ill-armed, ill-fed troops marching past their Prince, some wanting coats, some lacking hose and shoes, some having their hair tied back with a leathern strap, without bonnet or covering of any kind, how many may have observed with Jonathan Oldbuck, that they were a proper set of ragamuffins with which to propose to overturn an established government! But, despite their appearance and shortcomings, such was their aim.

And now the news was brought that Cope had landed his troops at Dunbar and was marching to the relief of the capital. With him were 2000 infantry, the two courageous regiments of dragoons, whose nerves were still shattered with the 'Coltbrigg Canter,' and a small body of volunteers—in all some 3000 men and six pieces of artillery. Charles, who well knew what good use might be made of the impetuosity of his men, resolved at once to issue forth to meet the English general and give him battle. He called a council of war, and asked the opinion of the chieftains. The Protestant Keppoch was the spokesman. He said, 'All were fully of opinion with their Prince that they should advance and meet the enemy. Every one around him would answer for the fealty of his clansmen. Each chief would head the attack, and where the chieftain went the vassals would swiftly follow. It was true that but few of their men had ever engaged with regular troops, but his Royal Highness need not fear entrusting his cause to their hands. A Highlander could face death without treachery, and a battle without desertion. The mottoes described on their banners had never yet belied their actions. Let the word be once given for the charge, and the Prince would see of what mettle his troops were made.' Charles said that such orders would soon be issued: the foe was in their

front, and an engagement would speedily ensue. He himself would lead the van, and set all an example how to fall or conquer. But this resolve the chiefs crushed as soon as it was uttered. On his life the whole success of the expedition depended, and it should not be lightly risked. The Prince, after a discussion in which his followers threatened desertion if he persisted in his intention, had to yield. He determined, however, to lead the second line.

Early on the morning of the 20th, whilst the white mists still curled around the hills, the Highlanders, forming in one narrow column, began their march to meet the English. On putting himself at the head of his army, the Prince drew his sword and said, 'Gentlemen, I have flung away the scabbard!' His words were received and answered back by loud cheers. It was expected that the enemy would be encountered about Musselburgh or Inveresk, and so with prudent generalship the Highlanders kept the high ground from Duddingston towards Musselburgh, where they crossed the Esk by the old bridge, and then rapidly advanced towards Carberry Hill. On reaching Falside Hill the scouts brought in the intelligence that parties of dragoons had been seen about Tranent, where Sir John Cope, it was said, lay with his whole army. On the receipt of this news Charles gave orders for his army to divide into two columns, and still marching, so as carefully to preserve the upper ground, pushed on till the hill which overlooked Tranent was breasted. As they looked down upon the open plain below them, the heavy folds of mist cleared away, and the Highlanders saw the red coats of the English. A mutual yell of defiance at once burst forth from the ranks of the rival forces. It was the first time the two had met face to face, and each scanned the other with eager curiosity.

Here again the generalship of Cope was at fault. Because a road passing from Seton House to Preston was the usual highway from Haddington, he seems never to have thought that the Highlanders, unencumbered by baggage, and well accustomed to the braes of their hillsides, should have preferred crossing the country and thus keeping the heights, to the plain level road from Edinburgh which lies along the coast. On the contrary, with the simplicity of the man who can only look at one side of a question, he expected that the rebels, if they had the hardihood to quit Edinburgh, would meet him on the very road by which he was advancing, and thus engage on equal terms. As it was the Highlanders commanded the

situation, and could give battle or avoid it as they pleased. But they had no intention of shunning the conflict.

The two armies were less than a mile apart. On perceiving the Highlanders moving upon the higher ground, Cope immediately changed his front and drew up his troops in order of battle; his infantry in the centre, with a regiment of dragoons and three pieces of artillery on each flank. His right was covered by Colonel Gardiner's park wall, and by the village of Preston. On his left, at some little distance, was Seton House; whilst the sea, with the villages of Prestonpans and Cockenzie, lay on his rear. Immediately separating him from the ridge on which the clans were stationed was a treacherous morass, intersected by ditches and inclosures, and near the bottom traversed by a thick hedge which ran along a broad marshy ditch; this covered the front of the English troops.

It was now past noon, and at the sight of their enemy the clans were eager for instant battle. Charles, always aware how important it was to encourage the impetuous energy of his men—for then, as now, at the charge they were second to none—despatched Ker of Gradon, a soldier of experience, and of iron nerve, to reconnoitre. Mounted on a grey pony, the chieftain spurred forward, and, in spite of a running fire from the English, keenly examined the ground which divided him from the enemy. With easy coolness he crossed the plain in several directions, made a gap in the rough stone dyke which barred his progress, jumped his pony through the breach, and critically investigated the position the foe had taken up. His inspection concluded, he returned to the Prince. He said that the morass was deep and difficult, and could not be passed so as to attack the English in front without sustaining a heavy and continuous fire: aggressive movements for the present were therefore not advisable. It was thought better to defer the attack till the morrow, and meanwhile to pass the night on the ground. This advice was eminently unsatisfactory to the eager Highlanders, who were all for sweeping down upon their prey and atoning for the disappointment of Corryarrack. Indeed, so fearful were they that Cope would repeat on the plain the tactics he had practised at Dalwhinnie, and elude an engagement altogether, that they were only appeased by Lord Nairne being sent to the westward with some 500 men to intercept Cope, if he meditated a retreat upon Edinburgh.

The English General, satisfied that his position for the

present was unassailable, contented himself with acting purely on the defensive. In vain Colonel Gardiner and other officers urged him to give battle and not to damp the spirits of his men by dilatory measures—measures which, though they might be safe for a rabble, were inglorious for an army. Cope was not to be moved from his purpose—if he had one. During that day, save the dislodging a few Highlanders from Tranent churchyard, no hostilities took place; and, when the white mists rose from the ocean and darkness began to enfold the land, the rival armies prepared to encamp for the night. Charles contented himself with the 'broad canopy of heaven,' a shake down of pease straw, and the shoulder of a Highlander for a pillow; whilst the more luxurious Cope retired to comfortable quarters at Cockenzie.

But rest for a few short hours was all that the Highlanders indulged in. A dilatory policy was evidently so distasteful to the impetuous clans that the chiefs held a midnight council, and resolved, come what might, to cross the morass early next morning and attack the English. Whilst their anticipated movements were being discussed, an East Lothian gentleman, one Anderson of Whitburgh, to whom this part of the country was well known, bethought himself of a certain path which led from the heights, on which the Highlanders now lay 'thick as leaves in Valambrosa' to the plain below, by a circuitous route which avoided to a great extent the dreaded morass. The discovery was at once made known to the Prince, who, starting up from his straw bed, joyfully listened to news which promised him a speedy battle. As eager as his own followers, he advised that no time should be lost—as the night was now far spent,—in collecting the men; and that, with Anderson for their guide, they should set out at once and march swiftly upon the enemy. Lochiel and the other chiefs were of the same opinion, and in a very short time the whole Highland army was got under arms and began its downward march with all the stealth of secrecy.

According to Highland military tactics it marched in two columns of three men in front. The first column consisted of the following clans:—Clanranald, whose chieftain led the column, then Glengarry, then Keppoch and Glencoe, then Perth with a few Macgregors, then Appin, and lastly Lochiel. The second column, led by the Prince, was composed of Lord George Murray's Athol men, the regiment of Lord Nairne and the vassals of Menzies of Struan. Lord Strathallan with his small

troop of cavalry kept the heights commanding the morass. The force of the Highlanders was estimated at some 3000 men—a number therefore equal in strength, but very inferior in equipment, to the army of the English general.

Guided by Anderson the clans marched down the silent pathway, crossed the morass, at the present day a fertile field bearing grass and wheat, in which many of the men sunk knee deep, and finally reached in safety the firm ground of the plain. The morning was now breaking, but the white thickness of an easterly haar, it was hoped, would conceal their movements. Still on the quick ear of the dragoon outposts, ever ready to detect danger even where danger was not, the heavy tread of men marching fell suspiciously—they fired their pistols and galloped off to give the alarm.

And now made aware of the approach of his foe, Cope hastened to draw up his troops in order of battle. Save that the men faced the east instead of the west, he made but little alteration in his tactics. In the rear of his army were the walls of Preston Park and those of Bankton, the seat of Colonel Gardiner; his left flank stretched out towards the sea, whilst his right rested upon the morass which had lately been in his front. The infantry were stationed in the centre, the dragoons of Hamilton on the left, whilst Gardiner's men, with the artillery in their front, were drawn up on the right next the morass. Gradually the morning mist rolled away, and the sun, shining upon the arms of the regular troops, showed to the eager Highlanders the position and strength of the enemy. Afterwards, when the conflict was over and no harm could result from the confession, not a few of the Prince's followers admitted that when they compared their own men—ill armed and broken into clumps and clusters—with the serried ranks of the English, they expected nothing less than instant defeat and annihilation. As for Cope's army, his officers, in their march from Haddington to Preston, had confidently assured the crowds that followed them that there would be no battle, as the rebels would not dare to attack so complete a force. But men who talked like this knew very little of the foe they were to encounter.

At the first sight of the glittering array which the English presented, the clans quickly formed, as was their military custom, into a series of phalanxes, so as the better to carry on their peculiar mode of warfare. Each phalanx was composed of an entire clan; the chief with the best armed of his vassals was placed in the front, whilst the remainder, with their scythes,

pruning-hooks, or any weapon that came to hand, brought up the rear. So eager were the men for the charge that they could hardly restrain their impetuosity whilst these movements were executed. No sooner had the shrill pipes given the signal for attack than, pulling their bonnets over their brows whilst a hurried prayer in which mercy formed a scant element rose to their lips, the Highlanders dashed forward with that savage fury which made their charge among the most terrible perils of warfare. Straight upon the artillery, whose cannon were then served not by the regular gunners but by seamen hastily collected by Cope, ran the Camerons and Stuarts, who in a moment stormed the battery by the sheer force of their impetuosity. Away fled the terrified naval volunteers; their example followed of course by Gardiner's dragoons, who, true to their old tactics which made personal safety the first law of warfare, on seeing the Highlanders in their front waving their plaids and brandishing their battle axes, galloped off in every direction with all the speed which characterised them when in retreat; whilst at the same time the Macdonalds, who held the post of honour, darted upon Hamilton's men and scattered them to the winds. Thus in less than five minutes the English infantry, what with the flight of the cavalry and the loss of the artillery, remained uncovered at both flanks; yet with courage worthy of their country, and which, had it been universal on their side, would soon have told another tale, they stood true to their colours, receiving the centre of the Highland line with a regular and well-sustained fire. But resistance under such circumstances was not possible for long. Utterly indifferent to life, the Highlanders, paying no heed to the musketry of their foe, literally threw themselves, with all a Zouave's devilry, upon the English, parried bayonets with their targets, came to close quarters with their terrible broadswords, and hacked and hewed 'sic unco hacks and deadly whacks,' raising the while their hideous yell, till the line of the royal army was broken and the English, no longer able to withstand the awful pressure of a charge which knew no opposition, were forced to *run* when they could no longer resist. So rapid was this onset that in less than five minutes the battle was over.

It was impossible for defeat to be more crushing. The dragoons had fled, and only escaped pursuit from the lack of Highland cavalry. But terrible were the losses sustained by the infantry. Before going into action, the latter had numbered some 2500 men; scarce 200 escaped, the rest being either

slain or made prisoners. Among the fallen was one whose name biography has done well to preserve. Colonel Gardiner, seeing a small party of foot fighting bravely near him without any officer to head them, cried out, 'These brave fellows will be cut to pieces for want of a commander,' and spurred on his horse to their help. 'Fire on, my lads, and fear nothing!' said he, encouragingly; but scarcely were the words out of his mouth before a Highlander cut him down with his murderous scythe, whilst the moment he fell another Highlander dealt him a severe blow on the back of his head. He was carried senseless to the manse of Tranent, where he expired a few hours afterwards. He lies buried in the village church.

> But Gard'ner brave did still behave
> Like to a hero bright, man;
> His courage true, like him were few
> That still despised flight, man.
> For king and laws and country's cause,
> In honour's bed he lay, man,
> His life, but not his courage, fled
> Whi'e he had breath to draw, man.

His life is well known. In his youth he had been a man of dissipated habits; but one evening, whilst awaiting an assignation with a married woman, he believed he saw the Saviour on the Cross, surrounded by the glory of Heaven, calling him to repentance. So deep was the impression caused by this vision that the gallant was henceforth transformed into the most earnest and steadfast of Christians. He died as he had lived—as true to the banner of his King as he was to that of his Divine Master.

During the engagement the Prince led the second line, but the impetuosity of his men kept him so near to the first that to the forces of Cope the Highlanders resembled but one body. The total loss of the clans was but thirty killed and seventy wounded. Besides the moral results of the victory, the baggage that fell into the hands of the Highlanders was of no little value. In the flight of the English everything had been left on the field. The artillery, with colours, standards, and other supplies, became the property of the victors; the baggage and the military chest, containing some 2000*l.*, shared the same fate. To many of the uncouth mountaineers the various objects of civilised life that now came into their hands were utterly incomprehensible. We read of their astonishment at the sight of wigs, and other dandy articles of the toilette. One man into whose possession a watch had fallen, being ignorant of the secret

of winding it up when it stopped, sold it for a mere pittance, thinking it a 'dead beast,' and chuckled at his cunning in so neatly doing the innocent customer. Another was so ignorant of the value of things as to exchange a horse for a pistol. Some, more accustomed to stronger potations, were puzzled at the chocolate contained in Cope's baggage chest, which they hawked about as 'Johnnie Cope's salve'; whilst several who were unable to resist the temptations which all this booty offered, fled to their mountain dens, laden with the spoils of war.

Meanwhile some of the dragoons who had escaped from the field turned their horses' heads in the direction of Edinburgh, and rode up the High Street at full gallop. Fearful of the pursuit of the Highlanders they begged admission into the Castle, but the sturdy General Preston, who had succeeded Guest in the command, sent them word to begone, or he would open his guns on them as cowards who had deserted their colours. On hearing this, the runaways turned tail and rode into the west country as fast as their horses could lay legs to the ground. With the exception of these deserters, Cope, aided by the Earls of Home and Loudoun, managed to collect his shattered cavalry, and conduct them in no very respectable condition by Lauder to Coldstream, and thence to Berwick. Here behind the ramparts of the town he felt safe, and here it was that Lord Mark Kerr received the unfortunate commander, with the well-known sarcasm 'that he believed he was the first General in Europe who had brought the first tidings of his own defeat!'

When Johnnie Cope to Dunbar came
They speer'd at him, 'Where's a' your men?'
'The deil confound me gin I ken,
For I left them a' this morning.'
Hey Johnnie Cope, &c.

'Now Johnnie, troth, ye wasna blate
To come wi' the news o' your ain defeat,
And leave your men in sic a strait
Sae early in the morning.'
Hey Johnnie Cope, &c.

'I' faith,' quo' Johnnie, 'I got a fleg (fright)
Wi' their claymores and philabegs,
If I face them again, deil break my legs!
So I wish you a good morning.'
Hey Johnnie Cope, &c.

There was nothing left for the unhappy commander but to make the best of his ignominious defeat, and acknowledge the fact with candour. 'This morning, at the dawn of day,' he

writes to Tweeddale,[1] 'the enemy attacked us; our troops expected the enemy, so that there was no sort of surprise; notwithstanding this, our troops gave way, and all that the officers could do to carry them on, or to rally them, was to no purpose, and we lost the day. I tried to rally the foot, but it was impossible. I then tried the dragoons at a considerable distance off the enemy. I prevailed on about 450 to keep together, with which Lord Loudoun, Lord Irvine, and I marched; and as the enemy were partly in possession of Edinburgh and Musselburgh, and being in expectation that the Dutch might soon be expected to land, we thought it most advisable to march this body towards Berwick. The battle was fought on a field near Prestonpans. I have despatched express to the coast, that if it is possible the Dutch may be sent to land southward. I have been unfortunate, which will certainly give a handle to my enemies to cast blame upon me. I cannot reproach myself; the manner in which the enemy came on was quicker than could be described, and (of which the men have been long warned) possibly was the cause of our men taking a most destructive panic. I cannot give any account of the numbers of killed and wounded, the whole baggage taken, and the military chest and papers belonging to it. The fatigue and concern I have had render me incapable of being more particular.'

In another letter, despatched the following day, he, not unjustly, throws the whole blame of his defeat upon the dragoons. 'I can only take upon me to say,' he writes,[2] 'not from my own opinion only, but from that of officers now with me, the fatal accident was principally owing to the ill behaviour of some of the dragoons, in consequence of which the whole line took a panic; nor was it in the power of any officer to bring back or rally a man.' In addition to this disgraceful cowardice, Sir John goes on to say that he was concerned to find that the military management of his enemy was 'not at all inferior to that of experienced troops, and from the different manœuvre by changing repeatedly their disposition, gave occasion to our men being continually harassed so as to be in a situation to oppose so many well-concerted schemes.' Still, he concludes, defeat would not have attended them, had it not been for the conduct of the dragoons.

It is difficult to understand what Cope means by the 'different manœuvre' and 'well-concerted schemes' of the

[1] State Papers, Domestic, Sept. 21, 1745.
[2] To Newcastle, State Papers, Domestic, Sept. 22, 1745.

Highlanders. The tactics employed at Prestonpans were of the simplest character—the clans rushed upon the regular troops like demons let loose, knew no fear, suffered no resistance, and in some seven or eight minutes totally routed both horse and foot, and drove them from the field. As a contemporary puts it, the English, meaning we presume only the infantry, 'fought very gallantly, but they could not withstand the impetuosity, or rather fury, of the Highlanders, and were forced to *run* when they could no longer resist.'[1] But as for manœuvres of any elaborate nature there were none. It was a victory attained by a fiendish *coup de main*, and by nothing else.

'The field of battle,' says Chevalier Johnstone,[2] describing the scene after the conflict, 'presented a spectacle of horror, being covered with hands, legs, and arms, and mutilated bodies; for the killed all fell by the sword. . . . The panic terror of the English surpasses all imagination; they threw down their arms, that they might run with more speed, thus depriving themselves, by their fears, of the only means of arresting the vengeance of the Highlanders . . . . these were, however, the same English soldiers who had distinguished themselves at Dettingen and Fontenoy, and who might justly be ranked among the bravest troops of Europe.'

With his characteristic humanity, the Prince gave orders that every care and attention should be paid to the wounded. He remained on the field till midday, superintending the measures he advised for relief, and suffered no distinction to be made between friend or foe, when once mortal agony had levelled the barriers of party. In the first mad excitement of victory, scant quarter had been shown by the Highlanders to their terrified enemy, but Charles, with admirable presence of mind, rode instantly to the front, and commanded that conquest should be tempered with mercy—his men had gained the day, let them not dim their honours by a brutal butchery. To Charles, though the victory was sweet, it was mixed with no little sadness. In a fratricidal war it was impossible that it should be otherwise. 'Sir,' said one of his staff, coming up to congratulate him, 'there are your enemies at your feet.' 'They are my father's subjects,' replied Charles, turning away.

The same day of this his first victory the Prince wrote the following very interesting letter to his father[3]:—

[1] *Scots Magazine*, Sept. 1745. [2] *Memoirs of the Rebellion*, p. 30.

[3] Treasury Board Papers, 1745, No. 244. State Papers, Domestic. This letter, a copy of which only remains, has never before been published.

'PINKIE HOUSE, *Sept.* 21, 1745.

'SIR,—Since my last from Perth, it has pleased God to prosper your Majesty's arms under my command, with a success that has even surpassed my hopes. On the 17th I entered Edinburgh, sword in hand, and got possession of the town without being obliged to shed one drop of blood, or commit the least violence; and this morning I gained a most signal victory with little or no loss. If I had had a squadron or two of dragoons to pursue your Majesty's enemy, there would not one man of them have escaped; as it is, they have hardly saved any but a few dragoons, who, by a most precipitate flight, will, I believe, get into Berwick. If I had obtained this victory over foreigners my joy would have been complete; but as it is over Englishmen, it has thrown a damp upon me that I little imagined. The men I have defeated were your Majesty's enemies, 'tis true, but they might have been your friends and dutiful subjects, when they had got their eyes open to see the true interest of their country, which I am come to save, and not to destroy. For this reason I have discharged all public rejoicings. I do not care to enter into particulars of this action, I choose rather that your Majesty should hear it from another than myself[1] . . . [a few words here follow in praise of Stuart, the messenger who takes this letter to Rome]. I have seen two or three gazettes filled with addresses and mandates from the bishops to the clergy. The addresses are such as I expected, and can impose on none but the weak and credulous. The mandates are of the same sort, but more artfully drawn up. They order the clergy to make the people sensible of the great blessings they enjoy under the present Family that govern them, particularly of the strict administration of justice, of the sacred regard that is paid to

[1] 'It is impossible for me to give you a distinct journal of my proceedings,' he writes a few days later (Oct. 7), 'because of my being so much hurried with business, which allows me no time; but, notwith-tanding, I cannot let slip this occasion of giving a short account of the battle of Gladsmuir, fought on the 21st of September (O.S.), which was one of the most surprising actions that ever was. We gained a complete victory over General Cope, who commanded 3,000 foot, and two regiments of the best dragoons in the island; he being advantageously posted, with also batteries of cannon and mortars, we having neither horse nor artillery with us, and being to attack them in their post, and obliged to pass before their noses in a defile and bog. Only our first line had occasion to engage; for actually in five minutes the field was cleared of the enemies; all the foot killed, wounded, or taken prisoners; and of the horse only 200 escaped, like rabbits, one by one. On our side, we only lost a hundred men, between killed and wounded; and the army afterwards had a fine plunder.'—*Stuart Papers.*

the laws, and the great security of their religion and property. This sounds very well, and may impose on the unthinking, but one who reads them with a little care will easily see the fallacy. What occasion has a Prince who has learnt the secret of corrupting the fountain of all law and justice—the Parliament, to pull off the mask by openly violating all the ancient laws, and disturbing the ordinary course of justice? Would not this be to give the alarm, and amount to telling them that he was not come to protect, as he pretended, but really to betray them.

'When they talk of the security of their religion, they take care not to mention one word of the dreadful growth of atheism and infidelity, which I am extremely sorry to hear (from very sensible men) within these few years is grown to a flaming height, even so far as that, I am assured, many of their fashionable men are ashamed to own themselves Christians, and many of the lower sort act as if they were none. Conversing on this melancholy subject I was led into a thing I never understood rightly before, which is, that those men who are louder in the cry of Popery and the danger of the Protestant religion, are not really Protestants, but a set of profligate men, whose good parts and some learning are void of all principle, but pretend to a Republic.

'I asked those who told me this, what should make them so zealous about preferring the religion, seeing they were not Christians? It was answered that it was in order to recommend themselves to the Ministry, which, if they can but write pamphlets for them, or get themselves chosen members of Parliament, will be sure to provide amply for them; and the motive for their extraordinary zeal I was told is, that they thereby procure to themselves the connivance at least, if not the protection of the Government, while they are propagating their impiety and infidelity. I hope in God Christianity is not at so low an ebb in this country as the account I have had represents it to be, yet when I compare what I have formerly seen and heard at Rome with some things I have observed since I have been here, I am afraid there is too much truth in it.

'The bishops are as unfair and partial in representing the security of their property, as that of their religion, for when they mention it, they don't say a word of the vast load of debt that is increasing yearly, under which the nation is groaning, and which must be paid (if ever they intend to pay it) out of their property. 'Tis true all this debt has not been con-

tracted under the Prince of this Family, but a great part of it has, and the whole of it might have been cleared by a frugal administration during the thirty-six years of profound peace which the nation has enjoyed, had it not been for the immense sums that have been squandered in corrupting Parliaments and supporting foreigners that can never be of any service to these kingdoms. I am afraid I have taken up too much of your Majesty's time about these sorry mandates, but having mentioned them I was willing to give you my sense of them. I remember Dr. Wagstaff (with whom I wish I had conversed more frequently, for he always told me truth) once said to me, that I must not judge of the English clergy by the bishops, who were not promoted for their piety and learning, but for very different talents, viz., for writing pamphlets, for being active at elections, and voting as the Ministry directed them. After I've won another battle, they'll write for me and answer their own letters.

'There's another body of men amongst whom I am inclined to believe the lowest sort are the honestest, as well as amongst the clergy, I mean the army. There was never a finer body of men than those I fought with to-day, yet they did not behave so well as I expected. I thought I could see plainly that the common men did not like the cause they were engaged in. Had they been fighting against French, come to invade their country, I am convinced they would have made a better defence; the poor men's pay and their low prospect not being sufficient to corrupt their natural justice and honesty, which is not the case with their officers, who, incited by their ambition and false notion of honour, fought more desperately. I asked one of them who is my prisoner, a gallant man, why he would fight against his lawful Prince, and one who was come to rescue his country from a foreign yoke? He said "he was a man of honour, and would be true to his Prince whose bread he eat and whose commission he bore." I told him it was a noble principle, but ill applied, and asked him if he was a Whig? He replied "he was." "Well," said I, "how came you to look on the commission you bear and the bread you eat to be the Prince's, and not the country's that raised you and paid you to defend it against foreigners, who come not to defend but enslave it (for that I have always understood to be the principles of a Whig)? Have you not heard how your countrymen have been carried abroad, to be insulted and ill-treated by

those pretended defenders, and butchered fighting in a quarrel in which your country has little or no concern, only to enrich Hanover?" To all this he made no answer, but hung down his head. The truth is, there are few good officers amongst them; they are brave, because an Englishman cannot be otherwise; but they have generally little knowledge in their business, are corrupt in their morals, and have few restraints from religion, though they would have you believe they are fighting for it. As to their honour they talk so much of, I shall soon have occasion to try it, for, having no strong place to put my prisoners in, I shall be obliged to release them on their parole: if they do not keep it, I wish they fall not into my hands again, for it will not be in my power to protect them from my Highlanders. My haughty foe thinks it beneath him I suppose to settle a cartel: I wish for it as much for the sake of his men as my own; I hope ere 'tis long I shall see him glad to sue for it. I hear there are 6,000 Dutch troops arrived, and 10 battalions of the English sent for. I wish they were all Dutch, that I might not have the pain of shedding English blood. I hope I shall oblige them to bring over the rest, which at all events will be one piece of service done my country in the helping it out of ruinous foreign wars. 'Tis hard my victory should put me under new difficulties I did not feel before, and yet this is the case. I am charged with the care both of my friends and my enemies: those who should bury their dead, run away, as if it was no business of theirs, and my Highlanders think it beneath them to do it, and the country people are fled away. However, I am resolved to try if I can have people for money to undertake it—for I cannot bear the thoughts of Englishmen to rot above ground.[1] I am at a greater difficulty how to dispose of the wounded prisoners—if I make a hospital of a church, it will be looked on as a great profanation; and if I take private houses for that purpose, I shall be accused by ungenerous enemies of having violated my manifesto, in which I promise to violate no man's property. If the magistrates would act they could help me out of this difficulty; but come what will I am resolved I won't suffer the poor wounded men to lie in the streets, and if I can do no better I will make a hospital of the Palace, and leave it to

[1] 'Charles remained on the field of battle till midnight, giving orders for the relief of the wounded of both armies, for the disposal of his prisoners, and preserving from temper or from judgment every appearance of moderation and humanity.'—HOME, chap. vi.

them. I am so distracted with these cares, joined with those of my own people, that I have no time to add that I am

'Your Majesty's most dutiful Son,

'CHARLES.'

This battle, better known in history as the battle of Preston or Prestonpans, was called by the Jacobites the battle of Gladsmuir, though Gladsmuir, a large, open heath, is situated more than a mile distant from the scene of contest: however, out of respect to an ancient prophecy, of the date of 1615, which assured posterity that 'on Gladsmuir shall the battle be,' the victory was called by a name to which, strictly speaking, it had no right.

CHAPTER VII.

THE MARCH SOUTH.

See the northern clans advancing!
See Glengarry and Lochiel!
See the brandish'd broad swords glancing
Highland hearts are true as steel.

Now our Prince has reared his banner;
Now triumphant is our cause;
Now the Scottish Lion rallies;
Let us strike for Prince and Laws.

THE news of the victory of the Prince, while it animated the Jacobites in every quarter of the kingdom, created the gravest apprehension in the minds of the Government. A body of rebels that could defeat, in a few minutes, a picked army, was clearly a force not to be despised. Horace Walpole writes, in his chatty way, that he will have to exchange his comfortable apartments in Arlington Street for some wretched attic in Herrenhausen, and perhaps be reduced to give lessons in Latin to the young Princes at Copenhagen. 'The dowager Strafford,' he says,[1] 'has already written cards for my Lady Nithisdale, my Lady Tullibardine, the Duchess of Perth and Berwick, and twenty more revived peeresses, to invite them to play at whist Monday three months. . . . This sounds great to have walked through a kingdom and take possession of the capital! But the capital is an open town and the castle impregnable, and in our possession. There never was so extraordinary sort of rebellion! One can't tell what assurances of support they may

[1] *Letters*, vol. ii. p. 65.

have from the Jacobites in England or from the French; but nothing of either sort has yet appeared—and if there does not, never was so desperate an enterprise . . . but sure banditti can never conquer a kingdom! On the other hand, what cannot any number of men do who meet no opposition?'

The 'banditti' had, however, made matters look serious. The King had been recalled from his Electorate, but owing to the heat of faction could not arrive at the exact truth regarding the progress of the insurrection. Lord Granville, the fallen Minister, who, notwithstanding his deposition, enjoyed in no slight degree the confidence of his Royal Master, represented the enterprise of Charles as a matter of little importance; the Duke of Newcastle, on the other hand, was full of alarm, but yet could not help feeling glad when the rebels made any progress, in order that Lord Granville's assertion might be refuted. 'I am very apprehensive,' he writes,[1] 'that the Pretender, being in possession of Scotland, may encourage France to try to put them in possession of England also. . . . Everything is done that can be done by an Administration that has no power, and to whom the King, their master, will hardly vouchsafe to say one word about his own business. The greater the danger is, the more angry he grows with those who alone can help them out of it, and if he goes on he may run the risk of losing another kingdom by the *rashness* and *hating* of *some* as he has already done one by the folly and obstinacy of others.'

The defeat of Cope was the first positive sign that the rebels were more formidable than had been expected, and not lightly to be considered. Granville was accused of want of foresight, and many believed themselves to be on the eve of a serious civil war. At once vigorous preparations were entered into. Three battalions of the Guards and seven regiments of Infantry were recalled from Flanders; two regiments of a thousand men were ordered to be transported from Dublin to Chester; Marshal Wade was to march north with a large body of troops and with the 6,000 Dutch auxiliaries which Holland had agreed to furnish; Major-General Huske was despatched to Newcastle to superintend its defence; Cope was ordered not to loiter at Berwick, but to proceed at once to Newcastle; 2,000 Swiss, and several troops of cavalry under General Wentworth, were in full march for the north; the gentry in Northumberland and Durham and indeed in all the northern counties were raising

[1] Sept. 21, 1745. MSS. of his Grace the Duke of Richmond. Hist. MSS. Commiss. Report, I., p. 115.

regiments of horse for the King's service; the Militia was called out; and every measure that prudence and alarm could suggest was adopted.[1]

Still the nation at large was far from being imbued with the zeal and energy of the Government; though it did not favour the Stuart cause, it regarded with cold indifference the approaching struggle. So apathetic was the country that it was said that had five thousand French only landed in any part of the island the entire conquest would not have cost them a battle. In order, however, to prevent such an invasion—for it was now fully expected that this first success of Charles would induce the Court of Versailles to abandon its present inactivity—Admiral Vernon, that 'simple noisy creature,' as Horace Walpole calls him, was stationed in the Downs, and ordered to keep a watchful eye on the movements of the Gaul, and especially upon his doings in the harbours of Dunkirk and Boulogne.

Across the Tweed a very different spirit reigned. The Prince was everywhere hailed with the greatest enthusiasm. On the day after the battle he made his triumphal entry into Edinburgh. A hundred pipers marched in front playing the favourite Jacobite air 'The King shall enjoy his own again'; next came the clans, their banners waving side by side with the flags taken from the English, whilst the captured prisoners, scarcely less in number than their conquerors, brought up the rear with the trophies and artillery. The streets through which the procession passed were thronged with spectators, and every balcony that looked upon the scene was filled with ladies wearing the colours of the Prince, and waving their handkerchiefs. As the Highlanders marched on, some of them, not content with shouting huzzas and waving their bonnets, discharged their pieces in the air; and as fortune would have it, a musket, accidentally loaded with ball, wounded a young lady named Nairn who was standing with a bevy of her sex on one of the balconies. For a few moments she was stunned, but, on recovering, her first words were, 'Thank God, the accident has happened to me whose principles are known. Had it befallen a Whig, they would have said it was done on purpose!' Happily Miss Nairn not only recovered, but lived long enough to be acquainted with Sir Walter Scott in his younger days.

Everything now reigned in Edinburgh as became a capital in which royalty had been pleased to take up its abode.

[1] Duke of Newcastle to the Mayor of Newcastle, Sept. 25, 1745. Culloden Papers.

Levées and drawing-rooms were held in Holyrood, and the crush that assembled was worthy of St. James's. Concerts, balls, and receptions were freely given by the Lowland gentry, and the presence of the Prince seldom withheld. The clans were encamped at Duddingston, and the sober citizens were gratified with reviews, in which astonishment that such men should have so easily defeated a regular army was the chief element. But gay and festive as the Prince wished Edinburgh to be, he permitted no rejoicings or illuminations to celebrate his victory, giving as his reason that triumph had only been bought at the cost of his father's subjects. At the same time he did not scruple to let the country feel the result of conquest. The magistrates of all the towns in Scotland were commanded to repair immediately to Edinburgh to pay the contributions which were imposed on every town. The collectors and comptrollers of the Land-tax and Customs were ordered to hand over all public money in their possession on pain of high treason. The goods in the Leith Custom House were sold out, and their value given to the Prince. It was the duty of Secretary Murray to superintend these matters, and many a memorandum among the State Papers attests his energy and supervision.

It was the wish of the Prince immediately after the victory at Preston to march upon London, and, considering the temper in which the public mind then was, had he taken this step it might not have been unattended with success. According to Wade, England was for the first comer that made a bold dash for her possession. But there were grave reasons against such a course. The Highland chiefs were opposed to it, as they would then abandon all chance of supplies from France. Though their ranks had been swelled by various new arrivals, yet the vassals of Lovat, Macleod, and others still held aloof, and it was hoped that they might ultimately be gained over. Their army had also been considerably diminished by many of the Highlanders having, according to their custom, returned home to deposit with their families the booty they had secured. Besides, were not the British and Dutch forces drawing to a head at Newcastle, and was it wise to precipitate measures by an advance which, under the present circumstances, was rashness itself? Such reasons were alleged and had their weight. The Prince was advised to bide his time, and for the present to occupy himself in recruiting his men and consolidating his power in Scotland; still it was thought expedient to prepare the Jacobites in

England for his appearance at no distant period. Accordingly, the day after the battle of Prestonpans, one Hixon was sent into Northumberland with the following instructions:—

'*Sept.* 22, 1745.

'You are hereby authorised and directed to repair forthwith to England, and there notify to my friends, and particularly those in the north and north-west, the wonderful success with which it has hitherto pleased God to favour my endeavours for their deliverance. You are to let them know that it is my full intention, in a few days, to move towards them; and that they will be inexcusable before God and man, if they do not all in their power to assist and support me in such an undertaking. What I demand and expect is, that as many of them as can, shall be ready to join me; and that they should take care to furnish provisions and money, that the country may suffer as little as possible by the march of my troops. Let them know that there is no time for deliberation—now or never! is the word: I am resolved to conquer or perish. If this last should happen, let them judge what they and their posterity have to expect.[1]

'C. P. R.'

Meanwhile Edinburgh Castle was being closely blockaded, and the adherents of the Government were not a little anxious regarding its fate, especially as it contained 'quantities of artillery, ammunition, and small arms, and the whole public and private money of the country, and a great quantity of plate.'[2] It was known that its stock of provisions was running low, and the Scottish law officers of the Crown accordingly wrote up to Whitehall, asking whether it would be advisable for the Castle to demand provisions from the town under penalty of reducing it to ashes.[3] The result of this application was that Lord Mark Kerr was directed by Tweeddale to authorise 'the Commanding Officer of the Castle to declare to the magistrates and inhabitants of the town that if they did not furnish him with

[1] A copy of this letter is among the State Papers, Domestic, Sept. 1745, No. 70. Underneath the letter is written, 'the above was found in the top of one Hixon's glove, taken up at Newcastle, who keeps an inn at Perth, in Scotland. Since he was taken up he has but his throat, but 'tis hoped he will recover. He has made some useful discoveries, which will not be published at present.' Unfortunately I have not come across any of his 'useful discoveries.'

[2] Lord Justice Clerk, State Papers, Scotland, Sept. 1745.

[3] *Ibid.*

such provisions as should be necessary for the garrison, he was to distress and annoy them by all the means in his power, particularly by destroying the reservoir which supplies the town with water, and even cannonading the town from the Castle.'[1] When the terrified townsmen were informed of this alternative by General Guest, they rushed to the Prince and implored his intercession. With his usual amiability Charles at once, commiserating their condition, wrote in terms of remonstrance to the Governor of the Castle. He expressed his surprise at the barbarity of an officer who could threaten ruin to harmless citizens for not doing what it was out of their power to perform. Were he, the Prince, out of compassion to his fellow-subjects, to raise the blockade of the Castle, General Guest might with equal reason next ask him, under the same threat, to quit the city and resign all the advantages of victory. He trusted in the name of humanity that no wanton mischief would be done, but should any be attempted, he would not only make full reprisals upon the estates of the officers of the Castle, but also upon all who were known openly to abet the German Government.

On receipt of this letter Guest sent an express to Whitehall for further instructions, and in the meanwhile suspended his threatened cannonade. Horace Walpole sneers at the very idea of forbearance. 'It is modest, it is Scotch! and I dare say will be granted. Ask a government to spare your town, which you yourself have given up to rebels, and the consequence of saving which will be the loss of your castle! but they knew to what government they applied.'[2] However, it so happened that whilst the governor was awaiting the return of his express, certain Highlanders, ignorant of what had been passing between the garrison and the town, unluckily fired upon some people whom they saw carrying provisions up the hill. At once Guest, who thought that his forbearance was being treacherously returned, gave orders for the Castle to open its guns. The streets were accordingly swept with shot, and several of the inhabitants killed. A further appeal by the unhappy citizens was made to the Prince; and Charles, whose humanity was always his weak point, thought it better to yield to their demand and raise the siege. 'As we have threatened,' he writes to Guest, 'we might justly proceed to use the powers which God has put in our hands, to chastise those who are

[1] State Papers, Scotland. Sept. 25, 1745.
[2] *Letters*, vol. ii. p. 72.

instrumental in the ruin of this capital, by reprisals upon the estates and fortunes of those who are against us; but we think it no way derogatory to the glory of a Prince to suspend punishment, or alter a resolution when thereby the lives of innocent men can be saved. In consequence of this sentiment, our humanity has yielded to the barbarity of our common enemy, and the blockade of the Castle is hereby taken off, and the punishment threatened suspended.'[1] Henceforth supplies were freely permitted to be furnished to the garrison, and all efforts for its reduction were virtually at an end.

This clemency gave much displeasure to certain of the advisers of the Prince, who represented to him that the beating down a few old buildings was not to be put in competition with the reduction of a place of such importance as Edinburgh Castle, and that the loss some particular persons might sustain ought not to interfere with what was good for the whole. They concluded by saying that this clemency was not only mistaken, but by his enemies would be regarded as a sign of weakness; moreover, no prince or general had ever given such a precedent. To these remarks Charles replied with more sternness than was his wont, 'My enemies may term it as they please; but in this I am determined to be obeyed. Besides what might be virtue in another person, or in other circumstances, would be a vice in me. Remember,' he said impressively, and alluding to the story of Solomon and the two harlots, 'I come to save, not to destroy; and how much soever I may lose, the child is mine, and I would sooner choose to yield my right in it than suffer it should be mangled before my face.'[2]

Another event which occurred at the time also shows the humanity of the Prince. It was wished that one of the English officers taken at Prestonpans should be sent to London to demand a cartel for the exchange of prisoners and to declare that if this request were refused, and the Prince's followers who fell into the hands of the enemy were to be treated as rebels and not as prisoners of war, the Prince would be forced, in his turn, to deal out the same severity to his captives. It was obvious that a cartel would greatly further the cause of Charles, as many were deterred from joining him by the hard fate in store for them should they be defeated and taken prisoners; and it was also argued, with the merciless logic of warfare, that a few severe examples would induce the English

[1] Proclamations, &c., Oct. 5, 1745. Treasury Board Papers, 1745, No. 244.
[2] *Genuine Memoirs of John Murray.*

officers to remonstrate and the English Government to comply. To all this Charles objected. 'It is below me,' he said, 'to make empty threats, and I will never put such as these (alluding to the prisoners taken at Prestonpans) into execution; I cannot in cold blood take away lives which I have saved in the heat of action.'[1]

And yet Charles could be stern when occasion offered. Parliament had been summoned for October 17, and at once a Proclamation was issued denouncing 'the pretended Parliament of the Elector of Hanover,' and declaring that all who paid any obedience to its summons were guilty of an overt act of treason and rebellion. 'And for those,' Charles goes on to say, 'of his Majesty's subjects of this his ancient kingdom of Scotland, whether Peers or Commoners, who shall contrary to these our express commands, presume to sit or vote as aforesaid, as soon as the same shall be verified unto us, the transgressors shall be proceeded against as traitors and rebels to their King and country, and their estates shall be confiscated for his Majesty's use according to the laws of the land; the pretended union of this kingdom being now at an end.'[2]

This Proclamation was shortly afterwards followed by a document of far more importance. Aware that the Act of Union was distasteful to the Scotch people in general, and that the re-establishment of Scotland as a separate kingdom was, to many of his adherents, a matter of as much moment as the re-establishment of the Stuart dynasty, the Prince thought it now expedient to specify the principles upon which his future government was to be conducted. A long and exhaustive Proclamation was accordingly published, justifying the steps Charles had taken, explaining his policy, and seeking to animate the people to more vigorous exertions in support of his cause. It set forth that now as it had pleased God to smile upon the undertaking of the Prince, and to make him master of Scotland, his Royal Highness thought it proper to express publicly 'what ought to fill the hearts of all his Majesty's subjects of what nation or province soever with comfort and satisfaction.' He began by declaring his intention not to enslave a free people, or impose upon them a religion which they disliked, but only 'to redress and remove the encroachments made upon them.' He then inveighed against the National Debt con-

[1] MS. Memoirs of Maxwell of Kirkconnell. Quoted from the *Forty-five*, by Earl Stanhope, p. 63.

[2] Proclamations, Oct. 9, 1745. State Papers, Domestic, No. 71.

tracted under an unlawful government, and which had become a most heavy load upon the nation; but still with this grievance he would do nothing of his own accord; it was his intention to take the advice of his Parliament, and follow out the directions it suggested. Upon one act, however, he determined to have no two opinions. 'With respect to the pretended union of the two nations,' he said, 'the King cannot possibly ratify it, since he has had repeated remonstrances against it from each kingdom; and since it is incontestable that the principal point then in view was the exclusion of the Royal Family from their undoubted right to the Crown.'

The remainder of this document is so important as to justify its insertion at full length.

'And now that we have in his Majesty's name given you the most ample security for your religion, properties, and laws, that the power of a British sovereign can grant, we hereby for ourselves, as Heir-apparent to the Crown, ratify and confirm the same in our own name, before Almighty God, upon the faith of a Christian and the honour of a Prince.

'Let me now expostulate this weighty matter with you, my father's subjects: and let me not omit this first public opportunity of awakening your understandings, and of dispelling that cloud, which the assiduous pens of ill-designing men have all along, but chiefly now, been endeavouring to cast on the truth. Do not the pulpits and congregations of the clergy, as well as your weekly papers, ring with the dreadful threats of popery, slavery, tyranny, and arbitrary power, which are now ready to be imposed upon you by the formidable powers of France and Spain? Is not my royal father represented as a blood-thirsty tyrant, breathing out nothing but destruction to all those who will not immediately embrace an odious religion? Or have I myself been better used? But listen only to the naked truth.

'I, with my own money, hire a small vessel, ill provided with money, arms, or friends; I arrive in Scotland, attended by seven persons; I publish the King my father's Declaration, and proclaim his title, with pardon in one hand, and in the other liberty of conscience, and the most solemn promises to grant whatever a free parliament shall propose for the happiness of the people. I have, I confess, the greatest reason to adore the goodness of Almighty God, who has in so remarkable a manner protected me and my small army through the many dangers to which we were at first exposed, and who has led me in the way to victory, and to the capital of this ancient kingdom, amidst

the acclamations of the King my father's subjects. Why then is so much pains taken to spirit up the minds of the people against this my undertaking?

'The reason is obvious. It is, lest the real sense of the nation's present sufferings should blot out the remembrance of past misfortunes, and of the outcries formerly raised against the royal family. Whatever miscarriages might have given occasion to them, they have been more than atoned for since; and the nation has now an opportunity of being secured against the like for the future.

'That our family has suffered exile during these fifty-seven years, everybody knows. Has the nation, during that period of time, been the more happy and flourishing for it? Have you found reason to love and cherish your governors, as the fathers of the people of Great Britain and Ireland? Has a family upon whom a faction unlawfully bestowed the diadem of a rightful prince retained a due sense of so great a trust and favour? Have you found more humanity and condescension in those who were not born to a crown than in my royal forefathers? Have their ears been open to the cries of the people? Have they, or do they consider only the interest of these nations? Have you reaped any other benefit from them than an immense load of debts? If I am answered in the affirmative, why has their government been so often railed at in your open assemblies? Why has the nation been so long crying out in vain for redress against the abuse of parliaments, upon account of their long duration, the multitude of placemen which occasions their venality, the introduction of penal laws, and, in general, against the miserable situation of the kingdom, at home and abroad? All these, and many other inconveniences must now be removed, unless the people of Great Britain be already so far corrupted, that they will not accept of freedom when offered to them; seeing the King, on his restoration, will refuse nothing that a free parliament can ask, for the security of the religion, laws, and liberty of his people.

'The fears of the nation, from the powers of France and Spain, appear still more vain and groundless. My expedition was undertaken unsupported by either: but indeed, when I see a foreign force brought by my enemies against me, and when I hear of Dutch, Danes, and Hessians, and Swiss, the Elector of Hanover's allies, being called over to protect his government against the King's subjects, is it not high time for the King my father to accept also of the assistance of those who are able

and who have engaged to support him? But will the world, or any one man of sense in it, infer from thence that he inclines to be a tributary prince rather than an independent monarch? Who has the better chance to be independent on foreign powers? He who, with the aid of his own subjects, can wrest the government out of the hands of an intruder? or he who cannot, without assistance from abroad, support his government, though established by all the civil power, and secured by a strong military force, against the undisciplined part of those he has ruled over so many years? Let him, if he pleases, try the experiment; let him send off his foreign hirelings, and put the whole upon the issue of a battle. I will trust to the King my father's subjects, who are, or shall be, engaged in mine and their country's cause. But, notwithstanding all the opposition he can make, I still trust in the justice of my cause, the valour of my troops, and the assistance of the Almighty, to bring my enterprise to a glorious issue.'[1]

Charles had some grounds for this hope. The victory of Gladsmuir had cheered many of his scant and wavering subjects, and they now eagerly enrolled themselves under his standard. General Gordon, of Glenbucket, brought down from the wilds of Aberdeenshire some 400 of his men; Lord Ogilvie led a body of 600 from Strathmore and the Mearns; the wise and venerable Lord Pitsligo—the Baron of Bradwardine of the author of 'Waverley'—took the field at the head of a squadron of six score country gentlemen; Lord Lewis Gordon, unlike his brother, the Duke, declared for the Prince, and was busy collecting forces in his own county; Macpherson, of Cluny, returned from Perth with 300 men; whilst many of the Lowland gentry enlisted themselves as volunteers. Still the three great chieftains, who could have swelled his ranks by some 4,000 men, held aloof. Sir Alexander Macdonald and Macleod, though again begged by the Prince to join his standard, resolutely refused. Lovat was not so decided. As usual he was playing his double game, and trying to keep his hand in both with the Prince and the Lord President. He had at first been desirous of forming a Northern army at the pass of Corryarrack, composed of the clans over whom he had influence, which he could employ either for the Prince or for the government as it might seem best for his own interests. But on finding this scheme impracticable on account of the resolve of Macdonald and Macleod not to enlist themselves in the cause of the insurgents

[1] Stuart Papers; also State Papers, Domestic, Oct. 10, 1745, No. 71.

—the wily chieftain bethought himself of a measure which, without endangering either his personal safety, or his trimming policy, might yet serve his purpose.

We have seen Lord Lovat in the light of a loyal subject, a straightforward friend, and a man to whom truth was dear; we now behold him in the character of a fond and devoted father. The plan he had conceived was, if not unselfish, at least simple —it was merely that his son should carry out what he did not dare himself, and thus expose his own life to protect that of his affectionate parent. In all secrecy the Master of Lovat received orders to gather some seven or eight hundred men and march towards the Prince. The son at once set himself to obey his father's directions, but the vigilant eyes of the Lord President were upon his movements, and Lord Lovat was speedily informed, both by Duncan Forbes and Lord Loudon, that the Master of Lovat was collecting the Frasers, and his Lordship was desired to put a stop to the proceedings. With his usual truthful candour, Lord Lovat replied that 'his son, the Master of Lovat, was positive and obstinate in his resolution to join the Pretender's son, and that the Master had the power over the clans, who would not obey or be governed by any one else.'[1] Then in the same moment as this infamous assertion was being made, he wrote to his son, blaming him for not being zealous and active enough in collecting the clan. On the Master of Lovat being informed that his father was 'laying the whole rising to his charge, he said, "By God! I will go to the President about it and clear myself, and discover the whole!"'[2] This resolve he, however, seems to have abandoned, probably on account of the dread with which he, with the rest of the family, regarded Lovat. But such slippery and dastardly conduct generally meets with its own reward. The Frasers thus raised did not reach Perth until Charles had entered England, and their embodiment was therefore of little service.

In spite, however, of the loss of the Frasers, the army of the Prince, which still lay at Duddingston, was now mustering nearly 6,000 men. The cavalry was formed into two troops of guards, the first consisting of gentlemen of family and character, who received no pay, commanded by Lord Elcho, whilst the second division, which was not so entirely a volunteer force, was commanded by Lord Kilmarnock. At the same time great care was taken to equip and discipline the infantry; the men received their rations punctually, and their pay, which

[1] Exam. of Robert Fraser, Secretary to Lord Lovat, Sept. 16, 1746. State Papers, Domestic

[2] *Ibid.*

was fixed at sixpence a day for the common men, and a shilling for those in the front ranks of the Highland regiments, was regularly settled. Still, the followers of the Prince fully bore out the designation the English loved to throw at them, that they 'were a rabble and not an army.' Their ranks were composed of old men fit for the grave, and young lads who could hardly wield the weapons at their sides, whilst the greater number were miserably clad, ill armed, and presented anything but a favourable appearance. And yet, with the scanty funds at his disposal, it was hardly possible for the Prince to equip his men in better style. Money was greatly wanted. The public taxes had been levied in several districts; Glasgow had been forced to contribute 5,000*l.*; a few Jacobites, like the aged Earl of Wemyss, gave handsome donations to the cause they were personally unable to support, but still Charles's treasury remained at a very low ebb. This deficiency in the Exchequer led to unpleasantness. 'There is a spirit of insolence reigning among the Highland officers,' says the intelligence that Cope incloses to the Duke of Newcastle,[1] 'against their Head, occasioned by the want of their pay. Last week a gentleman, who has a fortune in this country (and was out in 1715), happened to be in Holyrood House waiting on his Pretended Highness, by whom he was strongly solicited to join in the cause. Various arguments were adduced to persuade him —the justice of it, the probability of success, the ardour and bravery of the military, gentry, &c. But, unluckily, as an unanswerable objection to what had been so speciously alleged, in rushed two of his officers, who chanced to be a little mellow, and in the most reproachful manner demanded the arrears of their pay, which, as they said, were in arrears altogether except two guineas. He, by sugared words, flattered them out, and then exclaimed, "Good God! what a slavery to have to do with these fellows!" This is what I am very well assured of.'

Certainly unanimity did not always prevail in the camp of the Prince. To assist Charles in the conduct of his campaign a Council had been formed, composed of the Duke of Perth and Lord George Murray, the two Lieutenant-Generals; O'Sullivan, who was Quartermaster-General; Lord Elcho. Secretary Murray, Lords Pitsligo, Nairne, Ogilvie, and Lewis Gordon, Sir Thomas Sheridan, and all the Highland chieftains, This Council invariably met at ten every morning in the draw-

[1] Intelligence from Edinburgh, inclosed by Sir J. Cope to the Duke of Newcastle. State Papers, Domestic, Oct. 16, 1745.

ing-room of Holyrood; and from Lord Elcho we learn that its meetings were not always in the most perfect harmony—the rivalry between the Scotch and Irish officers led to frequent displays of feeling; Lord George Murray could not brook the interference of the Prince; whilst Charles, in his turn, 'could not bear to hear anybody differ in sentiment from him, and took a dislike to everybody that did.' A proposal was now made which caused no little disturbance in the Council. Charles had collected as many men as his means permitted, and he was anxious to march south; his sanguine temperament hated delay, and since he saw that without his personal presence in England the French would decline to make a descent, or the English Jacobites rise, the sooner he crossed the Tweed the better he thought it would be for his interests. But the Council were far from being of the same opinion. It was urged that, as his army was too small to compel the English to accept him as their sovereign, and as Wade had collected troops with a view to march into Scotland, it was wiser to await the English General's advance than to assume the aggressive—thus remaining unbroken and in force, they would encourage France to send supplies; but if once they were defeated, France would refuse to support them. These arguments were lost upon Charles; he said that he was confident the French auxiliary force would land shortly after his crossing the Border, and that he possessed a strong party in London and elsewhere who would receive him as Edinburgh had done. At three several Councils was the question agitated, and always with the same result—the Council overruling the Prince.

Though the Prince had been, as he repeatedly declared on his landing, desirous of attaining his end without foreign aid, he soon saw, if he was to march south, the importance of assistance from France. Shortly after the victory of Prestonpans, he had, therefore, despatched Kelly and Sir James Stewart to the Court of Versailles, to acquaint his most Christian Majesty with the details of the battle, and to impress upon his ministers the necessity for help. The unexpected successes of Charles had, to a certain extent, excited sympathy on his behalf across the Channel. Money and arms had been occasionally sent into Scotland; but as many of the vessels employed for that object fell into the hands of English cruisers, the aid was well nigh imperceptible. Preparations were also being made at Dunkirk with a view to a landing in England. Henry, Duke of York, the brother of the Prince, was sent for

from Rome to take command of the intended expedition, and he had posted with all speed from Albano to the French port. But the Court of the vacillating monarch could not make up its mind to enter at once, and boldly, upon so decisive a step. It threatened and then drew back, promised and withheld fulfilment, and thus lost the best opportunity it ever had of subjugating the power of Great Britain.

Whilst the Duke of York was chafing with impatience at Dunkirk superintending the ships that were never to sail, and the Irish regiments that were never to march, some little assistance was rendered to the Prince. A vessel anchored at Montrose with 5,000*l.* on board, whilst three other ships brought over 5,000 stands of arms, a train of six field-pieces, and a few French and Irish officers. Among these new arrivals was M. de Boyer, called the Marquis d'Eguilles, who was intrusted with a letter of congratulation to the Prince from Louis XV. Charles received the Marquis with studied and polite ceremony, addressed him as Monseigneur, and had him regarded in the light of the accredited ambassador from the King of France to his Royal Highness the Prince Regent of Scotland. The appearance of the envoy led the adherents of the Prince to hope that France would soon send her promised support to their assistance.

But it was not long before Charles learnt that if he would win his cause it would have to be almost alone through the unaided strength and courage of his loyal Highlanders. In conversation with the Marquis, the envoy said that it was immaterial to his master whether a George or a James was on the throne of England, but that if the Scotch nation wished a king for themselves, France would assist them in the struggle. Some members of the Council approved of the severance from England, and talked to Charles about the matter, but the Prince refused to listen to the proposal, and said that nothing short of the three kingdoms would content him.[1] Indeed, acted upon by his Irish adherents, who painted the future in glowing colours, and who assured him of support in England, Charles determined to be no longer brooked by his Council, but to march at once south. He assembled his officers in his apartment, and laid before them his proposal for a march upon Newcastle. The usual objections were raised. Charles would not listen to them, but contented himself with saying, in his most positive manner, 'I see, gentlemen, you are determined

[1] MS. Lord Elcho's Journal

to stay in Scotland and defend your country; but I am not less resolved to try my fate in England, though I should go alone.' Thus pressed, the chieftains felt that they were in honour bound to follow the fortunes of their Prince, and not to endanger his person by withdrawing from the expedition. The only point that Lord George Murray urged was that they should enter England from the Cumberland and not the Northumberland side, so that if Wade meditated giving them battle he would have to harass his troops by a fatiguing march across a mountainous country, whilst the Highlanders would fight to advantage among hills, which somewhat resembled their own. If, on the other hand, the Marshal was not anxious for an immediate collision, the Prince could move as he pleased, and more time would be allowed for the French to land, or the English Jacobites to rise. This wise suggestion of Lord George was adopted, and everything prepared for an immediate departure.

At the same time the secret of the change of route was well kept, and it was generally given out that the clans would march straight upon Newcastle, and into the very arms of Wade. The better to mislead the English, the subtle strategy of Lord George again suggested that they should divide their men into two columns, both to join on an appointed day near Carlisle; the first column to march by the direct road to Moffat, with the baggage and artillery; whilst the second column, under the Prince in person, should pass by Kelso, as if with the intention of entering Northumberland. This suggestion was also adopted. But carefully as the secret had been preserved, the friends of the Government were soon acquainted with it. 'The young Pretender,' writes 'Philalethes' to Lieut.-Gen. Handasyd, who was then at Newcastle,[1] 'left Edinburgh last night (Oct. 31), about six, and came the length of Pinkie, attended by his Life Guards, where he lay all night, and this day about one o'clock proceeded to Dalkeith, from which place he is to march his whole army by the west road to Peebles and Moffat, and so through Annandale to Carlisle, as is believed. And the better to disguise his motions, he has so ordered it, that billets for quartering his army have been sent to Musselburgh, Haddington, and other villages upon the east road to Berwick, while in the night time above 1,000 at a time march by the west road, and it is believed that there are already above 4,000 got as far as Peebles on their way to

[1] State Papers, Domestic. Handasyd to Duke of Newcastle, Nov. 3, 1745.

Carlisle. They have along with them above 150 carts and waggons of baggage, besides a great many baggage horses, by which everybody conjectures they will not return again to Edinburgh, but are to proceed directly to England, and will endeavour, if possible, to take so far the advantage of our troops as to escape them, and so get into Lancashire, where they expect to meet with friends.'

Before marching south the advisers of Charles drew up a declaration, 'Unto those who have not as yet declared their approbation of this enterprise, and unto such as have or may hereafter appear in arms against it.' The document began with a regret that this glorious undertaking had been so traduced and misrepresented by the enemies of the Prince, and especially by the Bishops, who stated that the elevation of James the Third to the throne of England would result in nothing less than the overthrow of the Protestant religion and the establishment of Popery. 'Were there any grounds,' the paper went on to say, 'for supposing that the Prince intended to introduce Popery? Have not both the King and the Prince Regent sworn in the most solemn manner to maintain the Protestant religion throughout his Majesty's dominions? . . . Are we not Protestants who now address you? And is it not by the strength of a Protestant army that we must mount the throne? What further security can the nature of the thing admit of? . . . Our enemies have represented us as men of low birth and desperate fortunes. We who are now in arms, are, for the greatest part, of the most ancient families of this island, whose forefathers asserted the liberties of their country long, long before the names of our declaimers were ever heard of. Our blood is good, and that our actions shall make appear. If our fortunes be not great, our virtue has kept them low, and desperate we may be truly called, for we are determined to conquer or die. . . . Perhaps you may find fault that you were not apprised of this undertaking. No more were we. God has conducted, the Prince of Wales has executed, and we are thereby in possession of Scotland, and victorious over one of the Elector's armies, which nothing could have saved from total destruction but the authority and mercy of a young conqueror, possessed of all the shining qualities which can adorn a throne, and who may challenge the keenest enemy of his Royal Family to impute to him a vice which can blacken the character of a Prince. Compare his clemency towards all the prisoners and wounded at the battle of Gladsmuir with the

executions, imprisonments, and banishment exercised by the German family after their success at Preston, in the year 1715, and your affections will tell you who is the truer father of the people.' The document concluded with a strong eulogium on the character of Charles, and the request that all should rally round the standard of the Prince, and 'cheerfully join issue with us, and share in the glory of restoring our King, and in setting our country free, which, by the strength of our arm, the assistance of our allies, and the blessing of God Almighty, we shortly expect to see accomplished.'[1]

On November 3 the army marched from Dalkeith in two columns, as had been suggested. The first column was commanded by Charles and Lord George, and consisted of the Camerons, the Macdonalds of Glengarry, the Grants of Glenmoriston, the Macdonalds of Keppoch, the Macdonalds of Clanranald, the Macdonalds of Glencoe, the Stewarts of Appin, the Macgregors, and the Mackinnons. The second column, commanded by the Duke of Perth and the Marquis Tullibardine, consisted of the Athol brigade, the Robertsons, the Duke of Perth's regiment, Glenbuckets, John Roy Stewarts, Lord Ogilvie's, the Maclauchlans, and the Macphersons. The guards under Lord Elcho, and Pitsligo's horse, marched with the first column. The Perthshire squadrons, commanded by the Earl of Kilmarnock, with the artillery and baggage, marched with the second.[2] According to the estimates formed by the Lord Justice Clerk,[3] the strength of the Highlanders consisted of

[1] Inclosed in the letter of the Lord Justice Clerk to the Duke of Argyll, Nov. 2, 1745. State Papers, Scotland.

[2] *Journal of the Rebellion.* Treasury Board Papers, 1745, No. 244.

[3] State Papers, Scotland, Nov. 2, 1745. In *The Life of the Duke of Cumberland*, 8vo, London, 1767, the following statement of the numbers of the Highland army is given :—

CLAN REGIMENTS AND THEIR COMMANDERS.

Lochiel	Cameron of Lochiel	700
Appin	Stuart of Ardshiel	200
Clanranald	Macdonald of Clanranald	300
Keppoch	Macdonald of Keppoch	200
Kinloch-Moidart	Macdonald of Kinloch-Moidart	100
Glencoe	Macdonald of Glencoe	120
Macinnon	Macinnon of Macinnon	120
Macpherson	Macpherson of Cluny	120
Glengarry	Macdonald of Glengarry	300
Glenbucket	Gordon of Glenbucket	300
Maclauchlan	Maclauchlan of that ilk	200
Struan	Robertson of Struan	200
Glenmoriston	Grant of Glenmoriston	100
		2,960

Infantry 6,280, Volunteers 1,000, and 300 Cavalry. Other authorities make it a thousand less; according to Home, 'they were not 6,000 men complete.'

On the following day, and shrouded by the darkness of night, the column of Charles entered Kelso. 'This party,' writes the Lord Justice Clerk to the Duke of Argyll,[1] 'is said to be about 4,000 men, and among them are the best of their men, the Camerons, Macdonalds; they have no cannon and little baggage, no more than what thirty carts and twelve horses could lightly load and carry, and one covered waggon with the Pretender's son's baggage, in which is a fine gilt French box. . . . It is said that Major Kelly has written to them that everything is ready for effecting a landing both from France and Spain, and advised them to march to the west of England, where they should meet with friends enough. However, that report has not been able to prevent desertion in the rebel army; many have deserted on their march from Edinburgh, and particularly at Kelso.' This last fact was a severe drawback to the cause of the Prince. The march south was by no means popular among the common soldiers, who were very superstitious about crossing the Border; and it is said that Charles spent an hour and a half in persuasion before he could prevail upon any of his men to go forward. In spite of their seeming compliance, before the two columns reached Carlisle at least a thousand men had deserted.

At Kelso a halt was made for two days, and orders were despatched to Wooler for quarters to be got ready, thus alarming Wade, and diverting his attention from Carlisle, the real object of attack. But not towards Wooler did Charles bend

	LOWLAND REGIMENTS.	
Athol	Lord George Murray	600
Ogilvie	Lord Ogilvie, Angus men	900
Perth	Duke of Perth	700
Nairn	Lord Nairn	200
Edinburgh	Roy Stuart	450
		2,850
	CAVALRY.	
Lord Elcho and Balmerino		120
Lord Pitsligo		80
Lord Kilmarnock		60
		260

[1] State Papers, Scotland, Nov. 5 and 7, 1745.

his steps. By a sudden march to the westward, by way of Hawick and Hagiehaugh, he entered Cumberland on the evening of November 8. As the clans crossed the Border they drew their swords and huzza'd, but in unsheathing his weapon Lochiel cut his hand, and the accident was looked upon as a bad omen. On the following day both the columns united, and proceeded to lay siege to the red stone walls of Carlisle.

Carlisle had long been the principal garrison of England upon the western frontier, and many a time in bygone days had Scottish troops besieged it in vain. The castle, which commanded the town, was situated on a steep elevation, and surrounded by thick but crumbling walls. It contained only one company of Invalids as a garrison, commanded by Colonel Durand; but in the city was a considerable force of Cumberland and Westmoreland militia. Though the place was in no respect qualified to stand a regular siege, it was certainly strong enough to defy the efforts of an enemy which possessed no heavier artillery than a few four-pounders to bring against it.

At the approach of the clans the town showed a proper spirit of resistance. The mayor, whose name of Pattison will live as long as Jacobite lampoons endure, has, in my opinion, been the subject of much undeserved censure and ridicule. He has been stigmatised as the most arrant of cowards, the emptiest of braggarts, and the most miserable of Englishmen.

O Pattison, ohon! ohon!
  Thou wonder of a Mayor!
Thou blest thy lot thou wert no Scot,
  And bluster'd like a player.
What hast thou done, with sword or gun,
  To baffle the Pretender?
Of mouldy cheese and bacon grease
  Thou much more fit defender!

O front of brass and brain of ass,
  With heart of hare compounded,
How are thy boasts repaid with costs,
  And all thy pride confounded!
Thou need'st not rave lest Scotlend crave
  Thy kindness or thy favour;
Thy wretched race can give no grace,
  No glory thy behaviour.

These verses of the popular song 'The Mayor of Carlisle' express, though in a plainer and coarser form, very much the opinions of many people who have had to discuss the conduct of the Worshipful Thomas Pattison on this occasion. And yet, on investigation, it will be found that he was much less to blame for the surrender of his city than is generally supposed.

It is not my object to liken this worthy citizen to a military genius, or to endow him with a capacity above the rest of his class; but this I do say, that if he had not been compelled to capitulate by the wretched conduct of the militia within the town, we have every reason to believe he would have done his best to defend the city to the last.

On the appearance of the Highlanders he issued a proclamation, stating that he would never surrender, and that he was not Paterson a Scotchman, but Pattison a true-born Englishman. For thus declaring his nationality he has been not a little laughed at. And yet why? Surely a man whose name bears a doubtful nationality—a name which to many Englishmen sounds Scottish—and who held on such an occasion so prominent a post as the chief magistrate of a city about to be besieged, was perfectly justified in informing his fellow-citizens that he was of English birth and lineage, and had nothing in common with the invader? In times of warfare, when party feeling runs high, and nationalities are keenly criticised, it is not only expedient but right that men placed in positions of command, whose names, antecedents, or connections may excite suspicion, should take the first opportunity of openly declaring that between them and the enemy there is no bond of sympathy. I fail to see, therefore, why Thomas Pattison should be sneered at by posterity because he thought it his duty at such a moment to state that he was an Englishman and not a Scotchman; and that nothing would induce him to betray his trust.

On hearing of the mayor's resolve to defend the city, Charles at once despatched the following order to him: 'Being come to recover the King our Father's just right, for which we are arrived with all his authority, we are sorry to find that you should prepare to obstruct our passage. We, therefore, to avoid the effusion of blood, hereby require you to open your gates, and let us enter, as we desire, in a peaceable manner, which if you do we shall take care to preserve you from any insult, and set an example to all England of the exactness with which we intend to fulfil the King our Father's Declarations and our own. But if you shall refuse us entrance we are fully resolved to force it by such means as Providence has put into our hands, and then it will not perhaps be in our power to prevent the dreadful consequences which usually attend a town's being taken by assault. Consider seriously of this, and let me have your answer within the space of two

hours; for we shall look upon any further delay as a peremptory refusal, and take our measures accordingly.[1]

'CHARLES PRINCE REGENT.'

But the mayor refused to return any answer to the summons. Patiently waited Charles. When the time allowed for consideration had passed away, he was on the point of giving orders to begin operations, when the news suddenly arrived that Wade had left Newcastle, and was making forced marches across country to relieve Carlisle. It was now considered advisable both by the Prince and his Council to retire and advance upon Brampton, so as to engage the English with the advantage of hilly ground. It was with no ordinary feelings of pride that the inhabitants of Carlisle saw the foe which had been the terror of Hamilton's and Gardiner's dragoons, the victors of Cope, and the capturers of Edinburgh, beating, as they thought, a hasty retreat before the resolution and prowess of 'the first city in England.' Flushed with success the mayor wrote an account of the matter to Lord Lonsdale:—

'Last Saturday night,' he writes,[2] 'our city was surrounded with about 9,000 Highlanders. At three o'clock that afternoon I received a message from them for billets for 13,000 men to be ready that night. I refused. On Sunday, at three in the afternoon, I received the inclosed message (the summons of the Prince). The answer returned was only by firing our cannon. Then Charles and the Duke of Perth, with several other gentlemen, lay within a mile or two of us, but have now all marched for Brampton, seven miles on the high road for Newcastle. I told your Lordship,' continues he, proudly, 'that we would defend this city; its proving true gives me pleasure, and more so since we have outdone Edinburgh, nay, all Scotland. We are bringing in men, and arms, and covered waggons frequently. I shall in a little time fully set forth everything to your Lordship. If you think proper I would have you mention our success to the Duke of Newcastle and to General Wade.'

It was not probable, after the rebels had carried everything before them in Scotland, that their first check in England should be hid under a bushel. Lord Lonsdale at once wrote up to Whitehall, and in a few days' time the mayor, whose

[1] State Papers, Domestic, Nov. 10, 1745. Inclosed in letter of Lord Lonsdale to Duke of Newcastle, Nov. 13.

[2] State Papers, Domestic, Nov, 12, 1745. In Lord Lonsdale's letter of Nov. 13.

enthusiasm altered circumstances had by that time considerably damped, received a letter from the Duke of Newcastle. His Grace, little dreaming how events had turned out, began by stating that last night he had received a letter from my Lord of Lonsdale, giving an account of the ineffectual attempt of the rebels to make themselves masters of Carlisle: 'Immediately,' writes the Duke,[1] 'I laid it before the King, and his Majesty was so sensible of the loyalty and courage which the magistrates and officers at that place have showed on this important occasion, that his Majesty commanded me to take the first opportunity of returning his thanks to them, with which I am to desire you would be pleased to acquaint them. I most heartily congratulate you upon the great honour the town of Carlisle has gained by setting this example of firmness and resolution, which it is to be hoped will be followed in other places should the rebels attempt to advance further.'

But pride was soon to have a bitter fall, and the mayor, so elated with his success, to be made the scapegoat of a humiliating surrender. Had Wade not been deceived by that march to Kelso, and had he only left Newcastle in time to come up with the rebels, History would have been spared the record of a miserable event, and the mayor of Carlisle, instead of being unjustly lampooned, would have been handed down to posterity as the staunchest of patriots. The element of luck enters more largely into the acquisition of fame than many suppose.

On arriving at Brampton, Charles discovered that the report respecting the movements of Marshal Wade was false, that the English general was still at Newcastle, and that the Highlanders had therefore nothing to fear. Several regiments were at once sent back to Carlisle, under the command of the Duke of Perth, to resume the siege, and shortly after their departure Charles penned the following letter to Lord Barrymore, a staunch and wealthy Jacobite in Cheshire:—

'BRAMPTON, *Nov.* 11, 1745.

'MY LORD,—This is to acquaint you with the success we have had since our arrival in Scotland, and how far we are advanced without repulse. We are now a numerous army, and are laying siege to Carlisle this day, which we are sure cannot hold out long. After that we intend to take our route straight for London, and if things answer our expectations we

[1] State Papers, Domestic, Nov. 15, 1745.

design to be in Cheshire before the 24th inst. Then I hope you and all my friends in that county will be ready to join us. For now is the time or never. Adieu.

'CHARLES PRINCE REGENT.'[1]

The opinion which Charles expressed that Carlisle would not hold out long was soon realised. On the 13th inst. the Duke of Perth began to raise a battery on the east side of the town, and in order to encourage his men both he and the Marquis of Tullibardine pulled off their coats and set vigorously to work in the trenches. At the same time the most terrible stories of the conduct of the rebels were in full circulation among the inhabitants of Carlisle. It was said that the Highlanders shot at everybody that fled from them, that the country all round was put under military execution; that all the able-bodied peasantry in the neighbourhood had been seized, and were to carry the scaling ladders to the walls; and that the severest punishments were to be inflicted upon all within Carlisle if they continued their resistance, as the rebels were perfectly aware that Wade's army was at so great a distance that they had nothing to fear.[2]

Still all might yet have been well with the city, had not the conduct of the militia within its walls been so scandalous and cowardly that we can find no parallel to it in the history of this rebellion save in the behaviour of the dragoons at Prestonpans. But let Colonel Durand, the commander of the garrison, tell in his own words the humiliating scene that ensued :—

'The following is a short but true account of the manner in which the rebels became possessed of Carlisle[3] :—

'Saturday, Nov. 9th, the rebels first appeared before Carlisle, and Nov. 14th, in the morning, I received a message in writing signed by the officers of the militia of Cumberland and Westmoreland, acquainting me that having been lately extremely fatigued with duty in expectation of relief from his Majesty's force, and it appearing that no such relief

[1] State Papers, Domestic, No. 73. This letter was carried by one Peter Pattinson, a messenger whom Sheridan had selected; but Pattinson, on entering Cheshire, gave it into the hands of Lord Barrymore's son, Lord Buttevant, thinking that a letter written to the father might well be delivered to the son. It so happened that Lord Buttevant was anything but a Jacobite, and at once gave Pattinson up to justice, consequently the letter never reached its destination. Exam. of Peter Pattinson. State Papers, Domestic, No. 78.

[2] Intelligence from Penrith. State Papers, Domestic, Nov. 14, 1745.

[3] Col. Durand to Lieut.-Gen. Folliot. State Papers, Domestic, Nov. 20, 1745.

is now likely to be had, and not being able to do duty or hold out any longer, they were determined to capitulate. Upon which I immediately went to them with Capt. Gilpin and the rest of the officers of the Invalids, and did all that lay in my power to persuade them to change so rash a resolution by representing the fatal consequences that might attend it, and the dishonour of treating with rebels whilst they were in a condition of defending themselves, and solemnly protesting that I would never join in so unworthy an action; and some of them having taken notice of an intrenchment which the rebels were that morning throwing up about three hundred yards' distance from the citadel, I answered that I had carefully viewed the intrenchment they spoke of, and thought it was at too great a distance to be of any great consequence; and, besides, as it was not usual to carry on works in the day time, I imagined it was only done to intimidate the garrison; assuring them that, if they would but stand by me, it was my opinion we might defend both the city and the castle for some considerable time longer against the whole of the force of the rebels, as by the best accounts we had of them they had no cannon large enough to make a breach, and they knew all the ladders within seven miles round had been brought into the city. But they still continued firm in their resolution, alleging that several of their men had deserted the preceding night over the walls, and the rest were so fatigued and intimidated that they could not much depend upon them, and therefore they would send to capitulate immediately, for should they defer it till next morning the city might probably be stormed that night, and they all put to the sword; and then sent to the mayor to know if he would join with them. The mayor upon that applied to me to know what I would do; I told him I was determined to defend both the city and castle as long as I could. *He answered he would do the same*, but the militia still persisted in their resolution, and said if the mayor and inhabitants would not join with them they would send and capitulate for themselves upon the best terms they could get. This struck such a panic into some of the towns-people that they desired the mayor would summon the inhabitants at the town-hall to consult what was proper to be done, which he immediately did, and the opinion of the majority then present *was to defend the town*; but the militia still persisting in their resolution to capitulate, the towns-people at last agreed to join with them, and to send away to the rebels to desire a capitulation. Upon which myself, Capt. Gilpin,

and the rest of the officers of the Invalids, after protesting against it in the most solemn manner, retired into the castle, with the two companies of Invalids and about 400 other men, who all then said they would join with me in defending the castle to the last. But before 8 o'clock the next morning they changed their resolution, and all left us to a man. . . .

'Nov. 15.—About 10 o'clock in the morning, most of the principal inhabitants and officers of the militia came to me to acquaint me that they had received an answer from the rebels that unless the castle was surrendered at the same time with the town, they would immediately destroy the city with fire, and put all the inhabitants and militia without distinction to the sword, and desiring for God's sake that we would take it into consideration, and that the garrison of the castle might march out with all military honours, and both officers and men be at liberty to go wherever they pleased. I told them I would call a council of war, and then we would give them an answer.'

Colonel Durand summoned a council of war, and it was then agreed that as the militia of Cumberland and Westmoreland had refused to a man to defend the castle, and as the garrison consisted of about 80 men, many of whom were very infirm, and their numbers insufficient to manage the guns or man the walls, and that as the mayor and inhabitants of the town had, contrary to the opinion of the officers of the garrison, treated with the rebels, who refused to listen to them without the surrender of the castle; it was therefore thought advisable, the castle not being tenable, that it be abandoned.

'I know nothing of the terms of the capitulation,' continues Colonel Durand, 'as I had no hand in it, but on the contrary solemnly protested against it—nor have I so much as seen it.' His letter concludes with a hope that his conduct, and that of his officers, will meet with Folliot's approbation, as they had done all in their power to preserve both the city and the castle. A month later the Rev. Dr. Waugh, the Chancellor of Carlisle, gives the Duke of Newcastle an account of the surrender of the city; and, whilst speaking in the highest terms of Colonel Durand, abuses in no measured terms the conduct of the militia, attributing to their cowardice and example the whole blame of the capitulation.[1]

Now it seems to me that satire has been somewhat unjustly severe upon this poor mayor. At the approach of the rebels

[1] State Papers, Domestic, Dec. 1, 1745.

he issues a proclamation that he will defend the city and glories in the name of an Englishman; the rebels resume the siege; the militia—the sole defenders of the city—declare that they will surrender to the enemy; an interview takes place between the Mayor and Colonel Durand—Durand, as a soldier, vows he will defend the city and castle as long as he can; Pattison, as a loyal citizen, re-echoes the same sentiments, and it is only when the gallant Cumberland and Westmoreland militia, by their conduct, sow timidity broadcast among the unarmed citizens, that the mayor feels he has no alternative but to surrender. He has no arms; the only defenders the town possesses refuse to fight, and threaten to go over to the enemy; nothing remains to protect the city but panic-stricken inhabitants and a company of Invalids in the castle. Under such circumstances what alternative had a man who was no hero—perhaps some respectable, half-educated tradesman, who knew, as the song kindly suggests, far more of 'mouldy cheese and bacon grease,' than he did of warfare or of military organisation—but capitulation? Still, if he is to be arraigned at the bar of history, and condemned as a coward and traitor, let not the Cumberland and Westmoreland militia, whose business it was to fight, who were embodied for that sole purpose, and who were brought into the city of Carlisle to animate its inhabitants and defend its interests, escape unpunished. The mayor was but an ordinary citizen,—the office he held has never been highly distinguished for capacity or common sense on unaccustomed occasions—and satire has been much too hard upon him.

On the 17th inst. the Prince entered Carlisle in triumph. The conditions of the capitulation were that the garrison and militia should deliver up their arms and horses, and promise not to serve against Charles for the space of a year. The siege cost the Highlanders one man killed and one wounded.

CHAPTER VIII.

ADVANCE TO DERBY.

To your arms, to your arms, my bonnie Highland lads!
We winna brook the rule o' a German thing.
To your arms, to your arms, wi' your bonnets and your plaids!
And hey for Charlie and our ain true king!

THE tactics of Lord George Murray had completely perplexed Marshal Wade, who, old, querulous, and past his work, had been despatched to Newcastle to intercept the progress of the Prince. The troops under his command numbered over 12,000 men,[1] and, had the Prince entered England by any other route than the one he adopted, the rebellion would have received a severe check within a few hours of the clans crossing the border. But the march to Kelso had entirely deceived the Marshal and altered the whole character of his reckonings. On hearing that the Prince had returned from Brampton to invest Carlisle he summoned a Council of War and wrote to the Duke of Newcastle [2] that he intended to march on the 16th inst. to the relief of the city; 'though the country is covered with snow and the roads extremely broken, I hope we shall be able to take with us eight or ten days' provisions, if the country does not disappoint us of our carriages, which it has often done.'

This intention of an immediate march upon the Prince was cordially welcomed by the Secretary of State, who had far from approved of the dilatory conduct of Wade, the more especially as the Court was disturbed by news of an invasion from France. 'We have certain accounts,' writes the Duke of Newcastle to the Marshal,[3] 'that preparations are making for an embarkation from Dunkirk, that Lord John Drummond's regiment is actually embarked, and that there are now transports at Dunkirk and Ostend sufficient for 3,000 men. . . . All our advices agree that the Court of France intend to support the Pretender in earnest. For these reasons his Majesty was the more pleased with your resolution to go immediately to the rebels, in hopes that by the blessing of God they may be defeated and these intestine troubles in a great measure ended before the French can have an opportunity to put their designs in execution.'

On reaching Hexham, Wade to his dismay ascertained that

[1] Wade's Instructions. State Papers, Domestic, Oct. 6, 1745.
[2] State Papers, Domestic, Nov. 15, 1745. [3] *Ibid.* Nov. 19, 1745.

the 'resolute behaviour of the town of Carlisle had in the end proved very scandalous and shameful, if not treacherous.' He writes to Newcastle[1] that had the city only held out a few days longer, which it could have easily done without the least hazard or difficulty, he might not only have saved the town and castle but have given the rebels a decisive defeat under its walls. According to the favourite expedient of the incompetent commander, he now summoned a Council of War. As the roads were impassable from snow, and as it was impossible to pursue the rebels should they advance into Lancashire by any other road than that by Newcastle to Boroughbridge, it was resolved to return at once to Newcastle. 'And even in that way,' writes Wade, dolefully,[2] 'the rebels will be in Lancashire long before us, and we must expect a great diminution of our force from the numbers that fall sick every day by the severity of the weather and the badness of the roads. And I am sorry to tell your Grace that, in all the service I have seen since my first coming into the army, I never saw more distress than what the officers and soldiers suffer at this time.'

After a bitter two days' marching, Wade entered Newcastle with his troops, 'very much fatigued and half-starved with the cold, insomuch as it moved the compassion of the magistrates and gentlemen of the town to admit the whole body of foot to march into it, and to take shelter in the public halls, glass-houses, malt-houses and other empty buildings, as also in many of the private houses of the town—which are comfortable quarters, after what they had suffered by lying on the ground in tempestuous weather.'[3] Here he proposed to halt for three days, and then to march his men *en masse* in pursuit of the rebels.

But the defence of England was not intrusted alone to the army in the north. The capture of Carlisle and the unchecked progress of the rebels were clearly matters demanding the serious attention of the Government. Sir John Ligonier was therefore ordered to march with a body of troops into Staffordshire, and to rendezvous at Lichfield, so as to prevent the Highlanders, should they escape Wade, from entering Wales. The Lord-Lieutenants were directed to give every assistance in their power to those troops which passed through their counties, and to see that the roads and bridges were in a fit state of repair.

[1] State Papers, Domestic, Nov. 19, 1745. [2] *Ibid.* Nov. 19, 1745.
[3] *Ibid.* Nov. 23, 1745.

The regiments of the city train-bands were carefully inspected and ordered to hold themselves in readiness for any emergency that might arise. Signals were posted all over London, and the guard was doubled.

One morning, whilst the train-bands were being inspected by the King and the Duke of Cumberland from the Terrace Walk of St. James's Park, a small paper parcel carefully sealed was thrown by a man in the crowd into the face of his Majesty. Instantly the culprit was secured by a few privates of the Guards who witnessed the act, and brought to the guard-room amid cheers and cries of 'Let the rogue be hanged without judge or jury!' On being examined before Justice Burgess, the prisoner said that his name was James Corbet, that he was a priest of the Catholic Church, and that 'what he had done was nothing but what was lawful in serving both God and his King, whom they were pleased to call the Pretender's son, and that he did not value what any damnable heretics could do to him.' The packet thrown at the King was now opened, and found to contain a letter which ran as follows:—

'For George the Usurper.

'Sir,—I have given myself the trouble of inditing to you the following lines, which will be for your safety though you are my professed enemy. I would not have you flatter yourself with the zeal with which your subjects have thought proper to show towards your person, and the support of your Government, who this day have sent from the city (as I am informed) a number of 12,000 men for you to view, in order to strengthen and confirm their loyalty. But alas, I assure you, that whenever I begin to tread England's ground, which will not be many days first, then will you hear of a far superior number joining me than what any of your territories, put them all together, can produce. I have sent you this notice that you may not deem me a coward, for I do not fear success in my undertaking; therefore, I would have you take care to secure yourself and family from the fury of the sword belonging to Charles, King of England.'[1]

It is needless to say that this miserable composition was not penned by the Prince. What became of James Corbet we know not. He was one of those scheming priests, then busy in London, who to serve their own purpose did their best to iden-

[1] State Papers, Domestic, 1745, No. 72.

tify the Stuart cause with Popery; and who, though calling themselves partisans of the Prince, were among his most formidable enemies. 'Save me from my friends,' Charles might well cry when he saw and heard these adherents endeavouring to pave his way to the throne of England by useless and irritating attacks upon the established religion of the country.

Nor was it only from bigoted ecclesiastics that he received annoyance. Shortly after the reduction of Carlisle, the feud which had long been smouldering between his rival Lieutenant-Generals broke out. Lord George Murray, jealous of the preference given to the Duke of Perth in commanding the proceedings of the siege of Carlisle, and of the favour with which he was regarded by the Prince, tendered his resignation—which Charles coldly accepted. But popular though the Duke of Perth was, in the social sense of the word, throughout the little army, it was felt by all that his military capacity was feeble, and that the resignation of Lord George would be as severe a blow as the expedition could receive. Accordingly a petition was got up, praying Charles to request Lord George to resume his commission; and at last, what promised to be a very unpleasant dispute was satisfactorily settled by Perth generously waiving his pretensions to command, and offering to serve in any capacity.

And indeed the clans, in the present crisis of their affairs, required all the generalship they possessed. If anything could show Charles, in spite of the enthusiasm of the past, how slight was the hold his cause possessed, and how fickle was the adherence of his friends, he had but to regard the country whose borders he had scarcely quitted. The towns of Glasgow, Paisley, and Dumfries had resumed their allegiance to the existing Government, and had levied their militia for the House of Hanover. Almost immediately after the departure of the Highland troops the city of Edinburgh had been entered by the officers of the Crown in solemn procession, and, overawed by two regiments of cavalry that Wade had sent forward, the Jacobite enthusiasm in the town prudently changed its tone. At Perth and Dundee, where the proclamation of King James III. had been so loyally received, the inhabitants insisted upon celebrating the birthday of King George, and fired upon the Jacobite garrisons. In addition to this lukewarmness and speedy change of sentiment, the friends of the Government, under the Earl of Loudoun and the Lord President, were assembling their forces

at Inverness, and doing their utmost to crush the progress of the rebellion in the north.

But the motto of Charles was thorough. He had resolved, in spite of all difficulties and discouragements, to march farther into England, and not to be deterred by any misgivings. A council of war was held at Carlisle, and the opinion of the officers taken upon the matter. Advice was not unanimous. Some recommended that they should remain where they were until the reinforcements under Lord Strathallan arrived from Perth. Others voted for returning at once to Scotland, whilst a few agreed with the Prince and decided in favour of an advance upon London. Lord George Murray was referred to, and he replied that though he could not advise his Royal Highness to march far into England without more encouragement than he had at present received, yet, if the Prince was resolved to make the trial, the army, small though it was, would follow him. Charles, assured by his Irish adherents that the Jacobites in Lancashire would rise in his favour, and under the impression that a landing of French troops would soon take place, expressed his intention of continuing the advance; the council acquiesced in his wish.

Leaving a garrison of 200 men at Carlisle, the Highlanders resumed their adventurous expedition on November 20, forming for the convenience of quarters into two columns. The line of march led through Penrith, Shap, Kendal, and Lancaster to Preston, where the troops arrived on the 27th.

'I am now in your town of Preston,' writes one Rollo Anderson to his brother,[1] 'which I find the prettiest by far of any I have as yet seen in England, and where we have found none but friends. Numbers have joined us, and we want nothing but arms to give to many more of the same inclination: we march to-morrow for Wigan. The Prince was obliged to stay here this day to get shoes for his men, and likewise to refresh them a little after so long marches as they have had of seventy miles in three days. Ligonier has broken down the bridge at Warrington to hinder our passage that way if he can, and by what I can learn without some reinforcement to his army will not risk a battle. We have now eight days' march upon General Wade, who must ship his army if he intends to be at London before us. The Prince always marches on foot, as he will do I suppose to London. His army is in as great spirits as possible for troops to be in, and I have no doubt of a

[1] State Papers, Domestic, Nov. 27, 1745.

victory on our side against an army twice our number. We were welcomed to this town by loud huzzas, the first we met with in England. I breakfast this morning with two Welsh gentlemen who have joined us from Monmouth and Glasgow; they say we will get numbers from North Wales.'

In spite of the assertion of Rollo Anderson that numbers had joined them, the contrary was the fact. The whole force of the clans was under 5,000, and though the people on the line of march came forward in crowds to offer the men their good wishes, few could be persuaded to enlist, declining the arms offered them with the remark that they did not understand fighting. Much of this apathy was no doubt due to the knowledge that French aid had been called in to assist the Prince. The English Jacobites in the northern counties felt their patriotism insulted at the idea of their ancient line of kings being restored by the help of foreign bayonets. If the expulsion of the House of Hanover from the throne of England could only be attained by French troops landing in Kent and Sussex, and gaily marching to London, the accession of the Stuarts would be a triumph too dearly bought to be acceptable. The greater portion of the English Jacobites, though sincere in the cause of the white cockade, were yet Englishmen first and Jacobites afterwards, and the thought of being indebted to their hated enemy across the Channel for the realisation of their wishes made party feeling give way to the stronger instincts of national pride. The Scotchmen who followed the Prince entertained no such objections. Between Scotland and France a cordial alliance had always been maintained—the Highlander regarded the Englishman as his enemy, and the Gaul as his friend—and the association of the two countries on this occasion would have partaken more of the character of a union between friendly powers to conquer a common foe, than of that of a civil war waged by foreign assistance in the interests of an expelled dynasty.

And yet if anything could have animated dormant enthusiasm, it would have been the conduct of the Prince. He marched at the head of any clan he for the moment specially affected in full Highland costume, and scarcely ever availed himself of the luxuries his position commanded. He seldom mounted his horse, and hardly once entered his carriage, insisting that the aged Lord Pitsligo should use it in his stead. He rarely dined, but contented himself with one hearty meal at night, and then lay down to rest without undressing, to rise

again at four o'clock. Such an example not only inspirited his followers, but silenced any grumbling that might have arisen in the ranks. If a Prince of the Blood and the first officer in command bore without a murmur hardship and fatigue, it was not for the privates to be discontented.

Whilst staying at Preston the Prince despatched the following letter to an adherent.

'*Nov.* 27, 1745.

'After the success which Providence has granted to my arms in Scotland, I thought I could not do better than to enter England, where I have been always assured I should meet with many friends, equally disposed to exert their loyalty to their native king, and to shake off a foreign yoke under which the nation has so long groaned. I have now put into their hands an opportunity of doing both, by repairing with what strength every man can to my army, from which the enemy industriously keeps at such a distance. The particular character I have heard of you makes me hope to see you among the first. I am persuaded you will not baulk my expectations, and you need not doubt but I shall always remember to your advantage the example you shall thus have put to your neighbours, and consequently to all England.

'CHARLES P. R.'[1]

From Preston the army marched to Wigan, and from Wigan to Manchester. At Manchester the Prince was received with undisguised favour. The church bells chimed their welcome; the crowds not only cheered him with fervid loyalty but wore the white cockade; in the evening the town was illuminated, bonfires were lighted, and numbers flocked around him to kiss his hand and promise service. It was the most enthusiastic reception he had yet received, or was to receive, on English soil. During the two days he halted here, some 200 volunteers were enlisted, and were embodied with the few English recruits who had joined him on his route—the whole taking the name of the Manchester Regiment, under the command of one Francis Townley, a Roman Catholic of an old Lancashire family.

[1] From the MSS. of Sir John Lawson, Bart., Brough Hall, Yorkshire. See Hist. MSS. Commission, Third Report, p. 255. This letter was forwarded by the Duke of Perth, but its address, 'for the more security,' was scored out. It is not improbable that the person to whom it was sent was Sir Watkin Wynn.

While resting here Charles received the following letter from his brother [1] :—

'BAGNEUX, *Nov.* 26, 1745.

'Dear Brother,—I was overjoyed to hear the good news Kelly and his companion brought of you. It would have been a great point if they could have saved their papers. [Kelly was detained by a 'little agent' at Flushing, and burnt his papers—he, however, managed to effect his escape.] But for all that mischance I cannot but see things going here even better than I well expected. Gordon's arrival here has done good. I wish we could have often news from you directly. The ministers come to see the Duke of York *sans façon*, which I take to be no small advantage. A great point we have gained is, that the Marquis D'Argençon in a conference with me a few days ago told me I might send immediately to advertise you in his name and his brother's, that the King of France was absolutely resolved upon the expedition into England, *qu'il y avait mis le bon*, and that you might count upon it being ready towards the 20th December, new style.

'Dear Brother, I have nothing but you in my heart and mind. Pardon me if I am so short, but the shorter these sort of letters are the better.

'I remain, with all respect,

'Your most loving brother,

'HENRY.'

Meanwhile where was Wade? The querulous old man having, at his time of life, no great liking for rapid movements, had so slowly conducted his operations that the clans were well-nigh at Preston before he began his advance across country. 'We march this day,' writes Lord Tyrawly, the second in command, to the Duke of Newcastle,[2] 'our whole body together, and encamp, so that I suppose by the time we get to Wetherby, our proposed ground, we shall have no army, for there is not the least care taken to provide straw, forage, or meat to be killed for the men. . . . I really begin to suspect that we are afraid of these scoundrels—the Marshal knows best what he is about, for my own part I don't pretend to it.'

For very much the same reason that no man is a hero to his valet, it is not given to every chief to obtain the respect and enthusiasm of his subordinate, and certainly the military capacity of Wade seems to have inspired his Lieutenant-General

[1] State Papers, Domestic, No. 75. [2] *Ibid.* Nov. 26, 1745.

with anything but feelings of hero-worship. 'He is infirm both in mind and body,' writes Tyrawly,[1] with the jealous criticism of a second in command, who feels himself the superior officer, 'forgetful, irresolute, perplexed, snappish, and positive, sometimes at the expense of good breeding . . . nothing that anybody says or proposes has any weight till it has the sanction of Mr. Wentworth, and that of a certain poor ignorant creature of a Quartermaster-General.' Then, after complaining that his advice is never accepted, which may to a certain extent account for the candour of his criticism, Tyrawly goes on to say that, during their interrupted march to Carlisle, bread, straw, carriages, firing, and clothes had all been miserably provided, 'and all this for want of common forecast and a parsimony ill-judged for the public, that he cannot lay out half-a-crown, though ever so necessary, and I am confident that a penny now saved will cost a pound before this Rebellion is over. . . . We have no bread waggons, no conveniences of sufficient horses or carts to carry our sick or baggage, but depend upon the country to supply us, who constantly disappoint us, so that, not being masters of our motions, and having not the means of marching within ourselves, but depending in these particulars on the country, all our movements are retarded, and every body knows as well as we, when and where we intend to march. . . . We are to begin our march south to-morrow without the least precaution taken to supply the troops with necessaries that I have yet heard of. Nor has the Marshal the least capacity remaining for this, or,' adds he, kindly, 'anything in my opinion, and his governor, Wentworth, is brimfull of an infinite detail that perplexes all mankind, and does no business.' Though the tone of this letter is dictated by personal spite, still its criticisms are in the main just, the whole story of the campaign showing that Wade was most incompetent for the post he held; nor at his age should he have been expected to be equal to its duties. We shall see more of his incapacity as we proceed.

But if the appointment of Wade was severely criticised, that of his colleague, who was gathering to a head the troops in Mid-England, was viewed with satisfaction. We are so accustomed to connect the character of William, Duke of Cumberland, solely with the awful barbarities that followed Culloden, that we are liable to overlook everything else in his conduct, and every other event in his history. One most foul

[1] State Papers, Domestic, Nov. 24, 1745.

blot so overshadows his escutcheon that we do not care to inquire into its quarterings. History having recorded him as a merciless enemy, an inhuman victor, and a glutton for all that was brutal, we pass him by with loathing. Yet, prominent as were his vices, there were virtues in the background. His courage was undoubted; he had a sincere respect for authority, and showed the same obedience to his superiors that he demanded from all who were his subordinates. In an age of much bribery and corruption he scorned money, and was not to be bought. He was liberal, and in his dealings with the world, according to his lights, was strictly honourable. Jealousy did not enter into his composition, and he was always prompt to acknowledge and reward good service in others. His intincts too were manly—he was fond of sport; rode well to hounds; was a good shot; excelled in all muscular exercises; and was indifferent, or assumed indifference, to pain. But the baser part of human nature was the stronger within him. His intellect was dull, narrow, and one-sided; what he thought were ideas were but prejudices. His passions were strong, and he gratified them with a supreme contempt for all the laws of social decorum; his taste was not nice, and hence, as Horace Walpole puts it, he was popular 'with the low women.' His temper was hot and savage, and, when roused, his vindictiveness was so intense that it may be doubted whether on those occasions he was quite himself. His sluggish brain, his hard, rude nature, and the utter absence of the finer emotions, coupled with his inordinate love for the maintenance of order, made him punish all offences with a severity that was simply fiendish in its brutality. He amended the military laws, and, as Horace Walpole observes, the penalty of death was as often enjoined 'as the curses in the Commination on Ash Wednesday.' A young soldier had counterfeited a furlough but for a day; he was ordered 200 lashes; the Duke, in a rage, swore it was not sufficient. His bitter conduct during the prosecution of Admiral Byng is well known. Cruelty was with him a sensual pleasure; the texture of his mind was shot with it. 'He loved blood like a leech,' said his contemporaries: the victor of Culloden is one of the very few examples noticed in history of high courage unaccompanied by any feeling of mercy to a foe.

His lofty birth had advanced him rapidly to distinction. At the age of twenty-four, having two years before proved himself no coward at the battle of Dettingen, he was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the British forces in Flanders. The

defeat at Fontenoy, due in no slight measure to the rashness and incapacity of the Duke, showed the grave error the ministry had made in his selection. 'The Duke of Cumberland,' said Marshal Saxe with a sneer, 'is the greatest general of his age, for he has maintained several thousand men where I should never have thought of billeting so many rabbits.' When, after the battle of Fontenoy, some French officers were informed by a captive Englishman that they had narrowly missed capturing the Duke, the answer was, 'We took good care not to do so, for he does us much more service at the head of your army!' Still, thanks to the courage and gallantry displayed by his Royal Highness on that occasion, his defeat made no adverse impression upon the people of England. He was warmly cheered on his return, and his military reputation sustained no discredit. He was popular with the army, for his bravery had not then been disgraced by inhumanity; he had a natural love for soldiering, and there was the stuff, it was said, in him to make a good general. When the Rebellion broke out, it was universally felt that his presence was necessary. He crossed over from Flanders and assumed the command of the royal forces, some 10,000 in number, then gathering at Lichfield, that had originally been assembled under General Ligonier.

By the evening of the day that the Prince entered Preston the Duke of Cumberland reached Lichfield. On his arrival he wrote to the Secretary of State that the part of the army already come up was cantoned from Tamworth to Stafford, with the cavalry in his front at Newcastle, so that he was now equally at hand for the preservation of Derby or Chester as occasion might require.[1] From what he heard he believed that the rebels would remain a few days at Preston, thus giving him time to collect his whole body together, and advance directly upon them, 'in which case,' he adds, 'I flatter myself the affair would be certain in my favour. . . . Should the rebels be mad enough to march forward to Manchester and Stockport, then it will be impossible to say how soon there may be an affair, as I must move forward to hinder them slipping by me on either side.' At the same time he forwarded a despatch to Wade, who was toiling through Yorkshire, informing him of his arrival at Lichfield, and of his intention of waiting till his whole force had come up before he gave battle; he suggested that the Marshal's cavalry should go forward and harass the enemy in every conceivable manner.[2]

[1] State Papers, Domestic, Nov. 28, 1745. [2] *Ibid.*

When the Duke heard of the arrival of the rebels at Manchester he wrote to the Duke of Newcastle [1] that if they advanced any further south he would also have to advance, and the result would be that in two days' time he hoped to have 'an affair with them.' The Duke of Devonshire had given immediate orders that the great road from Stockport to Buxton should be broken up and rendered impassable, 'which is a good thing.' His Royal Highness hoped either on Sunday or Monday to march towards the Mersey with the force at his command, and trusted that if there was to be a battle he would be successful, 'for the spirit and alacrity of the troops fill him with the strongest hopes;' but still he would far rather defer an engagement until 'all have joined us.' The following day he resumed the subject,[2] and stated that 'the report begins to spread more and more in and about this country as if the rebels were intending to give us the slip either through Derbyshire or Nottinghamshire; but his Majesty may be assured I am giving the utmost attention to their motions, and that I flatter myself they will not be able to get by us that way.'

By the morrow he expected all his old infantry to arrive, but he appears not to have been very sanguine respecting the new regiments which had been raised, and against which Horace Walpole wings more than one venomous shaft. 'As for the new regiments,' writes the Duke,[3] 'I could almost wish they were not to have come up, for the Duke of Bedford's marched in here last night and on this morning; and I am sorry to speak my fears that they will rather be a hindrance than a service to me, for this regiment was represented to be the forwardest of them, yet neither men nor officers know what they are about, so how they will do before an enemy God only knows. However,' adds his Royal Highness, consolingly, 'I think the old corps more than sufficient to do the business.'

Certainly an engagement between the invading and defending forces seemed now imminent. On December 1 the Prince quitted the hospitable walls of Manchester, *en route* for Macclesfield; but before taking his departure, and as a proof, whether feigned or sincere, of the contempt in which he held his enemy, he issued the following proclamation:—

[1] State Papers, Domestic, Nov. 29, 1745. [2] *Ibid.* Nov. 30, 1745.
[3] *Ibid.* Nov. 30, 1745.

'*To the Inhabitants of Manchester.*

'*Nov.* 30, 1745.

'His Royal Highness being informed that several bridges have been pulled down in this county, he has given orders to repair them forthwith, particularly that at Crossford, which is to be done this night by his own troops, though his Royal Highness does not propose to make use of it for his own army, but believes it will be of service to the country; and,' here comes the sting, 'if any forces that were with General Wade be coming this road, they may have the benefit of it.

'CHARLES, PRINCE REGENT.'

The day after the issue of this proclamation Charles resumed his march. His men formed in two columns, but united again the same evening at Macclesfield. As the bridge over the Mersey had been broken down, the river was forded by the column led by Charles near Stockport, whilst the second column, headed by Lord George, passed with the artillery and baggage lower down at Cheadle over a rough bridge made by choking up the channel with the trunks of poplar trees. On arriving at the other side of the river, the Prince witnessed a scene characteristic of the enthusiasm with which his cause was regarded by those who had his interests really at heart. The event is thus described by Earl Stanhope on the authority of the late Lord Keith [1] :—

'On the opposite bank of the Mersey Charles found a few of the Cheshire gentry drawn up ready to welcome him, and amongst them Mrs. Skyring, a lady in extreme old age. As a child, she had been lifted up in her mother's arms, to view the happy landing at Dover of Charles the Second. Her father, an old cavalier, had afterwards to undergo not merely neglect, but oppression, from that thankless monarch; still, however, he and his wife continued devoted to the royal cause, and their daughter grew up as devoted as they. After the expulsion of the Stuarts, all her thoughts, her hopes, her prayers, were directed to another restoration. Ever afterwards, she had with rigid punctuality laid aside one-half of her yearly income, to remit for the exiled family abroad, concealing only what, she said, was of no importance to them—the name of the giver. She had now parted with her jewels, her plate, and every little article of value she possessed, the price of which, in a purse,

[1] *The Forty-Five*, p. 83.

she laid at the feet of Prince Charles, while, straining her dim eyes to gaze on his features, and pressing his hand to her shrivelled lips, she exclaimed with affectionate rapture, in the words of Simeon, "Lord! now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace!" It is added that she did not survive the shock when a few days afterwards she was told of the retreat.'

On quitting Macclesfield Lord George Murray, by the astute generalship he never ceased to display, found means to deceive the Duke of Cumberland, who was 'flattering himself' that a speedy engagement was about to take place. With his column of the army he advanced to Congleton, where he attacked the Duke of Kingston and a small party of English horse. Succeeding in dislodging them, he drove them before him, and with his vanguard pursued them some way on the road to Newcastle. His Royal Highness, fully believing that the Highlanders were on their march in that direction, either to give him battle or to unite with their partisans in Wales, at once pushed forward with his main body to Stone, ready to intercept the rebels or to fight them, as occasion might require. Lord George, having been informed of the movements of the Duke by a spy whom he had captured, turned suddenly off to the left, and by a forced march gained Ashbourne, where he was shortly afterwards joined by the column led by the Prince. The next day the clans, in great glee at having gained two or three marches upon the Duke, and being now interposed between him and London, entered Derby in the dusk of the afternoon of December 4.

His Royal Highness had now no alternative but to frankly own that the tactics of the enemy had deceived him. He wrote to the Duke of Newcastle that, being under the impression that the rebels were to continue their route to Wales, he had assembled all his troops at Stone, intending to give them battle, or to push on to Newcastle. On hearing that the insurgents 'had turned, and were gone for Leek and Ashbourne, which is the direct road to Derby,' he would have marched directly for Derby, only his men 'had scarcely halted six hours these ten days, had been without victuals for twenty-four hours, and had been exposed to unusually severe weather.' Under these circumstances he felt bound to halt, but would interrupt the progress of the rebels at Northampton. 'By this I flatter myself,' writes his Royal Highness, with his usual confidence, 'we cannot fail of intercepting them. However,' he adds cautiously, 'I should humbly be of opinion that if without

alarming the city the infantry that is about London could be assembled on Finchley Common, it would prevent any little part of those who might give me the slip (for I am persuaded the greater part can't) from giving any alarm there.'[1]

The news of the arrival of the rebels at Derby fell upon London like a thunderbolt. The whole city was in a state of panic. 'When the Highlanders,' writes Fielding in the 'True Patriot,' 'by a most incredible march got between the Duke's army and the metropolis, they struck a terror into it scarce to be credited.' The shops were shut up and public business everywhere suspended. A rush was made on the Bank of England, and that treasury of the nation only escaped bankruptcy by paying in sixpences to gain time. A special prayer was drawn up by the Archbishop of Canterbury to be said in all churches, imploring the Divine protection now that 'we are exposed to the dangers and calamities of foreign war, disturbed with rebellious insurrections at home, and threatened with powerful invasions from abroad, to the great hazard of our happy constitution in Church and State.'[2] The guards of the city were immediately strengthened, and companies of the train-bands patrolled the streets day and night. In the squares and open places soldiers were constantly posted. All the stables within the city were rigidly searched, and an account of the horses kept for hire laid before government. The Master-general of the Ordnance was ordered to inspect the several entrances into the city, and to consider in what manner, in case of any emergency, they could be obstructed. Alarm posts were hastily erected within the precincts of the city, and in all the suburbs. Volunteers desirous of appearing under arms were encouraged to enlist. The magistrates were commanded to suppress at once, with a strong hand, any disorders and tumults that might arise. The Guards, with various newly raised troops, were encamped at Finchley. Between Highgate and Whetstone another camp was being marked out. Cavalry were stationed at Barnet. Magazines were formed at St. Albans, Dunstable, and Barnet. And at the same time, to restore confidence to the nation, the Duke of Newcastle wrote to the Duke of Cumberland, beseeching him to hasten up to London to superintend the military arrangements that were being speedily organised.[3]

[1] State Papers, Domestic, Dec. 4, 1745. [2] *Ibid.*
[3] Duke of Newcastle to the Lord Mayor and the Duke of Cumberland, Dec. 6, 1745. State Papers, Domestic.

So dangerous to the Hanoverian cause did the unchecked progress of the Rebellion now appear that it is said King George had his yachts anchored at the Tower quay, laden with some of his most precious goods, ready to sail at a moment's warning. We are also told that his Grace of Newcastle, whose impartiality was always sublime when his own interests were concerned, shut himself up one whole day in his apartments debating within himself whether the time had not now arrived for him to transfer his allegiance to the House of Stuart, and boldly declare for the exile at Rome. Certainly the news of the occupation of Derby by the Prince's army threw London into the most complete consternation, and the day—a Friday—on which the intelligence was received was long remembered under the name of Black Friday.

So confident were the London Jacobites of the speedy arrival of their Prince that one enthusiastic partisan, a M. Gautier, a teacher of languages, inserted in the current number of the 'London Courant' the following motto from Virgil.

Venisti tandem, tuaque expectata parenti
Vicit iter durum pietas! datur ora tueri,
Nate, tua, et notas audire et reddere voces!
Sic equidem ducebam animo rebarque futurum,
Tempora dinumerans; nec me mea cura fefellit.
Quas ergo te terras et quanta per æquora vectum,
Accipio! quantis jactatum, nate periclis!
Quam metui, ne quid Libyæ tibi regna nocerent![1]

As this motto bore a very Jacobite construction, a few gentlemen who frequented the same coffee house as Gautier asked him what he meant by it? Gautier instantly turned on his heel and left the room without answering the question. On this, the gentlemen pasted up the motto against the walls with a preamble demanding an explanation. On Sunday morning,

[1] At last! and are you come at last?
Has filial tenderness o'erpast
Hard toil and peril sore?
And may I hear that well-known tone,
And speak in accents of my own,
And see that face once more?
Ah yes! I knew the hour would come:
I ponder'd o'er the days' long sum,
Till anxious care the future knew;
And now completion proves it true.
What lands, what oceans have you crossed!
By what a sea of peril tossed!
How oft I feared the fatal charm
Of Libya's realm might work you harm!
ÆNEID, book vi. line 688, *et seq.* CONINGTON.

December 8, M. Gautier (evidently unconscious of the turn events had taken) affixed to the paper the following paragraph in his own handwriting: 'If the gentlemen (if any such) who put up this paper will be so good as neither to be ashamed nor afraid to put their names to it, they shall be answered fully in four days' time.' When M. Gautier heard, at the date fixed for his reply, that the clans, instead of making, as he had anticipated, a triumphant entry into London, were in full retreat for Wigan, his feelings were certainly not to be envied. Whether he received punishment at the hands of an offended Hanoverian Government, for this open expression of his principles, History sayeth not.[1]

To return to the author of all this commotion and disappointment. On his entrance into Derby, Charles took up his quarters at the Earl of Exeter's. He was in the highest spirits, and could talk of nothing but his expected triumph, and whether it would be better for him to make his entry into London on horseback and in Highland costume, as he had done at Holyrood, or on foot and in plain English dress. Every piece of intelligence that he now received seemed to prophesy that he was being borne on the flood tide of prosperity, and that the task he had set himself to accomplish would soon be ended. Here he heard for the first time that, late in the night of the last day of November, six transports from Dunkirk had landed some 800 Irish and Scotch, under the command of Lord John Drummond, at Montrose and Peterhead, and that this reinforcement had greatly inspirited his adherents in the north. The letters of Kelly, who had been indefatigable in the service of his master since his arrival in Paris, were next laid before him, and their information was equally cheering.

'We are flattered here,' writes Kelly to Colonel Strickland,[2] 'with the hopes of making you all easy very soon, which I long for extremely, and everybody believes it will be done in fifteen days or three weeks. I wish you may be able to stand your ground, since a retreat must be fatal. . . . The Duke of York has been here some time, and treated in quite a different manner from the Prince. I found no other alteration here besides the universal praises of his Royal Highness, and they will be continued. . . Lord John Drummond is gone with 1,000 men, and the Duke of Fitzjames is soon to follow with his regiment. I wish they may get safe to you.' In a letter

[1] State Papers, Domestic, Dec. 9, 1745. [2] *Ibid.* Dec. 1, 1745.

to Sir Thomas Sheridan of the same date, Kelly says:[1] 'Everybody speaks in the highest terms of the Prince. You cannot conceive how zealous the whole nation is for him, or the shining character he has got amongst them. In all places you hear their talk of nothing but Prince Edward; and were they capable of making an insurrection, they would probably do it against the Ministry if they did not assist him.' He concludes with the assurance that French aid will speedily arrive, and that 'the delay of the French court in rendering assistance has been due to the exaggeration of the Prince's adherents, some giving out that he had 20,000 or 30,000 men, so that the Ministry naturally concluded that he could do his business himself, and that they might send their succour at leisure.'

The receipt of this intelligence made not only Charles but some of his followers very sanguine as to the future. 'I hear,' writes one Alick Blair to his wife,[2] 'that General Wade is behind us, and the Duke of Cumberland and General Ligonier upon one hand of us; but we are nearer London than any of them, and it is thought we are designed to march straight there, being only ninety miles from it. But though both these forces should unite and attack us, we do not fear them, for our whole army is in top spirits, and we trust in God to make a good account of them.'

One Mr. Henry Bracken of Warrington, however, who had taken upon himself to inspect the clans, formed a very different opinion of their merits. He writes[3] to the Government that the infantry of the rebels, inclusive of stragglers, is only 5,000, one third of whom are either sixty years of age or upwards, or else under seventeen. Their cavalry is not worthy of the name, being 'so out of order and slender shaped.' 'The common soldiers,' he says emphatically, 'are a most despicable crew, being in general less in stature, and of a wan and meagre countenance, stepping along under their arms with difficulty, and what they are about seems more of force than inclination. They intend,' he continues, 'to push on to London, but do not know the route. Wherever they go they magnify their numbers, and tell the most confounded lies about themselves. In their letters to their friends in Scotland, they say that their army now consists of 24,000, and that neither ditch, dyke, nor devil can turn them.'

Here is the portrait of the Prince.

[1] State Papers, Domestic, Dec. 1, 1745. [2] *Ibid.* Dec. 5, Derby.
[3] *Ibid.* Dec. 4, 1745.

'Their Chief is about 5 feet 11 inches high, pretty strong and well built, has a brown complexion, full cheeks, and thickish lips that stand out a little. He looks more of the Polish than the Scottish breed, for he is nothing like the king they call his grandfather. He looks very much dejected—not a smile being seen in all his looks, for I walked a quarter of a mile with him on the road, and afterwards saw him in his lodgings amongst company.'

Unfortunately for the veracity of Henry Bracken—whose account is perhaps no more mendacious than the mass of intelligences which were sent to Whitehall by those trained detractors anxious to obtain favour with the Government by distorting every fact connected with the rebels—it is well known that the Prince, so far from being dejected, was in the cheeriest of spirits. Everything had succeeded beyond his most brilliant expectations. From the day of his landing in Moidart up to the present moment his progress had not met with a single check. Whenever he had been opposed he had come off victorious. He had gained the battle of Preston, he had taken Edinburgh, he had taken Carlisle, he had avoided Wade, he had avoided the Duke, and now he had entered Derby, and nothing hindered him from pressing on to London and becoming the possessor of the metropolis. Well might he and his little army exult! Well might Horace Walpole write 'there never was such a rebellion!'

But as the darkest hour is the one before daylight, so the hour when we are the most sanguine and our hopes the most sure is often the very time when we are set to learn the bitter lesson of failure and defeat. On the morning of December 5—when panic-stricken London was encamping her troops, doubling her guards, and patrolling her train-bands—Lord George Murray, accompanied by the commanders of battalions and squadrons, waited on the Prince, and begged to lay before him the opinion at which they had now unanimously arrived. He lordship said that the clans had done all that could be expected of them, and that now prudence advised them to beat a retreat. They had marched into the heart of England through the counties represented as most favourable to their cause, and, save an insignificant few, not a soul had joined them. They had been assured of a descent from France, but of this there had not as yet been the slightest appearance. Their position at Derby was now very critical. Within a day's march the army of the Duke of Cumberland, 10,000 strong, lay in their front. The troops of

Marshal Wade were but two or three marches in their rear. Even supposing they could avoid both these forces, a battle under the walls of London with the Army of George II. must be inevitable. It was true that London was undefended by regular troops, but the clans now numbered only some 4,000 or 5,000 men, and such a force was clearly inadequate to take possession of the metropolis. The Prince might argue that his friends would rise in his favour and rally round his standard as he proceeded further south, but what grounds had he for the indulgence of such hopes? Could he produce a single letter from any English person of note inviting the Scottish army to march to London or elsewhere? If he could, willingly would they go forward. But if no such encouragement had been given, he strongly advised an instantaneous retreat, and that the Prince should retire upon the reinforcements he possessed at Perth and Montrose. The rest of the council, except the Duke of Perth and Sir John Gordon, who proposed a march into Wales, supported the argument of Lord George, and begged that they might be permitted to go back and join their friends in Scotland, and live or die with them.

But they urged their advice in vain. Charles said he was determined to advance upon London, and would denounce as traitors all those who should deter him or others from carrying out his resolution. 'Rather than go back,' he cried, 'I would wish to be twenty feet under ground.' In reply, Lord Elcho said that if the Prince went forward he would be in Newgate in a fortnight.[1] An angry discussion followed, and at last the Prince dissolved the council. Save the Irish officers, who had nothing to lose, and might have a good deal to gain, all were of the opinion of Lord George.

During the whole of the day Charles did everything in his power, by expostulation and entreaty, to change the minds of those in favour of retreat. At last, finding that all the chieftains were against him, he ungraciously declared his consent to retrace his steps. 'But,' added he, with the hauteur of disappointment, 'in future I shall summon no more councils, since I am accountable to nobody for my actions but to God and my father, and therefore I shall no longer either ask or accept advice.'

'The rebels came in here on Wednesday,' writes one Thomas Drake from Derby,[2] 'and stayed till yesterday morning.

[1] Exam. of Æneas Macdonald, State Papers, Domestic, Sept. 17, 1746.
[2] State Papers, Domestic, Dec. 7, 1745.

They demanded billets for 12,000 men, but it is the general opinion here that they were not above half that number. The officers, and indeed the horse in general are likely men, but the foot are sure the poorest scoundrels that were ever seen. They were in general but very indifferently armed: few or none but the officers were what we call completely armed. Their pistols are indifferent, but their firelocks are very bad. They had thirteen pieces of cannon; six of them had the French King's arms on them, were made of brass, and seemed good pieces. . . . They had twenty covered carts, and a great number of waggons and other carriages. They had several colours and standards, some white, some quartered white and red, and some had their respective commander's arms on them, but I could never observe the Pretender's coat of arms, not even on his coach. I thought at least he would have had the arms of Scotland, but could never find them. There was a cipher of P. C. on several things. The first thing they did after they came and were drawn up in the Market Place was to proclaim James Stuart King of England, &c., and they obliged all the magistrates in town to attend in their formalities, but there were not many, for all that had any place under the Government fled, or they would have taken them prisoners. They then demanded the Association money on pain of military execution, and then sent the bellman about, ordering everybody to bring in their excise by five o'clock on Thursday night. They likewise demanded half a year's land tax, and 100*l.* from the Post Office. They were offered 20*l.* from the last, but refused it, so they got nothing. But the rebels took the post chaise, they rifled numbers of houses in town, pretending to search for arms, and they fetched all the horses in from four or five miles round and took them. They amused the common people by telling them they expect reinforcements, and the officers I think begin to reflect on their latter end, for they look very dejected. . . . We have been under terrible apprehension all last night and to-day for fear of a second visit, but just now a gentleman has been to reconnoitre them, and says their whole body was on the road from Ashbourne to Leek in Staffordshire, and I hope we shall see them no more, though they said when they went they should be glad to meet Shonny Ligonear.'

And so ended the celebrated march to Derby.

> There is a tide in the affairs of men,
> Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
> Omitted, all the voyage of their life
> Is bound in shallows and in miseries.

It is open to dispute whether Charles should ever have entered England until he had collected all the forces he could command, but once having begun his march south, nothing save the most crushing defeat should have induced him to retreat. It is now universally admitted that the advice given by Lord George Murray and the chieftains on the occasion was unsound. Had the Prince been permitted to carry out his intention of advancing upon London, he would have taken his prosperity at the flood, and been led on to fortune. He had outmanœuvred the armies of the Duke and of Marshal Wade, and the success of his movements could not but have greatly discouraged the English troops, and led them to believe all the more in the invincibility of their foe. The camp at Finchley, the only obstacle that stood in his way to prevent his gaining possession of the capital, was but barely formed, and would easily have been overthrown by the victors at Gladsmuir. Once within the walls of London, where the Jacobite party was very strong, and which had at its head one of the city members, Alderman Heathcote, his success would have been complete. 'Sir Watkin Wynn,' writes a zealous Jacobite,[1] 'has been with the citizens of London, whom he found as well disposed as ever to treat with the Prince. The citizens of London declared they are ready to receive him, and to exert themselves to the utmost of their power to make such a provision for him, as they do not doubt will make him completely happy. . . . The elector of Hanover and his Ministry's interest decline so fast, that Sir Watkin says now nobody will accept of their places nor employments, which throws them into the greatest distraction.'

Nor would the English Jacobites alone have had to bear the brunt of a revolution. France, whose preparations at Dunkirk were now complete, had actually, at the very time the Prince was consenting to quit Derby, issued orders for 10,000 troops, under the command of Henry, Duke of York, to effect a landing on the southern coast of England. Had this force arrived, it would have dealt the death-blow to the hopes of George II. England, as Wade had truly said, was for the first comer, but Charles, who on this occasion took a sounder view of his position than did his council, was not allowed to act as he wished, and thus, happily for us, lost the day. The history of his expedition is the history of a splendid chance lost. That the restoration of the Stuarts would have

[1] State Papers, Scotland, Dec. 14, 1745.

been a permanent event had Charles marched onward from Derby is a subject idle for us now to enter into, but that he would have gained the throne, if not for himself, at least for his father, no one who reads the history of the period aright can doubt. His opportunity came to him, but he was not permitted to seize it, and henceforth the voyage of his life was to be bound in shallows and in miseries.

CHAPTER IX.

THE SECOND VICTORY.

I hae but just ae word to say,
And ye maun hear it a', Hawley;
We came to charge wi' sword and targe,
And nae to hunt ava, Hawley,
When we came down aboon the town,
And saw nae faes at a', Hawley.
We couldna, sooth! believe the truth,
That ye had left us a', Hawley.

O wae befa' these northern lads,
Wi' their braidswords and white cockades!
They lend sic hard and heavy blads,
Our Whigs nae mair can craw, man.

SHORTLY after dawn on December 6 the Highland army began its retreat northward. At first the men, who but the day before had been crowding every cutler's shop in Derby to sharpen their broadswords, the better to be prepared for an engagement with 'Shonny Ligonear,' were under the impression that they were advancing to meet the foe, and their spirits rose at the prospect of battle. When they heard that they were in fast retreat their expressions of rage and disappointment could with difficulty be silenced. 'If we had been beaten,' says one of the officers, 'the grief could not have been greater.' 'It is all over now,' sighed Sheridan, 'we shall never come back again!'

The charm of the enterprise was indeed completely broken. The officers marched on sulky and discontented, wondering why the prize, which they had deemed all but within their grasp, should be abandoned. The few volunteers who had joined the army were debating within themselves which of the two alternatives was the better—to tender an unqualified submission to the vengeance of the House of Hanover or to cheerfully bear exile from their country. The men, whose

sobriety and discipline during their advance south had on the whole been most commendable, now gave full rein to their predatory instincts, and plundered and did violence as they passed through the different towns and villages on their route. Nor was the conduct of the Prince calculated to encourage his army. Instead of placing himself at the head of his men as had been his wont, he rode in the rear mortified and dejected, more like a captive than a commander. The bitterness of failure was now for the first time being felt by chieftain and by vassal, and the feeling was all the more bitter because to the many there seemed no reason why failure should be acknowledged.

On the 9th the clans entered Manchester, and the town, so loyal and friendly to their cause but a few days before, opposed their vanguard and showed unmistakable signs of hostility. For this unexpected reception the inhabitants were fined 5,000*l.* Charles had intended resting his men here a day, but was dissuaded by Lord George, who argued that as there was no occasion for the halt it was only giving the enemy time to come up. Accordingly, early the next morning they pushed on their rapid retreat. Whilst leaving Wigan, some hot-headed Hanoverian formed a plan for the assassination of the Prince, but, mistaking his person, shot at O'Sullivan instead. 'Search was made for him,' says Captain Daniel,[1] 'but in vain; and no great matter, for anything he would have suffered from us; for many exercised their malice merely on account of the known clemency of the Prince, which, however, they would not have dared to do if he had permitted a little more severity in punishing them. The army, irritated by such frequent instances of the enemy's malice, began to behave with less forbearance, and now few there were who would go on foot if they could ride; and mighty taking, stealing, and pressing of horses there was amongst us! Diverting it was to see the Highlanders mounted, without either breeches, saddle, or anything else but the bare back of the horses to ride on, and for their bridle only a straw rope! In this manner did we march out of England.'

On hearing that the rebels were in full retreat from Derby, the Duke of Cumberland, who had been hastily marching his forces to Coventry and Lichfield, in order to intercept any advance upon London, at once sent an express to Wade, who was halting at Doncaster. 'We are here at Coventry,' his

[1] *The Forty-Five*, by Earl Stanhope, p. 92.

Royal Highness says,[1] 'the rebels at Ashbourne, and you at Doncaster. It seems to me much to be feared that if you can't move westward into Lancashire these villains may escape back unpunished into the Highlands, to our eternal shame.' In answer to this Wade detached a body of horse from his army, and sent them across country in hot pursuit.

Without loss of time the Duke put himself at the head of his cavalry and a thousand volunteers, mounted by the loyalty of the neighbouring gentry, and began his chase after the retreating foe. 'But I fear it will be fruitless,' he writes to the Duke of Newcastle from Lichfield,[2] 'for they march at such a rate that I can't flatter myself with the hopes of overtaking them, though I set out this morning on a march of at least thirty measured miles.' Wade had sent him a message to the effect that he intended marching towards Halifax, Rochdale, and Manchester, and thus prevent the rebels from returning northwards; 'but,' says his Royal Highness, aware of the shortcomings of the Marshal, 'there is little hope of that army being able to intercept them or prevent their retreat to Scotland.'[3]

Nor was the Duke wrong in his surmises. On reaching Wakefield, Wade learnt that the enemy were some three or four days' march in his front, and that it was impossible to overtake them. Again he had recourse to his favourite expedient. A Council of War was summoned, and after some little debate it was agreed that a detachment of cavalry, under General Oglethorpe, should be sent after the rebels, whilst the main army should march at once to the protection of Newcastle. This decision was immediately carried out.[4]

On the same day that this Council was held, the Duke reached Manchester, his men much fatigued with their rapid march from Lichfield 'over the most dreadful country.' His Royal Highness had 'flattered' himself that the Highlanders would have waited for him at Manchester, 'and if they had halted there all yesterday,' he writes to the Duke of Newcastle,[5] 'I should have been in reach of them with my whole

[1] State Papers, Domestic, Dec. 6, 1745. [2] *Ibid.* Dec. 9, 1745.

[3] The rapidity with which this retreat was effected drew praise even from Sir Alex. Macdonald of Sleat, who evidently, in spite of his refusal to join the Jacobites, thought highly of the Prince, for he says Charles 'has not so good an officer in his army as himself.' *See* State Papers, Scotland. Letters forwarded by Albemarle, Sept. 24, 1746.

[4] State Papers, Domestic, Wade to Newcastle, Dec. 10, 1745.

[5] *Ibid.* Dec. 11, 1745.

cavalry and volunteers.' Thus the advice of Lord George Murray had been well-timed. The Duke now advised that the main body of his army should be quartered at Coventry, whilst a small corps of infantry remained at Manchester in case of need. At the same time he sent an express to Wade desiring him to post himself at Hexham, where he would not only cover Newcastle, but also be ready to prevent the rebels from returning to Carlisle.[1]

For a brief moment the tactics of the Duke met with an interruption. The news received from across the Channel were full of alarm to his Grace of Newcastle. The advance of the Highlanders, and the anticipated capture of London, had been bad enough, but the prospects of a French invasion were even worse. In his extremity the Secretary of State wrote an agitated letter to his 'friend' the Duke of Cumberland. The King had heard, he said,[2] from Admiral Vernon that a considerable number of vessels were assembled at Dunkirk, and that there was every reason to believe that an attempt would immediately be made to land troops on the southern and eastern coasts. His Grace therefore begged his Royal Highness to despatch a certain number of his troops to Marshal Wade and return immediately to London with the rest of his cavalry and infantry. At the same time he wrote to Ligonier, who was then with the main army at Coventry, requesting him to start at once for the capital with the regiments under his command. 'We are under the greatest alarm,' he says,[3] 'of an immediate embarkation from Dunkirk, and perhaps some other ports. . . . We shall be but very ill-prepared to receive them till you come to our assistance, not having, according to our last account, 6,000 men in all. I therefore hope you will make all possible haste to us by waggons, horses, &c. . . . I hope his Royal Highness will not dislike coming home with his troops. I am sure if he knew the real apprehensions people here are under of an invasion from France, and how much the King desires to have him with him in times of action and danger, his Royal Highness would fly faster and more cheerfully hither than he ever did to meet the rebels. I must beg your good offices to make my peace with his Royal Highness—I doubt he is angry with me, but I am his most dutiful slave.'

Expresses were now despatched to the Deputy-Lieutenants of Sussex to keep a sharp look-out along the coast. The

[1] State Papers, Domestic, Dec. 11, 1745. [2] *Ibid.* Dec. 12, 1745. [3] *Ibid.*

Custom House officers were ordered to patrol the cliffs and beach day and night. Alarm posts were erected in the southern counties, and signals settled upon in London for the instant assembling of the battalions of the Guards and the train-bands.[1] And all for a time was anxiety, commotion, and nervous excitement. But at the end of a few hours it was found, as has so often happened since, that the news of an invasion was a false alarm, and that there had been no grounds for the past panic. Scarcely had the Duke received the letter bidding him post without delay to London than a second despatch was put into his hands hoping that he would continue his pursuit of the rebels, and not return to town as he had been previously desired.[2]

Thanks to the twenty-four hours' delay which this letter caused, his Royal Highness failed to overtake the Highlanders until entering Westmoreland. On the evening of December 17, the Prince, with the main body of his army, reached Penrith, and began to billet his men. Lord George Murray, however, owing to the various accidents that had impeded his progress, was forced to pass the night at the little town of Shap, six miles in the rear. Early next morning his lordship resumed his march, but on approaching the village of Clifton, some three miles from Penrith, he saw several parties of cavalry volunteers of the neighbourhood drawn up between him and the village. Without a moment's hesitation he ordered the Macdonalds of Glengarry to advance to the attack. The command was obeyed, and one fierce charge sufficed to disperse the foe and to capture several prisoners; among these a footman of the Duke of Cumberland, who said that his royal master was close at hand with some 4,000 horse. On hearing this Lord George sent the servant on to Penrith to be examined by the Prince, with a request for orders. With his usual courtesy Charles dismissed the man to his master, and despatched the Stuarts of Appin and the Macphersons of Cluny for the support of his Lieutenant-General.

The cavalry of the Duke of Cumberland had now formed upon the open moor of Clifton. On the one side were the low stone walls of the village, and on the other the inclosures of Lord Lonsdale's estate. Lord George saw that an attack was inevitable, and prepared to meet it. The Macdonalds were drawn up upon the high road within the field; the Stuarts of Appin were massed together in the inclosure on their left; the Roy

[1] State Papers, Domestic, Dec. 12 and 13, 1745. [2] *Ibid.* Dec. 14, 1745.

Stuarts men, covered by a wall, were stationed on the right; whilst to the left of the Stuarts of Appin stood the Macphersons of Cluny. The night was dark, but through the clouds the moon shone fitfully. It was during one of these momentary bursts of light that Lord George observed a body of men stealing along the low stone walls towards the Clifton inclosures. 'There is no time to be lost,' he cried, 'we must instantly charge!' and, drawing his broadsword, he rushed on the English, exclaiming 'Claymore! Claymore!' followed by the Stuarts and Macphersons.

The skirmish was but a charge and a victory. 'The Highlanders,' says the Chevalier de Johnstone,[1] 'immediately ran to the inclosures where the English were, fell down on their knees, and began to cut down the thorn-hedges with their dirks—a necessary precaution, as they wore no breeches, but only a sort of petticoat, which reached to their knees. During this operation, they received the fire of the English with the most admirable firmness and constancy; and, as soon as the hedge was cut down, they jumped into the inclosures sword in hand, and, with an inconceivable intrepidity, broke the English battalions, who suffered so much the more as they did not turn their backs, as at the battle of Gladsmuir, but allowed themselves to be cut to pieces without quitting their ground. Platoons of forty and fifty men might be seen falling all at once under the swords of the Highlanders; yet they still remained firm, and closed up their ranks as soon as an opening was made through them by the sword. At length, however, the Highlanders forced them to give way, and pursued them across three inclosures to a heath which lay behind them.' It was with difficulty that the Highlanders were prevailed upon to abandon the pursuit, exclaiming that it was a shame that so many of their enemies should be drawn up on the moor without being attacked. Lord George, anxious to maintain his position, and derive some profit from the victory, had sent forward, desiring reinforcements from the Prince; but Charles, whether from prudence or jealousy, refused to accede to the request.

In his account of this action to the Duke of Newcastle, his Royal Highness is not so truthful as might be wished. There can be no doubt that the skirmish at Clifton was a victory to the Highlanders, and so effectual a check to the

[1] *Memoirs*, p. 91.

English that the Duke thought it prudent to desist from harassing the retreating clans.

'After a ten hours' march,' writes his Royal Highness,[1] 'our cavalry came up with the rebels just beyond Lowther Hall; nay, we heard that their rear was in possession of it, but they left it on our approach, and threw themselves into the valley of Clifton, which we immediately attacked with the dismounted dragoons, and though it is the most defensible village I ever saw, yet our men drove them out of it in an hour's time with a very small loss. Cobham's and Mark Kerr's behaved both extremely well. As it was quite dark before the skirmish was over, we were obliged to remain contented with the ground we had gained. What the rebels may have lost I can't tell; we have four officers wounded, none mortally, and about forty men killed and wounded. . . . The regiment which suffered the greatest loss was the King's Own Regiment of Dragoons. By some confusion in the two dismounted squadrons commanded by Colonel Honeywood, they firing at 150 yards' distance and then giving way, the rebels came out with their broadswords, and wounded several of the officers and some of the men. . . . When the officers of the King's Regiment were wounded, the rebels cried, "No quarter! murder them!" and they received several wounds after they were knocked down.' His Royal Highness also coolly says that 'the little affair at Clifton, though but trifling, has increased the terror and panic which has daily been coming on among the rebels;' and gives as his excuse for not pursuing the Highlanders that 'he dared not follow them because it was so dark, and the country between Clifton and Penrith so extremely covered; besides, his troops, both horse and men, were so fatigued with these forced marches.' History, however, teaches us that the Duke of Cumberland is not the only commander who has represented a defeat as a victory in his despatches.

Still rapidly effecting his retreat, Charles arrived on the morning of the 19th at Carlisle. Here it was thought desirable that the Highland garrison should be reinforced, so that in the case of a second invasion of England by the clans, which many expected would speedily take place, this important town would be secured them. But it was not easy to find men willing to be left behind in a place almost sure to be sacrificed. At last a certain number of French and Irish, together with the volunteers raised at Manchester, who were disheartened at

[1] State Papers, Domestic, Dec. 19 and 20, 1745.

the prospect of a retreat into Scotland, were selected for the purpose. But their garrison duties were of brief duration. Scarcely had Charles quitted Carlisle than the Duke of Cumberland appeared before its walls. The town was immediately invested. On the Scotch side was posted Major-General Bland, with a regiment of dragoons and 300 infantry, with strict orders not to allow any passing or repassing the bridge over the Eden. In the suburbs of the English gate stood Major Adams with 200 foot to prevent the garrison from escaping. At the Irish gate was Major Merac with 200 men. Sir Andrew Agnew, with some 300 foot, guarded the Sally Porte. Whilst at a distance of a couple of miles from the town all the cavalry and footguards were cantoned. These precautions taken, the Duke bided his time until the arrival of the cannon he had ordered from Whitehaven allowed him to play against the walls.[1]

His Royal Highness had hoped in a couple of days' time to commence operations, but it was not till the 28th inst. that the artillery arrived. At once they 'began to batter the 4-gun battery with six 18-pounders,' writes the Duke, 'and the artillery officers hope to have a breach fit to give the assault tomorrow night.'[2] During the night of the 29th the artillery were employed in raising a new battery of three 18-pounders, which was completed early the following morning. 'But on the first platoon of the old battery being fired,' continues his Royal Highness, 'the rebels hung out the white flag, on which our battery ceased, and they called over the walls to let us know that they had two hostages ready to be delivered at the English gate.'[3]

The Duke now despatched his aide-de-camp, Colonel Conway, to inquire what was the meaning of the white flag, and to inform the town that he would make no exchange of hostages with rebels. In reply the garrison said they wished to capitulate, and begged to know upon what terms his Royal Highness would receive their submission. Colonel Conway was ordered to give the following answer:—'All the terms his Royal Highness will or can grant to the rebel garrison of Carlisle are that they shall not be put to the sword, but be reserved for the king's pleasure. If they consent to these conditions the governor's principal officers are to deliver themselves up immediately, and the castle, citadel, and all the gates of the town

[1] State Papers, Domestic, Cumberland to Newcastle, Dec. 22, 1745.
[2] State Papers, Domestic, Dec. 28, 1745. [3] *Ibid.* Dec. 30, 1745.

are to be taken possession forthwith by the King's troops. All the small arms are to be lodged in the town guard-room, and the rest of the garrison are to retire to the cathedral, where a guard is to be placed over them. No damage is to be done to the artillery, arms, or ammunition.'[1] The garrison having agreed to these terms, General Bligh was ordered to take possession of the town with a large body of infantry, whilst a troop of cavalry patrolled the streets. Shortly afterwards, the Duke, accompanied by his staff, rode into Carlisle. 'I wish,' writes his Royal Highness, with the promptings of his kindly nature, 'I could have blooded the soldiers with these villains, but it would have cost us many a brave man, and it comes to the same end, as they have no sort of claim to the King's mercy, and I sincerely hope will meet with none.'[2] His hopes were not disappointed. Of the eighteen officers who served in the Manchester regiment, seventeen were condemned to death.

Meanwhile Charles had been pushing on into Scotland. After crossing the Esk, swollen by the winter floods, and where in mid-river the Prince managed to save the life of one of his followers, who was being carried down the stream, the Highland army divided into three bodies. The first, consisting of the clans, marched with the Prince to Annan. Lord George Murray was ordered to Ecclefechan with the Lowland regiment and the Athole Brigade. Whilst Lord Elcho, with the cavalry, was sent to Dumfries, where he was shortly afterwards joined by Charles. As this town had always been noted for its attachment to the House of Hanover, and had been more than ordinarily active against the Prince, it was now to feel his resentment. The inhabitants were ordered to contribute 2,000*l.* in money, to supply 1,000 pair of shoes, to give free quarters to every man in the army, and to surrender into the hands of appointed agents all their arms, public and private, all their saddlery and every horse that the place possessed. Of this contribution some 1,100*l.* was paid, and until the balance was settled the Provost and another gentleman were taken off as hostages.[3] 'The Lowlanders,' says Mr. Robert Chambers,[4] 'were often highly amused by the demands

[1] State Papers, Domestic, Dec. 30, 1745. Smollett says that there was a *sort* of a capitulation entered into for the surrender of Carlisle, and that its terms were not honourably observed by the victorious party. The Duke, however, carefully pledged himself to nothing beyond not putting the garrison to the sword.

[2] *Ibid.*

[3] State Papers, Scotland. Provost Bell to Newcastle, Dec. 24, 1745.

[4] *History*, vol. ii. p. 307.

of their Highland guests, or rather by the uncouth, broken language in which these demands were preferred. It is still told by the aged people of Dumfries as a good joke that they would come into houses and ask for 'a pread, a putter, and a sheese, till *something petter pe ready.*' It is remembered in another part of the country that some of them gave out their orders to the mistress of the house for a morning meal, in the following language :—'You'll put down a pread matam—and a putter matam—and a sheese matam—and a tea matam—shentleman's preakfast matam—and you'll give her a shilling to carry her to the neisht town, matam!'

From Dumfries the Highland army proceeded by various routes to Glasgow, marking their way by numerous acts of violence and pillage. Like Dumfries, Glasgow had given strong proof of its hostility to the cause of Charles, and the requisitions were proportionately heavy. The magistrates were ordered to furnish the little army, now dwindled to some 3,600 foot and 500 horse, with 1,200 shirts, 6,000 short coats, 6,000 pairs of shoes, 6,000 bonnets, and 6,000 pairs of stockings. This demand, added to the requisition in September last, amounted to a sum equal to 10,000*l.* When peace was restored, Glasgow claimed compensation for the levies upon its purse, and in 1749 Parliament granted 10,000*l.* as a reimbursement in full.

Arrived at Glasgow, Charles now carefully examined his position. Since his departure for England, various clans had risen in his favour. The arrival of Lord John Drummond at Montrose with the Royal Scots and French piquets the previous month had greatly animated the drooping spirits of the Prince's followers in the North. The Lord Justice Clerk was anything but cheered by the landing of these new supporters of the Stuart cause. He wrote dolefully to Whitehall[1] that the number of the rebels was 'daily increasing,' that they were busy bringing their cannon from Montrose to Perth, that they threatened to cross the Forth, and that he was confident that by the help of their French engineers they would be able to take Edinburgh and Stirling Castles. 'If we do not get timely help or support,' he says, 'it is no ways impracticable. The two regiments of foot (which had been sent from Berwick to Edinburgh under General Handasyd) are reduced by sickness, and have not 900 effective men. The spirit of the country to resist the rebels, and prevent their crossing the Forth, is very

[1] State Papers, Scotland, Dec. 9, 1745.

strong, and I really hope that before the rebels be able to bring all their cannon to Stirling, about 3,000 good Whigs may be brought to support the King's troops at Stirling; about the half of that number will be able to maintain themselves, or will be maintained by subscription, and 'tis hoped the King will give directions to General Guest to pay those who cannot maintain themselves. . . . Should this be refused, it will confirm a rumour industriously spread here, always thrown in our teeth, that the Government does not desire or encourage any assistance from private persons; and even delays in this case will be taken as a disapprobation, and throw a damp on those who contribute or go on their own expense.' In his reply, the Duke of Newcastle fully approved of the measures proposed by the Lord Justice Clerk, and said that a number of regular troops would be speedily sent to Scotland, which he hoped would be sufficient to put an end to the unnatural rebellion.'[1]

Such additional aid was now necessary. Lord Lewis Gordon had been busy in Banff and Aberdeen raising men and levying money. Lord Strathallan was at Perth in command of a considerable Highland reinforcement. The Frasers, the Mackenzies, the Macintoshes, and the Farquharsons had added themselves to the number of the Prince's followers. In all, some 4,000 men were now ready to swell the diminished ranks of the little army which had just marched out of England. By the union of these additional forces, the Prince found himself in possession of nearly 9,000 men, the largest number he had as yet had under his command. With these troops Charles resolved to undertake the siege of Stirling Castle. He quitted Glasgow on January 3, and fixed his headquarters the following day at Bannockburn House, the seat of Sir Hugh Paterson, whilst his troops occupied St Ninians and other villages in the neighbourhood.

But what threatened to be a grave dissension in the camp now arose. The Prince, true to the resolution he had formed after the retreat from Derby, refused to take any one, save Murray of Broughton and Sir Thomas Sheridan, into his counsel. He formed his own plans for future action, and paid scant heed to the advice of those around him. Naturally mortified at their exclusion from the royal confidence, the chieftains, who were risking all for the Stuart cause, and who felt that their opinions ought not to continue thus supremely ignored, met together, and debated the matter. Lord George

[1] State Papers, Scotland, Dec. 9, 1745.

Murray as usual took the lead in the discussion, and proposed that they should represent to the Prince how keenly they regarded the slight passed upon them, and beg him, instead of ruling the details of warfare by his mere personal control, to appoint a committee of officers to decide by the votes of the majority what operations were to be carried on, and what neglected. The suggestion was unanimously adopted. After a brief discussion, a memorial was drawn up, and placed in the hands of the Prince. In this document Charles was asked to summon a Council of War, composed of a committee chosen by commanders, to decide on all the operations of war by a majority of votes. 'Had not a Council,' said the memorial, 'determined the retreat from Derby, what a catastrophe might have followed in two or three days? Had a Council of War been held when the army came to Lancaster, a day (which at that time was so precious) had not been lost. Had a Council of War been consulted as to the leaving a garrison at Carlisle, it would never have been agreed to, the place not being tenable, and so many brave men would not have been sacrificed, besides the reputation of his Royal Highness's arms.' The Prince was also desired to place discretionary power during an engagement in those who commanded, 'as it was the method of all armies.' The memorial concluded by hinting that the force of the Prince was one of volunteers, and not of mercenaries.[1]

Charles returned the following answer [2] :—

'When I came into Scotland I knew well enough what I was to expect from my enemies, but I little foresaw what I met with from my friends. I came vested with all the authority the king could give me, one chief part of which is the command of his armies, and now I am required to give this up to fifteen or sixteen persons, who may afterwards depute five or seven of their own number to exercise it for fear if they were six or eight, that I might myself pretend to be the casting vote. By the majority of these all things are to be determined, and nothing left to me but the honour of being present at their debates. This I am told is the method of all armies, and this I flatly deny; nor do I believe it to be the method of any one army in the world. I am often hit in the teeth, that this is an army of volunteers, and consequently very different from one composed of mercenaries. What one would naturally expect

[1] State Papers, Domestic, 1746, No. 93. Account of papers transmitted by Sir E. Fawkener. State Papers, Domestic, May 10, 1746, No. 83.

[2] State Papers, Domestic, Jan. 7, 1746, No. 93.

from an army whose chief officers consist of gentlemen of rank and fortune, and who came into it merely upon motives of duty and honour, is more zeal, more resolution, and more good manners, than in those that fight merely for pay. But it can be no army at all where there is no general, or what is the same thing, no obedience or deference paid to him.

'Every one knew before he engaged in this cause,' continues Charles, his temper getting the better of his generosity, 'what he was to expect in case it miscarried, and should have stayed at home if he could not face death in any shape. But can I myself hope for better usage? At least I am the only person upon whose head a price has been already set, and therefore, I cannot indeed threaten at every other word to throw down my arms and make my peace with the government. I think I show every day this, I do not pretend to act without taking advice, and yours (that of Lord George) oftener than anybody's else; which I shall still continue to do, and you know that upon more occasions than one, I have given up my own opinion to that of others. I stayed indeed a day at Lancaster without calling a Council of War, but you yourself proposed to stay another. But I wonder much to see myself reproached with the loss of Carlisle. Was there a possibility of carrying off the cannon and baggage, or was there time to destroy them? And would not the doing it have been a greater dishonour to our arms? After all, did not you, yourself, instead of proposing to abandon it, offer to stay with the Athole Brigade to defend it?

'I have insensibly made my answer much longer than I intended, and might yet add much more, but I choose to cut it short, and shall only tell you that my authority may be taken from me by violence, but I shall never resign it like an idiot.' After the receipt of this letter the matter dropped for a time.

Meanwhile, reinforcements mentioned by the Duke of Newcastle in his despatch to the Lord Justice Clerk had entered Scotland. As the rebels were now flying before the regular troops, the King considered that there was no further necessity for the Duke of Cumberland to be in command, and desired his presence in London. The rumours of a French invasion had been revived, and the public mind refused to be at rest until the Duke was recalled from the north to guard the southern coast. Accordingly, immediately after the surrender of Carlisle, his Royal Highness returned to town. Marshal Wade too, on the ground of old age, had taken the opportunity of

asking to be released from further military service, and as he had failed in everything he had undertaken, and was never at hand when required, his request was granted.

Able service as the Marshal had rendered to his country in former years, it is difficult to point to a single fact in the history of his command on this occasion which reflects credit on him. He was outwitted by the march of the rebels to Kelso, and failed to relieve Carlisle when a little more activity on his part would have made all the difference to the town between surrender and victory. He failed to prevent the rebels marching into England, which was the chief object of the organisation of his army. He failed to cut off the retreat of the rebels on their return to Scotland. He failed to be of service to the Duke at the exact time when his services would have been most precious. In his frequent despatches, among the State papers, he is always grumbling and finding fault. Now it is that the forced marches are fatiguing the men; or that the troops are in want of forage, straw, and shoes; or that he cannot march at the time needed because the artillery have not come up; or that he is expecting cavalry; and similar excuses which the incompetent love to urge when extenuating their incapacity. Sir Everard Fawkener said truly, when he wrote to the Duke of Newcastle, that the march of the rebels to Derby, and their return unmolested to their own country, were 'a disgrace to the English nation.' For this disgrace the blunders and inactivity of Marshal Wade are not a little to blame.

To serve in the stead of Wade and to take command of the army in Scotland, the Duke of Cumberland now recommended General Hawley.

'I must give you some idea of this man, who will give a mortal blow to the pride of the Scotch nobility,' writes Horace Walpole concerning the new commander.[1] 'He is called *Lord Chief Justice*: frequent and sudden executions are his passion. Last winter he had intelligence of a spy to come from the French army; the first notice our army had of his arrival was by seeing him dangle on a gallows in his muff and boots. One of the surgeons of the army begged the body of a soldier, who was hanged for desertion, to dissect. "Well," said Hawley, "but then you shall give me the skeleton to hang up in the guard room." He is very brave and able, with no small bias to the brutal.' On the whole he was a fitting forerunner to the conqueror of Culloden.

[1] *Letters*, vol. ii. p. 96.

On arriving at Edinburgh Hawley had been anxious to hasten at once to the relief of Stirling, but his promised ten battalions not having yet come up from Newcastle caused him a few days' delay. During this period of enforced inactivity he amused himself by ordering gibbets to be erected, as an indication of the fate which awaited those rebels who should fall into his hands. There was, however, no pressing need for his immediate departure.

Stirling Castle, secure in the rocky strength of its natural position, and in the gallantry of its stout defender, General Blakeney, defied all the engineering skill of the insurgents. The governor had been summoned to surrender, but sternly replied that he would act as a man of honour and show his foes that he was worthy of their respect. Trenches were now opened by the enemy before the fortress, but active hostilities had to be deferred until the arrival of cannon from Dunblane. The government authorities in Edinburgh were, however, keeping a vigilant eye on the tactics of the Highlanders, and determined to frustrate their designs. One, a collector Gossett, was ordered to take two sloops of war and 300 troops with transports from Leith, and sail up the Forth in order to prevent the enemy getting their guns across the river. On Wednesday, January 8, the spies had given out that the rebels were to be expected at Alloa with their cannon. Accordingly, Gossett hurried the shipping of his troops, and sailed with the intention of surprising the rebels that night. Unfortunately for him, contrary winds set in, and he did not reach Alloa until the next day.

Here he learnt that the enemy had got two of their cannon shipped on board, and intended to proceed early next morning across the river to a place called Fallin Pow, two miles above Alloa. To prevent this, shortly after nightfall, he despatched fifty of the troops, along with the same number of sailors, in an open boat, to lie between Alloa and Fallin Pow and intercept the vessel carrying the rebels' cannon. But batteries having been erected by the enemy at Elphinstone and Alloa, opened fire as the boat passed under cover of the guns, and did some little damage to the crew. Still, the proceedings of Gossett were so far successful that they alarmed the rebels, and prevented the vessel sailing with that night's tide for Fallin Pow.

As soon as day dawned Gossett had intended sailing up the Frith and forcing his way past the batteries; but, the wind still continuing unfavourable, he dared not execute his project

in so narrow a river. Changing his tactics, he resolved to land his troops at Kincardine, and march straight upon Alloa and there engage with the rebels, whose numbers, he was now assured by private information, did not exceed two hundred. No sooner, however, had he disembarked his men than intelligence was brought him that the enemy had just received a reinforcement of three hundred. Instantly he gave orders for the re-embarkation of his troops, and quitted Kincardine. The landing of his men had, however, so alarmed the rebels that they could find no time for shipping any more of their cannon, or for getting the two they had shipped to Fallin Pow.

Gossett, ignorant what course he should now pursue, remained inactive for the next few hours, and the rebels, availing themselves of his indecision, dismantled the battery at Alloa, and carried the guns by land two miles higher up, in order that they should be ready for transportation to Fallin Pow. Hearing of this, Gossett resolved to attack the remaining battery at Elphinstone, and after silencing its guns to proceed with the smaller vessels to the spot which the rebels had chosen for the ferrying over of their cannon. The wind proving favourable, he hauled up anchor and proceeded on his way. In less than two hours he had silenced two of the enemy's guns at Elphinstone; and the remaining two would have speedily been dismounted had not a cannon ball cut asunder the cable of one of the sloops of war, when she was forced by the strength of the tide to leave her position. The other sloop having her two pilots severely wounded, Gossett felt that he was obliged to quit the battery and give up the enterprise. Though not so successful as he had anticipated, he yet so harassed the enemy by his movements as to effectually prevent them from attacking the castle.[1]

On the departure of Gossett, Charles was hoping to concentrate all his efforts upon the reduction of Stirling, when a new and far more formidable foe engaged his attention. The ten battalions having arrived from Newcastle, Hawley, at the head of some eight or nine thousand men, marched from Edinburgh on January 13, to raise the siege of Stirling. Made aware of the approach of the English general, Charles left a thousand men to protect the trenches and continue the blockade of the Castle, and drew up his men on Bannockburn, a field of happy omen, as he said, to his arms, and awaited battle. The English regiments, which had marched from Edinburgh in two divisions,

[1] Statement of Gossett. State Papers, Scotland, Jan. 8–13, 1746.

had now united at Falkirk, and the rebels anticipated an immediate attack. But Hawley showed no signs of movement. His contempt for the Highland rabble was so supreme that he did not trouble himself about issuing any immediate orders, and even neglected sending out patrols.

The old impatience came back upon the Highlanders as hour after hour passed and still the enemy made no signs of advance. At last the chiefs resolved that as the English would not move forward to meet them, they would begin the aggressive themselves, and march to the attack. As no patrols from the enemy interfered with their movements, the rebels resolved to put the English upon a false scent. Lord John Drummond was ordered to advance upon the straight road leading from Stirling and Bannockburn towards Falkirk, with his own regiment, the Irish piquets, and all the cavalry. He was to carry the royal standard and other colours, and make a display in front of the ancient forest of Torwood, so as to let the English imagine that the whole force of the Highland army were advancing in that quarter. These orders were obeyed. Lord George Murray, shortly after the departure of Drummond, then crossed the river Carron, near Dunnipace, with the main army, and advanced to the southward of the high ground called Falkirk Muir, a rugged and ridgy upland, which lay on the westward to the left of Hawley's camp. It was not till well-nigh noon that General Huske, an able and honourable officer, who was second in command of the royal forces, descried the division of Lord John Drummond, which, as had been anticipated, attracted the exclusive attention of the English. The men were about to take their dinner, but the drums instantly beat to arms and the troops speedily formed in line in front of their camp. And now the division under Lord George was seen making for the heights. Upon this, murmurs broke forth from the ranks of 'What are we to do? where is the general? we have no orders!'

It so happened that on that very day—January 17—Hawley was a guest at Callender House, the seat of the fascinating Countess of Kilmarnock, whose husband was in the rebel army; and he had been so engrossed by the charms of his fair hostess as to forget the responsibilities of his position. The moment he was apprised of the situation of affairs he rushed out of the house without his hat, jumped into the saddle, and galloped to the camp. A brief survey taught him what tactics to employ. He ordered his three regiments of Dragoons, under Ligonier, to advance at full speed to the top of Falkirk Muir,

in order if possible to anticipate the arrival of the enemy, whilst the foot were to follow with fixed bayonets. It was now a race between the clans and the dragoons, which should first gain the top of the hill. So close was the struggle that, whilst the Highlanders were breasting the little eminence on one side, the dragoons were riding up it on the other. The first to attain the summit were the dragoons: they presented a formidable line of horse, and were under the impression that the foe still toiling up the hill would never dare encounter a charge from cavalry.

But the clans were not to be intimidated. They had formed into three lines on marching towards the Muir: in the first line the Macdonalds held the right and the Camerons the left; in the second line the Athole brigade had the right and Lord Lewis Gordon's Aberdeenshire men the left, whilst Lord Ogilvie's regiment held the centre; the third line was composed of cavalry and the Irish piquets. Lord John Drummond, as soon as he saw that the enemy had taken the alarm, had desisted from his feint and rejoined the main body of his countrymen, falling in with the third line. In this manner they marched to the attack. The dragoons on the crest of the hill soon saw that their foe beneath them meant battle, and they were ordered to prepare to charge. With their swinging, uneven, but terribly swift step, the clans poured up the hill-side. A short distance intervened between them and the dragoons, when the word of command was given to the latter to charge. At full trot, with sabres drawn, and threatening annihilation, the cavalry bore down upon the Highlanders. With a coolness which would have done credit to a picked regiment, the clans halted, massed themselves together in close order, but reserved their fire till not ten yards separated them from the foe. Then at the word 'Fire' they gave a general discharge, with such promptness and effect that the dragoons were completely broken. A few tried to cleave their way through the Macdonalds and the Camerons, but perished in the attempt beneath the dirks and the pistols of the Athole brigade and the Aberdeenshire men. The greater number put spurs into their horses and fled along the front of the Highland line, running the gauntlet of so terrible a fire that many a saddle was emptied.

A violent storm of wind and rain, which blew straight in the face of the royal troops, had now come on, and not a little disconcerted the tactics of both Hanoverian and Jacobite.

With that wildness which discipline could never tame, and which became almost maniacal at the first taste of victory, several of the clans, headed by the Macdonalds, rushed sword in hand upon the English. Hawley had drawn up his infantry into two lines, with the Argyle militia and the Glasgow reserve in the rear. He himself commanded in the centre, and Huske on the right. Throwing their muskets on the ground, as was their custom before charging, the Highlanders dashed upon the right and centre of Hawley's foot, broke their ranks, and put them to flight.

But on the extreme right of the royal army, the clans, which formed the Prince's left, were not so successful. Protected by a ravine in their front, three English regiments, Price's, Ligonier's, and Burrel's, bravely held their own against all the efforts of the Highlanders. The clans, prevented by the ravine from attacking sword in hand, had neither the arms nor the ammunition to sustain a prolonged struggle. Their charge, it was true, was terrible, so terrible that the best troops of Europe would with difficulty sustain its first shock; but, where the charge was impossible, their mode of warfare was not dangerous. Behind the bank of the ravine the English shot down man after man, and the Highlanders were meditating retreat when Cobham's dragoons, which had since rallied in the rear of the three regiments, dashed into the discouraged clans and forced many of them to fly for their lives.

The battle was now in a strange condition. 'Both armies,' writes Home, 'were in flight at the same time.' With the exception of the three regiments above mentioned, Hawley's cavalry and infantry were routed and put to confusion, whilst those of the Highlanders who had been attacking in vain, fled, believing that the day was lost and that victory remained with the English. But the advantage rested with the Highlanders. Taking up his position on a slight elevation, known as Charlie's Hill, Charles, seeing his left wing thrown into disorder by the three regiments, advanced with his second line and forced the English that still resisted to quit the field. Unlike their comrades, who had fled to Falkirk in the utmost confusion, the three regiments retreated in good order, with drums beating and colours flying.

'Some individuals,' says Mr. Chambers,[1] 'who beheld the battle from the steeple at Falkirk, used to describe its main events as occupying a surprising brief space of time. They first

[1] *Hist. of the Rebellion*, p. 66.

saw the English army enter the misty and storm-covered moor at the top of the hill: then saw the dull atmosphere thickened by a fast rolling smoke, and heard the pealing sounds of the discharge: immediately after they saw the discomfited troops burst wildly from the cloud in which they had been involved and rush in far-spread disorder over the face of the hill. From the commencement till what they styled "the *break* of the battle," there did not intervene more than ten minutes—so soon may an efficient body of men become, by one transient emotion of cowardice, a feeble and contemptible rabble.'

The loss for so short a struggle was severe. On the side of the English, inclusive of killed, wounded, and missing, it amounted to twenty officers and between four and five hundred privates. The Highlanders had thirty-two officers and men slain in action, and one hundred and twenty wounded.

'After an easy victory,' writes Sheridan in his account of the battle transmitted to the kings of France and Spain, 'we remained masters of the field of battle; but as it was near five o'clock before it ended, and as it required time for the Highlanders to recover their muskets, rejoin their colours, and form again in order, it was quite night before we could follow the fugitives. The Prince, who at the beginning of the action had been conjured for the love of his troops not to expose himself, was in the second line of the piquets; but as soon as the left wing was thrown into some disorder, he flew to their relief with an ardour that was not to be restrained. In the disposition of his troops he followed the advice of Lord George Murray, who commanded the right wing, and fought on foot during the whole action at the head of his Highlanders. Lord John Drummond commanded the left, and distinguished himself extremely.'

Quartering his disordered troops in the palace of Linlithgow, whither he had hastily fled after burning his tents at Falkirk, Hawley wrote the following letter to the Duke of Cumberland [1]:—

'LINLITHGOW, *Jan.* 17, 1746.

'Sir,—My heart is broke. I can't say we are quite beat to-day, but our left is beat, and their left is beat. We had enough to beat them, for we had 2,000 men more than they. But such scandalous cowardice I never saw before. The whole second line of foot ran away without firing a shot. Three squadrons did well; the others as usual. The dragoons

[1] State Papers, Scotland.

were all on the left. I was beat with them, the brigade upon the left of the first line, and all the second line, and the Glasgow Regiment, &c., which made an elbow or *coude* for show. Major-General Huske's people beat their left wing and made a handsome retreat with two squadrons of Cobham's dragoons. But at the very beginning all the horses of the artillery ran away. They pushed upon their right to slip between us and Edinburgh, by trying to gain our right flank. And as after the affair was over, and all the country assured me they were making for Edinburgh to cut us, when we came back to our camp and struck all the tents we had horses left to load, I retreated at night hither. I got off but three cannon of the ten. By guess I think there was not above one thousand shots fired on each side. . . . I must say one thing, that every officer did his duty, and what was in the power of man to do in trying to stop and rally the men; and they led them on with as good a countenance till a halloo began, before a single shot was fired, and at 500 yards distance. Then I own I began to give it over.

'I only beg leave to acquaint your Royal Highness that we were neither surprised nor attacked. We met them half way, and rather attacked them though they were still in motion.

'Pardon me, Sir, that you have no more this time from

'The most unhappy, but most faithful,

'And most dutiful, your Royal Highness has,

'H. HAWLEY.'

The following day Hawley retreated to Edinburgh with his forces in a sad state of disorder and dejection. Shortly after his arrival he sent for the chief members of the committee which had pretended to supply him and his predecessor with information, and vented the spite of defeat upon the inaccuracy of their intelligence.

'Gentlemen,' he said harshly,[1] 'you pretend to have an extraordinary zeal for his Majesty's service, and seem to be very assiduous in promoting it; but let me tell you, that you have either mistaken your own measures or have been betraying his cause. How often have you represented the Highland army, and the multitude of noblemen and gentlemen who have joined them from the Low country with their followers, as a despicable pack of herds, and a contemptible mob of men of desperate

[1] 'A few passages showing the sentiments of the Prince of Hesse and General Hawley.' A pamphlet. State Papers, Scotland, 1746, No. 35.

fortunes? How have you in your repeated advices disguised and lessened the numbers and strength of his Majesty's enemies in your rebellious country? And how often have you falsely magnified and increased the power and numbers of his friends? These things you had the hardiness to misrepresent to some of the Ministers of State, and to several generals in the army. If the Government had not relied on the truth of your advices, it had been an easy matter to have crushed this insurrection and rebellion in the bud. If your information had not been unluckily believed, that most part of the Highlanders had run home with their booty after the battle of Gladsmuir, and that they who remained had absolutely refused to march into England, what would have hindered the King to have sent down a few troops from England to assist his forces in Scotland, to have at once dispersed and destroyed them? But you, out of your views or vanity, made him and his ministry believe, that you were able to do it yourselves. And what are the consequences of your fine politics and intelligence? The rebels have got time to draw to such a head, as obliged the King to withdraw more than 10,000 of his own troops from the assistance of his allies abroad, and as many auxiliaries from Holland and Hesse, to defend his own person and dominions at home.

'As to your diminishing their numbers, and ridiculing their discipline. You see and I feel the effect of it. I never saw any troops fire in platoons more regularly, make their motions and evolutions quicker, or attack with more bravery, or in better order than those Highlanders did at the battle of Falkirk. And these are the very men that you represented as a parcel of raw and undisciplined vagabonds. No Jacobite could have contrived more hurt to the King's faithful friends, or done more service to his inveterate enemies. Gentlemen, I tell you plainly that these things which I am now blaming you for, I am to represent to the Court, that as far as in me lies, it may be put out of your power to abuse it for the future. I desire no answer, nor will I receive any. If you have anything to offer in your own defence or justification, do it above or publish it here. It will not offend me. In the mean time I will deal with you with that openness and honour which become one of my station and character. I will send to you in writing what I have now delivered by word of mouth, that you may make any use of it that you shall judge proper, for your own advantage and exculpation. Farewell.'

In addition to thus rating the heads of the Intelligence Department, Hawley consoled himself for the bitterness of his disappointment by using the gallows he had erected for the punishment of the rebels to hang those soldiers who had grossly misbehaved themselves in the late action. So wholesale were his executions that even the Duke of Cumberland, on his arrival at Edinburgh, thought it wise to interfere, and saved the lives of many who had thus been sentenced to death.

When the news of the battle of Falkirk reached London the greatest consternation prevailed. A Drawing Room was being held the same day at St. James's, and every countenance was marked with doubt and apprehension save that of Sir John Cope, who was delighted to have at last a partner in misfortune. It was felt that after this crushing defeat the only person who could restore confidence to the nation and reanimate the army was the Duke of Cumberland. His Royal Highness was, therefore, appointed forthwith Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in Scotland, and urgently requested to proceed *at once* north.

'His Majesty thinking his Royal Highness' presence in Scotland,' writes the Duke of Newcastle to Hawley,[1] 'might be of great use to animate and encourage the troops, and to keep up the spirits of the people in that part of the kingdom, the King has been pleased to direct his Royal Highness to go to Scotland. The Duke will accordingly set out this evening for Edinburgh, and will probably be with you soon after you receive this letter. But I am expressly ordered by his Majesty,' adds his Grace, with that official consideration which conveys censure, 'to assure you that it does not proceed from any disapprobation of your zeal and abilities for his service, with which the King is perfectly satisfied. And though during his Royal Highness' stay in Scotland you will follow his orders and directions, your commission still subsists, and his Majesty does not mean in any other way to lessen or diminish your authority. And I am persuaded you will think yourself extremely happy to be under his Royal Highness' command, who has a very particular regard for you.' In spite of this 'particular regard,' the Duke of Cumberland, when discussing the defeat at Falkirk with Lord Marchmont, laid the whole blame of the affair on Hawley's want of discipline, and said had he been there 'he would have attacked the rebels with the men that Hawley had left.'[2]

[1] State Papers, Scotland, Jan. 24, 1746.
[2] Lord Marchmont's Diary. Jan. 23, 1746.

Travelling night and day, his Royal Highness arrived at Holyrood on the morning of January 30, and retired to rest in the same apartments which Charles had but a few weeks ago occupied.

CHAPTER X.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

Thy sympathising complaisance
Made thee believe intriguing France;
But wo is me for thy mischance,
That saddens every true heart!

That mushroom thing, called Cumberland,
Has lately pass'd the Forth, Sir.

THE victory of Falkirk, in spite of the apprehensions it created at St. James's, resulted in no substantial advantage to the Jacobite cause. Hardly had the smoke over the battle-field cleared away than angry discussions arose among the Highland officers. Why, it was asked, had not the enemy been pursued and utterly destroyed? Lord George Murray laid the blame upon Lord John Drummond, who had not, he said, supported as he ought to have done the operations of the right wing; whilst Lord John, in retaliation, inveighed against Lord George for not having consented, after the repulse of the dragoons, to a simultaneous attack by both wings on the enemy's infantry. The discussion was taken up by the ranks, and the men murmured at the opportunities their commanders incessantly made them throw away. They recapitulated the events of the campaign, and passed their opinions freely on their officers. 'At Prestonpans,' they murmured, 'they could have annihilated their foe, but there they were prevented by the humanity of their Prince, as if warfare had anything to do with humanity! They march into England—their advance one uninterrupted progress—and then when the road to London is clear before them, and everything appears most favourable to their cause, they are ordered without either rhyme or reason to beat a retreat. Why should they have retreated? Whenever they met the enemy they had gained the day—they made him slink away at the Corryarrack, they took Edinburgh, they beat Johnnie Cope in five minutes, they made Carlisle hang out the white flag, they deceived Wade, and they stole three days' march upon the Duke of Cumberland

—was this a foe to be feared, and before whom they should retreat without having a chance given them of battle? It was shameful. Then, at Clifton, they had again come off victorious, but they were stopped from pursuing the enemy over the moor, whilst the Prince refused to send them reinforcements to complete their victory. Why were they always being hampered when they should be encouraged? And then at Falkirk, when they could have utterly routed the enemy and recaptured Edinburgh, they again, by the irresolution and ignorance of their leaders, had lost their opportunity. What was the good of fighting if they were always to be victorious and yet only gain barren laurels? They had better make what booty they could and escape over the hills to their homes!'

Not a few carried this last suggestion into execution. On the night that succeeded the battle, though the storm of wind and rain which had been raging all day still continued, troops of Highlanders were scattered over the field, plundering the camp and stripping the dead. So thoroughly did they perform their work that a citizen of Falkirk, surveying the slain from a distance, used to say that he could only compare them to a large flock of white sheep at rest on the face of the hill. Laden with 'plunter,' hundreds, nay thousands, of the Highlanders made off to their mountains, and thus reduced the army of the Prince to a comparative skeleton.

Still with this faithful remnant Charles resolved to resume the siege of Stirling Castle, considering it a disgrace to his arms to relinquish any enterprise that he had once begun. The consequence of this imprudent step was to leave his enemies full leisure to recover from their recent defeat. The siege, too, was badly conducted. Mirabelle, the French engineer, who had arrived with Lord John Drummond, failed to justify the confidence reposed in him. Opening his trenches on a hill to the north of the Castle where there was not fifteen inches depth of earth above the solid rock, he was forced to supply this want of soil with bags of wool and sacks of earth, that had to be brought from a distance. So exposed were the trenches that the Prince lost as many as twenty-five men in a day. The batteries, also, from their open situation, were soon silenced by the superior fire of the Castle. Thus it was not long before the Highlanders, growing weary of a service for which they were unfit, refused to go into the trenches or man the batteries. At last the operations of the siege had to be intrusted to the piquets of the Irish brigade, and to the regi-

ment brought by Lord John from France. Provisions now were scarce, and fresh supplies not to be obtained without difficulty; daily the siege became more distasteful to the troops engaged in it.

Thus two weeks, invaluable to the enemy, valueless to Charles, passed away. Guided by the advice of his favourite counsellors, John Murray of Broughton, Sir Thomas Sheridan, and the Quartermaster-General, the Prince still persevered in his operations against the Castle. But the other chieftains and officers, mortified at the continuance of their exclusion from the royal councils, and still more irritated at the slow and doubtful progress of the siege, met again together, and considered the matter. The result of their deliberations was that, at the instigation of Lord George Murray, a second paper was drawn up addressed to the Prince, strongly recommending the raising of the siege and a retreat to the north. Lord George forwarded the memorial to Sheridan, begging him to lay it before Charles. 'We are sensible,' he writes,[1] 'it will be unpleasant, but in the name of God what can we do? Whatever his Royal Highness determines, let the thing be kept secret as possible, and none consulted but men of prudence and probity.'

The document was laid before Charles. It ran as follows:—

'We think it our duty in this critical juncture to lay our opinions in the most respectful manner before your Royal Highness. We are certain that a vast number of the soldiers of your Royal Highness's army are gone home since the battle of Falkirk; and, notwithstanding all the endeavours of the commanders of the different corps, they find that this evil is increasing hourly, and not in their power to prevent; and, as we are afraid Stirling Castle cannot be taken so soon as was expected, if the enemy should march before it fall into your Royal Highness's hands, we can foresee nothing but utter destruction to the few that will remain, considering the inequality of our numbers to that of the enemy. For these reasons we are humbly of opinion, that there is no way to extricate the army out of the most imminent danger, but by retiring immediately to the Highlands, where we can be usefully employed, the remainder of the winter, by taking and

[1] Account of papers transmitted by Sir E. Fawkener to Duke of Newcastle, May 10, 1746. State Papers, Domestic, No. 83. For copies of these papers see No. 93.

mastering the forts of the north, and we are morally sure we can keep as many men together as will answer that end, and hinder the enemy from following us into the mountains at this season of the year; and in spring we doubt not but an army of ten thousand effective Highlanders can be brought together to follow your Royal Highness wherever you think proper. This will certainly disconcert your enemies, and cannot but be approved by your Royal Highness's friends, both at home and abroad. If a landing should happen in the meantime, the Highlanders would immediately rise, either to join them or to make a powerful diversion elsewhere. The hard marches which your army has undergone, the winter season, and now the inclemency of the weather, cannot fail of making this measure approved of by your Royal Highness's allies abroad, as well as your faithful adherents at home. The greatest difficulty that occurs to us is the saving of the artillery, particularly the heavy cannon; but better some of these were thrown into the river Forth, than that your Royal Highness, besides the danger of your own person, should risk the flower of your army, which we apprehend must inevitably be the case, if this retreat be not agreed to and gone about, without the loss of one moment; and we think that it would be the greatest imprudence to risk the whole on so unequal a chance, when there are such hopes of succour from abroad, besides the resources your Royal Highness will have from your faithful and dutiful followers at home. It is but just now we are apprised of the numbers of our own people that are gone off, besides the many sick that are in no condition to fight. And we offer this our opinion with the more freedom, that we are persuaded that your Royal Highness can never doubt of the uprightness of our intentions.'[1]

The receipt of this resolution fell upon Charles like a thunder-clap. Only the day before he and Lord George Murray had been discussing a plan of the battle that must ensue when the Duke of Cumberland came up. Not a word had been then said about a retreat. He scarcely knew whether to feel indignation or astonishment the most as he re-read the paper. 'Good God!' he cried, 'have I lived to see this?' With feelings not to be envied he sat down and wrote the following answer[2]:—

[1] *Home's History*, Appendix, No. 39.

[2] State Papers, Domestic, 1746, No. 93. Papers alluded to by Sir E. Fawkener, No. 83.

'BANNOCKBURN, *Jan.* 30, 1746.

'Gentlemen,—I have received yours of last night and am extremely surprised at the contents of it, which I little expected from you this time. Is it possible that a victory and a defeat should produce the same effect, and that the conquerors should fly from an engagement whilst the conquered are seeking it? Should we make the retreat you propose how much more will that raise the spirits of our enemies and sink those of our own people? Can we imagine that where we go the enemy will not follow and at last oblige us to a battle which we now decline? Can we hope to defend ourselves at Perth or keep our men together there better than we do here? We must therefore continue our flight to the mountains and soon find ourselves in a worse condition than we were in at Glenfinnan. What opinion will the French and Spaniards then have of us, or what encouragement will it be to the former to make the descent they have been so long preparing, or the latter send us any more succours? I am persuaded that if the descent be not made before this piece of news reaches them they will lay aside all thoughts of it, cast all the blame upon us, and say it was in vain to send succours to those who dare not stay to receive them. Will they send us any more artillery to be lost or nailed up? But what will become of our Lowland friends? Shall we persuade them to retire with us to the mountains, or shall we abandon them to the fury of our merciless enemies? What an encouragement will this be to them or others to rise in our favour, should we, as you seem to hope, ever think ourselves in a condition to pay them a second visit? But besides, what urges us to this precipitate resolution is, as I apprehend, the daily threats of the enemy to come and attack us, and if they should do it within two or three days our retreat will become impracticable. For my own part I must say that it is with the greatest reluctance that I can bring myself to consent to such a step, but having told you my thoughts upon it I am too sensible of what you have already ventured and done for me not to yield to your unanimous resolution if you persist in it. However, I must insist on the conditions which Sir Thomas Sheridan, the bearer of this, has my orders to propose to you.[1] I desire you would talk the

[1] These conditions were that the memorial should be signed by the Master of Lovat and Ardshiel [it had been signed by Lord Geo. Murray, Lochiel, Keppoch, Clanranald, Lochgarry, Scothouse, &c.] that all should declare that they would appear again in arms with a more formidable army, that they

matter over with him, and give entire credit to what he shall say to you—in my name.

'Your assured friend,

'CHARLES.'

In spite of this remonstrance, the chiefs still adhered to their resolution, and Charles, fully conscious of the position he occupied, felt that he had no alternative but to acquiesce in their decision. 'He washed his hands of the fatal consequence such a step would be attended with,' he said, and took the trouble to repeat his views a second time in a letter to a friend of his in the camp.

'I doubt not,' he writes to this nameless friend,[1] 'but you have been informed by Cluny and Keppoch of what passed last night, and heard great complaints of my despotic temper. I therefore think it necessary to explain myself more fully to you. I cannot see anything but ruin and destruction to us all in case we should think of a retreat. Wherever we go the enemy will follow, and if we now appear afraid of them, their spirits will rise, and those of our own men sink very low. I cannot conceive but we can be as well and much more safely quartered in and about Falkirk than here. We have already tried it for several days together, and though the men were ordered to be every day in the field of battle early, you know it was always near noon before they could be assembled. Had the enemy come upon us early in the morning, what would have become of us? And shall we again wilfully put ourselves in the same risk? Believe me, the nearer we come to the Forth the greater the desertion will prove. But this is not the worst of it; I have reason to apprehend that when we are once there, it will be proposed to cross the Forth itself, in which case we shall be utterly undone, and lose all the fruits of the success Providence has hitherto granted us. Stirling will be retaken in fewer days than we have spent in taking it, and prove a second Carlisle, for it will be impossible to carry off our cannon, &c. In fine, why we should be so much afraid now of an enemy that we attacked and beat not a fortnight ago, when they were much more numerous, I cannot conceive. Has the loss of so many officers and men killed and wounded,

should sign a paper to satisfy the Courts of France and Spain that the retreat did not proceed from necessity, and that Lochiel and Cluny should visit the Prince in the evening. Papers alluded to by Sir E. Fawkener. State Papers, Domestic, No. 83.

[1] State Papers, Domestic, Jan. 1746-7, No. 93.

and the shame of their flight still hanging upon them, made them more formidable? I would have you consider all this, and represent it accordingly, but show my letter to no mortal. After all this I know I have an army that I cannot command any further than the chief officers please, and, therefore, if you are all resolved upon it, I must yield—but I take God to witness that it is with the greatest reluctance, and that I wash my hands of the fatal consequences which I foresee, but cannot help.'

Still the chieftains were inexorable. On February 1 the retreat commenced; the Highlanders taking the precaution of spiking their heavy cannon, and blowing up their powder magazine at St. Ninian's. This last operation was so ill executed that the explosion destroyed the neighbouring church; the destruction was purely accidental, but party spirit, perhaps not unnaturally, imputed it to deliberate design. What also gave a more venomous colouring to the account of this disaster was the fact that the loss of the church fell very heavily on the poor of St. Ninian's. It appears that some six hundred pounds had been collected in order to build an aisle 'joining to, and making part of the church of St. Ninian's, and by letting the seats in that aisle, a considerable annual sum was raised for the poor.' Thus by the destruction of the sacred edifice the poor lost a very important fund for their subsistence. On the conclusion of the rebellion, the King was asked to repair the loss at the cost of the Treasury.[1]

Resting the first night at Dunblane, the Highlanders marched the next day to Crieff. But all discipline seemed now at an end. The men did very much as they pleased, and the officers could not check their actions. Charles himself, in a fit of peevishness that did him little credit, marched sulkily along, and endeavoured to show that it was no longer to his orders that the army was amenable. More than once he neglected to give the word of command, and at other times countermanded the orders that his lieutenants had given, causing thereby much confusion and loss of baggage. At Crieff a council of war was called, when the officers began to reproach each other with having caused the retreat to be so disorderly. Charles, who had now partly recovered his temper, however, put an end to the recrimination by taking the whole blame of the matter upon himself. At this meeting it was resolved to divide the troops into two columns, one of which, under the command of

[1] State Papers, Scotland, Lord Justice Clerk to Newcastle, Mar. 20, 1747.

Charles, was to march to Inverness, whilst the other, under Lord George Murray, was to proceed by Perth, Dundee, Montrose, Aberdeen, and Peterhead to the same destination. So keenly did James feel the news of the retreat from Stirling that he became almost insensible, and went about, writes Walton, 'muttering to himself that he would henceforth be obliged to take other resolutions; what those resolutions were one does not know, whether to retire into a monastery, or to trust no longer in the faith of France one knows not.'[1]

The very day Charles had been forced to withdraw from Stirling, his pursuer, the Duke of Cumberland, marched from Edinburgh with an army consisting of fourteen battalions, the Argyleshire men, and the two regiments of Cobham and Mark Kerr's dragoons. At Falkirk the Duke despatched General Mordaunt with the dragoons and the Argyleshire men in pursuit of the foe, but in vain, 'for their precipitate flight,' says his Royal Highness, 'is not to be described; their own men say that they will not give us a chance of coming up with them.' Disappointed at this unexpected retreat of Charles, the Duke writes to the Secretary of State[2] that he had hoped 'that the rebels, flushed with their late success, would have given us an opportunity of finishing this affair at once, and which I am morally sure would have been in our favour, as the troops in general showed all the spirit that I could wish, and would have retrieved whatever slips are past; but, to my great astonishment, the rebels have blown up their powder magazine, and are retired over the Frith at Frew, leaving their cannon behind them and a number of sick and wounded. . . . When the rebels crossed the Forth their leaders told them to shift for themselves, which is the first order they have yet obeyed.'

After a brief halt at Crieff, where the Duke commanded Lady Perth, who was with her daughter at Drummond Castle, to write immediately to her husband to release all the officers and soldiers who were his prisoners under penalty of having the castle burnt at once about her ears,[3] the army marched on to Perth, which they reached on the afternoon of February 6. Here, owing to the difficulty of obtaining bread and stores, the Duke had to remain several days. But he was not inactive. He sent detachments to Dunkeld and Castle Menzies to harass the rebels. He wrote to Byng, who was cruising with the

[1] State Papers, Tuscany, Mar. 22, 1746.
[2] State Papers, Scotland, Feb. 1, 1746. [3] *Ibid.* Feb. 5.

'Gloucester' and twenty gun-boats off Montrose, to keep a sharp look-out that none of the foe escaped to France. He despatched a small body of infantry to Coupar and a regiment of dragoons to Dundee. He ordered Major-General Campbell, who had joined him on the 8th instant with a large force of Western Highlanders, to take every precaution to prevent any meat or sustenance getting into the disaffected districts of the Western Highlands. The Hessians, which had just arrived at Leith under Prince Frederick of Hesse Cassel, to take the place of the Dutch troops, were told to remain at Edinburgh to guard the southern counties. The Duke of Athole was sent to take possession of Blair, whilst Lord Glenorchy was despatched to guard the districts by the Western seas.[1]

In the execution of these measures the Duke was ably assisted by the Lord Justice Clerk. 'I cannot praise him sufficiently,' he writes: 'he is indefatigable in doing whatever may be expedient for the service of the troops.' His Royal Highness, however, complains of having to spend so much time at Perth in laying in provisions, and attributes the delay to the fact that the Scotch, seeing what an advantage it was to them to cater for so large an army, were loth to let the troops depart. 'The maintaining,' writes the Duke, 'such a lot of troops is a great local advantage, and far more than compensates for all the damage done by the rebels.'[2]

At last the commissariat department was fully provided, and bread supplied for twenty days. On February 20 the Duke put his troops in motion by four divisions for Aberdeen. The country quitted was, however, not left unprotected. The Scotch Fusiliers, under Colonel Colville, remained behind to protect Perth. Five hundred men, under the doughty Sir Andrew Agnew, were garrisoned in Blair Castle. Four hundred, under Captain Webster, were stationed at Castle Menzies to command Tay Bridge; whilst Major-General Campbell was ordered off to the west to aid Glenorchy. In informing the Government of these details, the Duke suggests that some short Act should be drawn up for the speedy punishment of the rebels, 'for as yet,' he writes, 'I have only taken up gentlemen, and yet all the jails are full, whilst the common people, whom I pick up every day, must remain unpunished for want of being able to try such a number, so that they will rebel again when any one comes to lead them.'[3]

[1] State Papers, Scotland. Duke of Cumberland's letters to Duke of Newcastle, Feb. 8–20, 1746. [2] *Ibid.* [3] *Ibid.* Feb. 20, 1746.

In the meantime Charles had arrived with his column in the neighbourhood of Inverness. His only enemy in the north was the small army which Lord Loudoun had raised by means of the Grants, Monros, Rosses, and other northern clans, with whom the Macdonalds of Skye and the Macleods had united. But their number was not sufficient to interfere with the progress of the Prince, whose troops spread through the country, and did very much as they pleased. The position of Loudoun was becoming embarrassing. Cooped up in Inverness, he had written for money and for 1,000 stand of arms, but Captain Porter, of H.M.S. the 'Speedwell,' who was commissioned to bring him the required aid, either being dilatory in his movements or not having received his instructions in time from the Government, arrived some three weeks too late. Before his sloop anchored off Inverness, the rebels had taken the barracks of Ruthven, within twenty-four miles of Inverness, which had resisted them some months before on their descent from the Highlands, and thus put it out of the power of Loudoun 'to assemble the people that were to come at a distance, whilst those who were close by were so terrified that they would not stir when they found danger so near them.'[1]

There was, however, no immediate cause of danger. To insure the capture of the Highland capital, Charles had resolved to delay the aggressive till the arrival of Lord George Murray's column, and having cantoned his clans in the neighbourhood, accepted the hospitality of Lady Macintosh at Moy Castle, about seven miles from Inverness. This lady, whose husband was serving under Loudoun, had nevertheless raised her clan for the Prince, and was in the habit of riding at the head of her kinsmen in martial attire with pistols at her saddle-bow. Scarcely had Charles taken up his quarters at Moy Castle than Loudoun resolved to surprise him and make him prisoner. On the evening of the 16th, all the gates of the town having been closed, Loudoun marched out of Inverness with 1,500 men, expecting to arrive at Moy Castle shortly before midnight. But though he had taken every precaution to prevent intelligence of his movements leaking out, Lady Macintosh received timely information of the intended visit, from a girl whose father kept a public-house at Inverness, where gossip had been busy in the tap-room touching a night march to Moy. Without telling her guest of the danger that

[1] State Papers, Scotland, Loudoun to Lord Stair, Mar. 2, 1746.

threatened him, Lady Macintosh sent six or seven of her men to disperse themselves in the woods through which the road passed. No sooner had Loudoun and his troops made their appearance than these few vassals of her ladyship fired upon them from their several stations, at the same time imitating the war-cries of Lochiel, Keppoch, and other well-known clans. The ruse was successful. Loudoun and his men, believing that they were entrapped in an ambush, and that the whole Highland army was in their front, instantly wheeled round and made a rapid retreat to their quarters at Inverness.

The following day Charles, acquainted with Loudoun's intention, assembled his troops, purposing to repay with interest his enemy's tactics. But Loudoun, having no confidence in his men, and aware that Inverness could not withstand a siege, had effected a sudden retreat. He afterwards said that if he had remained at Inverness he believed he would have been beaten in five minutes. 'Had I,' he writes to Lord Stair, whilst excusing his abandonment of the town,[1] 'men that I durst trust would follow me I would strike another blow yet; it is a cruel situation to have names and numbers that you dare not fight with.'

As it was of great importance that the Duke of Cumberland should be informed as soon as possible of the surrender of Inverness, Loudoun, who had now retired into Ross-shire, wrote the following letter to his Royal Highness[2]:—

'On Sunday, the 16th, the rebels lay within eight miles of me at Inverness. On which I ordered the men under my command to assemble at their alarm posts at eleven, in order to be posted in the outer parts of the town, there to remain under arms all night. By which means I got them to march out without the least knowledge of the inhabitants, and marched off with 1,500 men to beat up their quarters, and got half way undiscovered, when a detachment I had sent to prevent intelligence, going a near road contrary to orders, fired about thirty shot at four men, which alarmed the country and threw the body along with me in such confusion that it was a great while before I could get them in order again; and on examining I found I had lost about 500 of my men, on which, after waiting an hour on the field to gather as many as I could, I marched back to the town again. My next scheme, on finding I was likely to do little in fighting till we had some troops to

[1] State Papers, Scotland, Mar. 2, 1746.
[2] *Ibid.* Feb. 22, 1746.

assist us, was to have slipped them, and endeavoured to have joined your Royal Highness. But they changed their situation, which made that impossible. And finding it impossible to defend the place with such people as I had under my command, I threw in two of the Independent companies into the castle, where I had placed a large quantity of beef I had provided for the troops, and above 500 bolls of meal, and put on shipboard what arms and ammunition could be spared. On Tuesday at twelve I marched out of the town, and crossed the ferry at Kessock without the loss of a man, though the rebels were in possession of the one end of the town before I left the other, and the rear posts under the fire of three pieces of cannon. From thence I crossed at Cromarty, in order to have it in my power to cross the Firth of Murray and join your Royal Highness if you had been so far advanced. But now their approach obliges me to cross at Tain, in order to put myself behind the river, which, I am assured, is to be defended against a superior force, where I shall endeavour to make the best defence I can, and shall, as soon as I know of your approach, acquaint your Royal Highness by boat with my situation. The very great desertion I had after the affair on Sunday night made me conclude that this retreat was absolutely necessary.'

But Loudoun could make no defence. He was pursued by Lord Cromarty and compelled to find shelter in Sutherland, where his army finally disbanded.

The surrender of Inverness was at first incomprehensible to the Duke, who learnt the news whilst halting at Montrose. 'I am really quite at a loss,' he writes to Newcastle,[1] 'to explain all the contradictions I meet here from morning to night, for I am assured by people who should know the hills the best, that there are no places between the Blair of Athol and Inverness where 500 men can subsist in a body, yet Lord Loudoun has been driven across the Frith with 2,000 men which he said he had, and expecting a junction of 1,500 more, by that party of the rebels alone which marched from Blair with the Pretender's son, and which I could never make, by the best account I had, above 600 men. . . . But I am now in a country so much our enemy that there is hardly any intelligence to be got, and whenever we do procure any it is the business of the country to have it contradicted to me

[1] State Papers, Scotland, Feb. 25, 1746

that I may be always kept in an uncertainty what I am to believe.'[1]

More than once in his despatches to the Government does his Royal Highness murmur at the loyalty evinced in the north towards the cause of the Stuarts, and the difficulties with which the faithful adherents of that House loved, and not unsuccessfully, to beset his progress. In vain the Duke bribed and imprisoned, threatened and punished, he could get no information. The Highlander, who would have thought little of 'lifting' cattle, felt his honour touched when he was bade to furnish intelligence of the movements of the son of his lawful King; sternly he either kept silence, or, what was a more annoying alternative, put the royal troops on a wrong track. Even so late as 1747, when the Rebellion had fully spent its force and Culloden had exiled many a clansman from hearth and home, we find General Blakeney, who was busy extinguishing the dying embers of insurrection in the north-west of Scotland, complaining of 'his want of intelligence, notwithstanding the great rewards I have offered with assurance of secresy.'[2] It was not, therefore, without reason that James and his sons regarded the people of the Highlands with affection, and called them his 'faithful Scots.'

A few weeks later the Duke, who on the receipt of the news of the retreat from Inverness had done Lord Loudoun scant justice, found that he had been somewhat deceived in the intelligence brought to him. 'I am sorry,' he writes,[3] 'that my accounts of Inverness were so sanguine, but I was entirely misinformed both as regards the strength of the place and the number of Loudoun's men.' At a later period, when Loudoun's army was disbanded and had failed to be of any service, his Royal Highness says: 'I must do Lord Loudoun the justice to say that I am convinced he has done everything that was in his power for the good of the service, but he was put at the head of a set of raw militia, of the greatest part of which he dared trust neither the courage nor affections.'[4] Duncan Forbes, in giving his version of the retreat from Inverness, attributes the fact to the negligence of the Government in not executing the orders he had repeatedly made them. 'The too

[1] Horace Walpole writes to Mann, Mar. 21: 'The Duke complains extremely of the *loyal* Scotch: he says he can get no intelligence, and reckons himself more in an enemy's country than when he was warring with the French in Flanders.'

[2] State Papers, Scotland, April 4, 1747.

[3] *Ibid.* Mar. 5, 1746. [4] *Ibid.* May 8, 1746.

late arrival of the sloop with arms and money,' he writes to the Duke of Newcastle,[1] 'which I had long solicited, was the cause why the rebellion gathered fresh strength in this country after the rebels' flight from Stirling. Had those arms come in time enough to have been put into the hands of men who were ready prepared to receive them, the rebels durst hardly have shown themselves on this side the mountains; but as those arms did not arrive in our road till the very day that the rebels made themselves masters of the barrack of Ruthven, within twenty-six miles of us, it was too late to assemble the men we had prepared, and in place of making use of arms we were obliged to keep them, as well as the money, on shipboard for security.'

Immediately after the departure of Lord Loudoun, Inverness was taken possession of by the Highlanders. The citadel called Fort George was garrisoned by Major Grant, who declared that he would never surrender. A few hours of attack, however, sufficed to change his resolution, and the fort shared the fate of the town. 'Fort George,' writes the Duke, who had now pushed on with the main body of his army to Aberdeen,[2] 'has fallen into the hands of the rebels. I am no ways able to explain how or by what neglect it is so, but a silly affair it is. I fear Fort Augustus will follow its fate.'

This fear was soon realised. The rebels, on obtaining possession of Inverness, had resolved to occupy the winter season in reducing those forts in the north whose object was to strengthen the Hanoverian clans by allowing them to draw reinforcements from those districts in which the cause of King George had numerous followers. Fort Augustus was the first object of attack. Surrounded by Lord John Drummond's regiment and the French piquets, which began to shell the garrison, it was soon compelled to surrender. 'It is impossible it could defend itself long,' said the Duke, when the news reached him.[3] The officers were taken prisoners and sent over to France, where they remained as hostages for such of the rebels who had fallen, or might fall, into the hands of the royal troops.

[1] State Papers, Scotland, May 13, 1746.

[2] *Ibid.* Feb. 28, 1746. Grant was dismissed the service by court-martial for 'misbehaving himself before the enemy and shamefully abandoning Fort George.' State Papers, Scotland, May 22, 1746.

[3] State Papers, Scotland, Mar. 14, 1746.

Fort William next attracted the attention of the Highlanders. But the Duke, aware of the importance of this post, and not having the fullest confidence in its governor, sent a reinforcement under Captain Scott to protect the place, the moment he heard of the fate of Fort George. 'The reason I have been so anxious about this particular Fort,' writes the Duke,[1] 'is, that from thence the Lowlands would be open to the enemy, and that the fort once taken by the rebels might cost us much trouble before we retook it, and that Lieutenant-General Alex. Campbell is by all accounts no way fit for a thing of that importance.' In vain did Keppoch and Lochiel essay all their engineering arts, Fort William stoutly held its own; and the chieftains, finding that they were powerless to prevent the arrival by sea of constant supplies to the garrison, were eventually forced to raise the siege.

Nor was the attempt of Lord George Murray upon the castle of Blair—an ancient fortress belonging to his brother the Duke of Athol—a whit more successful. After having cleared the vale of Athol of the few royal troops which then invested it, the Lieutenant-General began to besiege Blair Castle; but the castle, seated on a rock, fenced by walls seven feet thick, and commanded by the vigilant and somewhat choleric Sir Andrew Agnew, was not to be taken by the two light field-pieces that Lord George could only bring against it. Finding, therefore, that there was no hope of battering down its solid walls, Lord George, aware that the garrison was numerous, and believing it to be indifferently supplied with provisions, resolved to reduce the place by famine. Closely blockading the castle, he sat down before its walls, content to bide his time till the flag of surrender should be hung out.

But the movements of Lord George had struck terror into a commander who was made of less stern stuff than Sir Andrew Agnew. Whilst scouring his native country of Athol, in order to deliver it from the small forts and military stations—consisting chiefly of the houses of the gentry—established by the Duke of Cumberland, Lord George had forced, among other forts, those at Blair and at Bun-Rannoch. These petty victories so alarmed Lord Crawford, a weak but kindly peer,[2] then commanding at Perth, that, discussing the matter with Prince

[1] State Papers, Scotland, Feb. 28, 1746.

[2] 'If his head were as good as his heart his Majesty would not have a better officer in his whole army.' State Papers, Scotland, the Duke to Newcastle, Mar. 26, 1746.

Frederick of Hesse, whose troops were quartered at Perth, he resolved to abandon the city. When Lord Crawford informed his Royal Highness of his intention, the Duke cried out that it was the most 'ridiculous and shameful thing ever known,' and sitting down, penned a reply to his subordinate, which he hoped would bring him to his senses. 'I am very much surprised,' writes his Royal Highness,[1] 'at the resolution of the Council of War to evacuate Perth, and leave the magazines there upon the news of two of our paltry posts on the hills being surprised. I can easily excuse the Hessian general officers, but can't express my astonishment that you, who should so well know the country and the people, could put so much trust in our Highland posts as to expect anything else from them. Those posts in the hills are only to prevent little parties from the rebels coming down to take meal. Considering the rebels are besieging Fort William, and a considerable body opposing us in this country, I should like to know how many of them you expect to come and disturb the four battalions at Perth and the regiment of dragoons. When you hear that the whole force of the rebels is coming down to you, then it is time to take the measures you have now taken, but not before.'

This letter had the desired effect. The alarm at Perth subsided, and Lord Crawford was ordered to march with the Hessians to the relief of Blair Castle. His lordship obeyed, and on his approach Lord George sent a messenger to Charles, offering to attack the Hessians if a reinforcement of 1,200 men could be spared him. But again that unaccountable suspicion of the fidelity of his Lieutenant-General was at work in the breast of the Prince, and he refused to send the help required, under the plea that he was about to concentrate his forces.[2] Lord George accordingly abandoned the siege, and fell back upon the main body of the army. This retreat the Duke of Cumberland unjustly attributed to cowardice. 'The relief of Blair,' he writes, 'is more owing to the cowardice of the rebels than to the Hessians putting my orders into execution.'[3]

[1] State Papers, Scotland, Mar. 19, 1746.

[2] A rough draft in Charles's handwriting found among the Stuart Papers declares, 'When Ld. Geo. Murray undertook the attack of the fort at Blair Castle, he took an officer whom he sent back without so much as consulting the Prince, a thing so contrary to all military practice that no one that has the least sense can be guilty of it without some private reason of his own.' *The Forty-five*, by Earl Stanhope, p. 112.

[3] State Papers, Scotland, April 15, 1746.

Though the mountain warfare during the last few weeks had on the whole been fairly successful, Charles was fully alive to the fact that his situation was becoming daily more and more precarious. His finances were so low that he was now obliged to pay his men in meal, 'at which the poor creatures grumbled exceedingly,' and even this species of payment was not always made with the regularity that was desirable. Nothing could exceed the difficulty he met with in obtaining the necessary provisions for his troops, in the wild, beautiful districts over which he was master. At first he had dispersed his men in sections throughout the surrounding country, in order the better to collect supplies; but when he heard of the camp forming at Aberdeen he found it necessary to assemble his forces to meet the attack which the English were slowly yet surely preparing for him. Cooped up in the mountains, his treasury reduced to some 500 louis d'ors, his men ill-fed and discontented, more than once he turned a longing gaze to the east coast to see if the assistance which France had so often promised and never fulfilled was at hand, to relieve him from his embarrassments.

The hope deferred which maketh the heart sick had not yet crushed the spirits of the Prince. Almost to the last he believed in the friendship of his powerful ally—that the southern coast of England would be invaded, the Duke recalled from Aberdeen, and French ships anchor off Montrose with men, arms, and money. Months back he had sent over to France one Sir James Stuart, 'an understanding, capable man,' with proper compliments to his Most Christian Majesty and earnest petitions for speedy aid. Most persistently did Sir James plead his master's cause. He had audiences of Louis XV. and his ministers, and was assured that they 'intended to effectually succour the Prince, and that nothing in the power of France should be wanting to support his just title to the Crown of England.' Then he visited Sir John O'Brien, 'the only person through whom the French Ministry would treat,' who informed him of a treaty that had been signed between the Court of France and King James III., 'vastly for the interest of the Royal Family, in which the Prince was declared the ally of France, and that he was to be supported by all their power.' Cardinal Tencin was also most gracious to the Jacobite envoy, and listened attentively to everything which related to the Prince and his little army. 'Thank God!' cried his Eminence, 'we now see something of

truth, for till now we could believe nothing; some of your ministers said black, others white, and a third blue, some that the Prince's army consisted of 30,000 men, others of 20,000, and some that it was not 10,000!'

But in spite of his cordial reception, and the warm professions of friendship which France indulged in, Sir James fancied he perceived an under-current of coldness. He noticed that when the King spoke of the Prince he always called him 'Prince Edward,' and not Prince of Wales, that the Cardinal dallied with the departure of the embarkation from Dunkirk, and that difficulties were constantly being put in the way when assistance was proposed to be rendered. Accordingly, Sir James resolved to urge his suit with a little more force. He showed the vacillating ministers how useful an ally his Royal Highness had been to France, and how he had already served her most effectually in drawing the English army out of Flanders. 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'if the Prince and his friends shall now be deserted by France, rather than fall a sacrifice they will be brought to make proposals to the Court of England, to save themselves and families from utter ruin, and to enter into the service of the English Government, and carry over their whole followers to Flanders to revenge themselves on France for deceiving them.'

'Do you imagine,' asked M. Maurepas, 'that the English Government would ever accept of such an offer, or ever trust it?'

'Such an offer,' replied Sir James, 'would be embraced with the greatest joy by the Court of England, and if so, France never had to do with such enemies as she would then find them. If France had in view the making up a peace for herself and sacrificing the Prince and his friends, she would soon find that she was mistaken in her politics, for that those in the British Parliament who wished a restoration, and who only waited for a landing of French troops to declare themselves, would be able to make such opposition, that no English Ministry durst venture on making a peace with France, but greatly to the advantage of England. But if, on the contrary, a restoration was brought about by the assistance of France, she could then get affairs on the Continent settled to her own mind, and a solid peace concluded between France and Britain to their mutual interests.' Sir James, though he drew somewhat on his imagination for his premises and deductions, seems to have been very well pleased with the manner in which he

put the case, for he said afterwards in conversation that 'he observed this way of speaking had more force with it than asking in a low pitiful way.'

But in spite of this 'way of speaking,' Sir James's mission did not meet with the success it deserved, and he talked the matter over with Lord Marischal, who was then in Paris. His lordship, however, was a poor comforter. He roundly stated that he suspected the sincerity of the French Court, and did not believe it 'had any real or sincere intentions of succouring the Prince.' 'He had been hanging about,' he grumbled, 'expecting to command an expedition into England, and if it had not been that the Duke of York had retained his services, he would have gone over to Scotland ere this with or without troops. No, he did not place much faith in the preparations that were talked about: they might alarm England, but no practical result would ensue from them. It was easy to see that the ships were never meant to sail. Now it was that the transports were ready to quit Dunkirk with troops and ammunition, but that there were no men-of-war to guard them from the English fleet cruising within sight, and so that scheme was abandoned; then Calais, or Boulogne, or Ostend was fixed upon for the embarkation, but some excuse always arose at the very last moment to delay or prevent departure. No sooner was an order made than it was countermanded. For instance, on the 15th of last January he received instructions that he was to cross the channel, and capture, if he could, the port of Rye. Three thousand men were instantly embarked at Boulogne, and at nine o'clock at night he was preparing to sail, though none of them ever expected to set foot on English ground, when all at once he received orders from the Duke of Richelieu to suspend the embarkation. Ever since that time the shipping had been kept in pay, and every appearance of an invasion of England maintained, but no one of the least penetration believed in its reality. He told the Duke of Richelieu, who had concerted this great affair, that an invasion of England with artillery, &c., from Boulogne or Calais was impracticable, unless France had the command of the sea, and that an invasion was only to be undertaken by a *coup de main*, as the French call it. But Richelieu only replied that he would have everything in its proper way when he invaded England. No, France was not sincere!'

It was not long before Sir James found Lord Marischal a true prophet. By the end of December all thoughts of invad-

ing England were laid aside by the French Court. But wishing in some measure to keep faith with the Stuarts, Louis XV. gave instructions that troops should be sent to Scotland, 'which the Court,' writes Richelieu to Fitzjames, 'looks upon as very important, in order to show Prince Edward and his party their great zeal and desire to assist him and them.' After some delay in collecting troops and ammunition, five vessels set sail from France for the eastern coast of Scotland, under the command of Fitzjames.[1]

The assistance thus tardily rendered was, however, of no avail. The English cruisers prevented the French from effecting a landing, whilst the presence of the Duke of Cumberland at Aberdeen made all operations on the eastern coast most dangerous. Save a picket of Berwick's regiment which landed safely at Portsoy, no other troops in the embarkation reached the Prince's army. Fitzjames himself, together with his regiment of horse, were taken prisoners by Commodore Knowles. The commander and his illustrious captive indulged frequently in conversation, and the Count spoke freely of the expedition he had undertaken. 'All the officers and their friends,' he said,[2] 'counted upon being taken prisoners when they came into Scotland, yet the Court was determined to endeavour to keep up the rebellion in order to prevent England sending troops abroad to oppose the progress of France; and, indeed, it was in some measure to fulfil their promise with the Pretender, but he doubted whether any further assistance would be sent, and wished the young Squire well away out of Scotland.' Fitzjames also added that he was certain France had laid aside all designs of a general invasion, for she had not 12,000 men in garrison at her northern ports, inclusive of the battalions of militia.

The loss of this French aid, and still more the receipt of the intelligence that the Court of Versailles had finally abandoned all ideas of invading England, were bitterly felt by the Prince. He now saw that he had to rely exclusively on the courage and devotion of his own followers. Still, heavy as were the odds against him, he never despaired. He hoped that the good fortune which had sided with him at Gladsmuir and at Falkirk would not now, in the hour of his extremity, desert

[1] State Papers, Domestic, Feb. 1746, Narrative of Sir James Stuart and Lord Marischal's negotiation. Also extracts of letters, &c., taken from Count Fitzjames, State Papers, Domestic, Feb. 1746, No. 81.

[2] State Papers, Scotland, Mar. 6, 1746.

him. He was aware that a pitched battle must soon take place, and that the foe were steadily preparing for an engagement. He lacked much that a general requires to sustain confidence—his men were in sore need of supplies, his artillery was ineffective, he wanted arms and ammunition, with many of the chieftains he was not on the best of terms—yet his sanguine temper only rose the more as the dangers that had to be met seemed insurmountable. He resolved to keep up the spirits of those around him by presenting a bold and cheerful front. He spent his mornings hunting in the neighbourhood, and in the evenings attended dinners, balls, and concerts. It has been said that this gaiety was the result of a conviction that the army of the Duke of Cumberland would not dare oppose their lawful Prince in battle.[1] But this could scarcely be the case. Charles had no grounds for supposing that the same soldiers who showed no scruples at resisting him at Preston and Falkirk would be less willing when the moment came to fight under the orders of the Duke of Cumberland. On the contrary, the Prince knew right well that the only way he could extricate himself from the position in which he was now placed was by a battle. It is far more probable that the air of gaiety he assumed was not owing to any feeling of security or to the result of levity, but simply a part which he was acting, in order to impress those around him with confidence in his cause.

It would have been well if Charles, in addition to the *rôle* he was playing, had also taken some pains to suppress the secret jealousies which were busy at work within the camp. His favourite advisers were still Secretary Murray, Sir Thomas Sheridan, and the Irish officers.[2] He conferred with but few

[1] MS. Journal of Lord Elcho.

[2] 'For some time past he ceased to assemble his council, and only consulted with his favourites. All the Irish officers that had come over from France were well received by him, and he preferred them to the Scotch. These gentlemen had nothing to lose, and were always of the same opinion as the Prince, whilst the Scotch, who carried their lives and estates in their hands, were very often obliged to find fault with the schemes of the Prince. Lord George Murray was at the head of the Scotch party: the Prince and the Irish did not like him, whilst the Scotch on the contrary liked him much, and had the fullest confidence in his ability. Nothing could better exhibit the want of capacity in the Prince than his siding with a few Irish, who came over from France to make their fortunes instead of consulting with the Scotch who composed his army and were in their own country. . . . The Prince so bitterly hated Lord George Murray that he spoke of him as a man who would betray him, though no one could have better conducted himself on every occasion than his lordship. He preferred the Irish officers in everything. . . . We Scotch regarded that

of the chieftains, and his ablest officer, Lord George Murray, was seldom asked to give an opinion. Naturally, those who were sprung from the best families in Scotland, and who had engaged their lives and fortunes in the Stuart cause, felt hurt at this impolitic hauteur of their chief. A spirit of bad feeling spread its leaven throughout the camp. The chieftains held themselves aloof, and sided with Lord George. Many of the privates, who were men of birth, complained that they were regarded as mere troopers, and not as volunteers who fought at their own expense: these, too, gradually became alienated from the Prince. Not a few of the common soldiery, on whom no pay and bad food were beginning to do their evil work, showed signs of discontent, and the muster roll was seldom called without desertion being painfully evident. Still, bitter as were the jealousies, and ominous as were the murmurs, the prevailing discontent never broke out, as in Mar's insurrection, into mutiny, or a desire for submission to the Government. As a rule, the spirit of both chieftain and vassal was that, however cooled might be their personal feeling towards the Prince, they would never desert him out of pique, or surrender unless compelled by defeat. Such was the condition of the camp when news was brought in which put a check to quarrels and heartburnings, and made men sink their differences for the good of the common cause,—the news that the English were crushing the heather of the neighbouring hills, in full march for Inverness.

CHAPTER XI.

THE END.

Fatal day! whereon the latest
Die was cast for me and mine—
Cruel day, that quelled the fortunes
Of the hapless Stuart line!

CAREFULLY the Duke of Cumberland was maturing his plans in order that there should be no chance of a repetition of

favouritism unfavourably, and in general the Prince was not liked by the chieftains of the army. He carried his suspicions against Lord George Murray to such an extent that he employed two Irish officers to watch his conduct, and to assassina (!) him should he ever attempt to betray him.'—MS. Journal of Lord Elcho.

Gladsmuir and Falkirk. He had reached Aberdeen, which city he had fixed upon as his headquarters, on February 27, and had at once set about organising measures for an immediate campaign. At first he had been led to hope that a few days would suffice to collect his troops and march directly upon Inverness. But on examining his situation more closely, he saw that some little time would have to elapse before he could begin the aggressive. The condition of the country was not favourable for his purpose; he had difficulty in obtaining the necessary provisions; whilst on all sides he was hampered by the turbulent spirit of the neighbouring disaffected Highlanders, who did their best to retard his arrangements. Nothing seems to have annoyed his Royal Highness more, both during his march and on his arrival at headquarters, than the conduct of these northern Jacobites, who seized every opportunity of giving him wrong information, pillaging his camp, and releasing his prisoners.

'I am extremely concerned that every despatch of mine,' he writes to Newcastle,[1] 'must be filled with repeated complaints of the disaffection of this part of his Majesty's dominions. But so it is, that though his Majesty has a considerable and formidable army in the heart of this country, yet they cannot help giving impotent marks of their ill-will by making efforts to raise men and to set prisoners at liberty in the places we have passed through, especially at Forfar, where each of our four divisions lay a night, they had the insolence to conceal three French-Irish officers in the town during the whole time, and after all our troops were passed through, to let them beat up for volunteers there. . . . What you observe is certainly very unfortunate, that a rebel army can be raised and subsisted at the expense of this country, and that they will hardly give any assistance to the King, though his Majesty has an army in the heart of the country.' A few days afterwards he again alludes[2] to the subject, and after complaining of 'the petulant, insolent spirit of the rebels which is always showing itself,' declares that nothing will check it but 'some stroke of military authority and severity,' and therefore he intends to take upon himself to inflict the necessary punishment when occasion requires, without waiting for orders from home As the different regiments of his Royal Highness marched into Aberdeen, or were cantoned in the neighbourhood, the dis-

[1] State Papers, Scotland, March 9, 1746.
[2] *Ibid.* March 15, 1746.

affected Highlanders, now fully alive to the power of the enemy they had been harassing when only in divisions and sections, ceased their aggressive interference, and withdrew to the other side of the Spey. The 'punishment' dealt out to all offenders who had the misfortune to be caught doubtless had something to do with the prudence of this retreat.

During his enforced stay at Aberdeen the Duke divided his army into three cantonments. At Strathbogie were quartered Kingston's horse and Cobham's dragoons; at Old Meldrum, the reserve three battalions and four pieces of cannon; whilst the six remaining battalions, and Lord Mark Kerr's Regiment of Dragoons, occupied Aberdeen. The monotony of inaction was occasionally relieved by various skirmishes with the advance posts of the enemy, and success did not always attend the efforts of the royal troops.

By the end of March the Duke gave out that he would set forth from Aberdeen, but the swollen state of the Spey delayed his departure till the following week. On April 8, at the head of some 8,000 foot and 900 cavalry, abundantly provided with provisions, and with a naval force accompanying him along the coast, his Royal Highness at last quitted Aberdeen for Inverness. He was the more anxious to meet the foe, as scouts had informed him that the rebels had been receiving no pay for the last seven days, and he feared that this exhaustion of the treasury would lead to their instant dispersion. He wished to press on and crush the enemy for ever. In his eyes the Highlanders were so tainted with Jacobitism that, as he wrote to Newcastle,[1] 'the only way to end this rebellion is by the sword, and to punish the rebels so that they will not rise again . . . the inhabitants in this country are certainly the friends of the rebels, and are in a good measure in arms for them; but as we advance they must disperse, though I know they will rise behind me unless some marks of severity are left upon the first who shall dare to show themselves.' These constant references to the sword and to severity, visible throughout the despatches of the Duke, show how scant was the mercy the foe had to expect from the commander of the English army. They foreshadow the fell brutality of Culloden.

As the Duke advanced northwards he was joined by Generals Bland and Mordaunt, in command of his advanced division, and the whole army assembled at Cullen, some few

[1] State Papers Scotland, March 19 and 31, 1746.

miles from the banks of the Spey. On their arrival at this deep and rapid stream some resistance to their progress was apprehended. Several weeks before, Lord John Drummond had received orders from the Prince to defend the fords with a considerable division of Lowland troops. Accordingly a trench had been dug, and some batteries raised upon the left bank. But on the approach of the English, Lord John, who had drawn up his men on the hills, deemed prudence the better part of valour, and fell back upon Elgin. This was a grave mistake, for had Lord John disputed the passage the Duke would have been compelled either to beat a retreat or to force his way with considerable loss. The river now being perfectly free, the royal army forded it in three divisions, the band striking up as an insult to the foe:—

> Will you play me fair play,
> Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie?

'His Royal Highness,' writes Henderson,[1] 'was the first to enter the water at the head of the horse, who forded it, while the Highlanders and grenadiers passed a little higher: the foot waded over as fast as they arrived, and though the water came up to their middles, they went on with great cheerfulness and got over with no other loss but that of one dragoon and four women, who were carried down by the stream. Thus was one of the strongest passes in Scotland given up; a pass where 200 men might easily have kept back an army of 20,000; a sure prelude of the destruction of the rebels.' Certainly in attempting no resistance the military judgment of Lord John Drummond was grievously at fault.

'On our first appearance,' writes the Duke, triumphantly,[2] 'the rebels retired from the side of the Spey towards Elgin. It is a very lucky thing we had to deal with such an enemy, for it would be a most difficult undertaking to pass this river before an enemy who knew how to take advantage of the situation.' After two forced marches from the Spey mouth, the English advanced to Nairn, where a slight skirmish ensued between their extreme front and the rear guard of the retreating Highlanders. The advantage would undoubtedly have been with the royal troops had not Charles himself suddenly arrived from Inverness at the head of his guards, and caused the English van to fall back upon their main body. 'Whilst

[1] *Life of the Duke of Cumberland*, p. 112.
[2] State Papers, Scotland, April 13, 1746.

marching here,' wrote the Duke[1] the day after his arrival at Nairn, 'a large body of rebels tried to cut in between us and our advance guard, but they were driven off with no loss on our side, and on theirs of eight or ten killed and four taken prisoners. . . . It is said that the Pretender was yesterday at Inverness, and that upon our driving the body of the rebels towards Inverness, he had marched out a mile on this side of it. With what intent I know not, though I cannot bring myself to believe that they propose to give us battle. All accounts agree that they cannot assemble all their clans, and should they have them all together, I flatter myself the affair would not be very long.'

But the Duke was mistaken in his foe. The Highlanders resolved to contest the progress of his troops and give him battle. On the night that his Royal Highness entered Nairn, Charles and his staff occupied Culloden House, the seat of the Lord President. The Highlanders lay upon the moor, their native heather serving them for bedding and fuel, though the cold was intense. As soon as the morning dawned they were drawn up in order of battle, and waited upon their arms till the redcoats of the English should make their appearance. But as the day deepened, and no enemy came in sight, Charles sent forward Lord Elcho with a troop of horse to reconnoitre. After an absence of some hours his lordship returned, bringing word that the Duke of Cumberland had halted at Nairn, and that, as the day was the anniversary of his birthday, the English were merrily celebrating the occasion, and gave no signs of an immediate march forward. On hearing this Charles, throwing to the winds that exclusiveness which was engendering so bad a feeling among his followers, assembled a council of war—the first, save the meeting near Crieff, that had been held since the retreat from Derby. The Prince let every one speak before him. Various opinions were given, and numerous plans proposed, but none met with the general approval of the meeting. The last to speak was Lord George Murray, and his words carried the weight which usually attended their utterance. He advocated taking the enemy by surprise, and in darkness, rather than in the light of day. The distance from Culloden to the enemy's camp was but nine miles, and, provided secrecy was observed, could easily be got over between nightfall and dawn. He therefore proposed that when dusk set in, the first

[1] State Papers, Scotland, April 15, 1746.

line should march in two divisions. With the right wing he would march round Nairn and attack the Duke of Cumberland's camp in the rear; whilst the Duke of Perth with the left division would, supported by the whole second line under the Prince, attack the camp in front. This sudden onset at two different points, and especially coming after the day's revelry, would, he said, throw the English into the most complete confusion, and afford the Prince another decisive victory.

No sooner had he concluded his proposal than Charles, whose mind had conceived precisely the same project, rose up, and with a warmth which it had been well had he felt oftener embraced Lord George, and said that he was fully of his opinion—indeed, he had entertained the very same idea. The council cordially approved of the design, and orders were immediately given to have it executed. The heath was set on fire so that the enemy might imagine the clans to be still in the same position. The muster-roll was then called, when it was found that not a few of the Highlanders had repaired to Inverness in search of food. So bitterly did some of these poor fellows feel the pangs of hunger that they bade the officers sent after them to shoot them rather than compel them to starve any longer. After not a few precious hours had been spent in collecting these deserters, the men were drawn up in marching order. The aide-de-camp of the Prince—Ker of Gradon—rode down the line and gave the necessary instructions. He bade the Highlanders not to use their muskets or pistols during their attack on the camp, but only their broadswords, dirks, and Lochaber axes. With these they were to beat down the tent poles, cut the ropes, and stab wherever they saw any swelling in the canvas. They were to march in the strictest silence, and the watchword was 'King James the Eighth.' If they obeyed their orders another victory would be added to Preston and Falkirk.

All now being ready, the signal to march was given. Lord George put himself at the head of the first column, the Duke of Perth commanded the second division, whilst Charles followed in the rear leading the reserve. The evening was rapidly deepening into night, and the route was already shrouded in darkness. At first the men marched in close order, but soon the privations they had undergone began to tell their tale. They toiled painfully along, the rear failing to keep up with the van, whilst many were forced to drop out of the ranks by sheer fatigue. Frequent were the halts that Lord George had to

make before the second division and the extreme rear could unite with the column under his command. It is said that he was asked to halt fifty times within eight miles, in order to preserve something like connection between the van and the rear. Another difficulty also retarded his progress. The whole army having to keep along the same road till within four miles of the English camp, it was found impossible to march in the order suggested by Lord George. The only plan that could be adopted was to form the Highlanders into one long column, the second line following the first, and the third the second. This naturally prevented the men from going over the ground with the rapidity they had expected. Thus it was two in the morning, the hour which had been named for the attack, before the head of the first column reached Kilravock House, where the first division was to diverge from the other, cross the river Nairn, and fall upon the enemy in the rear.

In the cold grey of the dawning day a halt took place for deliberation. Lord George had hoped by this very time to have made his attack upon the English, and he was now an hour's march from their camp; already he could hear the distant roll of their drums; his men were exhausted and the ranks thinned by desertion; the light was breaking; their position was one of danger. He pointed out the impossibility of reaching the enemy before daylight, and advised, as the object of their expedition was frustrated, an immediate retreat. Whilst giving this counsel a message was sent from the Prince stating that 'he would be very glad to have the attack made, but as Lord George Murray was in the van he could best judge whether it could be done in time or not.' The fate of the army thus left to his decision, Lord George felt that he had no alternative but to adhere to his first opinion, and gave the word to retreat.[1]

[1] The account given of this transaction by Lord George Murray varies from that left us by Charles himself; there is, however, no reason to suspect either of wilful inaccuracy. Lord George wrote within a short time after the event in question, whereas Charles's account was given thirty years afterwards, in reply to some questions addressed to him in Italy. Murray, in a letter dated the 5th of August, 1749, and addressed to one William Hamilton, of Bangour, says:—'Mr. O'Sullivan also came up to the front, and said his Royal Highness would be very glad to have the attack made; but as Lord George Murray was in the van, he could best judge whether it could be done in time or not.' The Prince's words are: 'Upon the army's halting, M. le Comte [the Prince] rode up to the front, to inquire the occasion of the halt. Upon his arrival, Lord George Murray convinced me of the necessity of retreating.' Lord Elcho, with his usual spite, gives a different version of the affair. 'Cameron of Lochiel,' he says in his journal, 'came up and told the Prince that as the day was dawning a night attack was out of the question, and that the advice both of Lord

Charles at this time rode up, and was fully convinced both of the wisdom and the necessity of his lieutenant-general's decision. In less than three hours the clans had regained the swamps of Culloden, but wearied with famine and exhaustion.

The effects of the night march were now visible. Numbers of the men hurried off to Inverness to obtain food and rest. The Prince himself with great difficulty obtained some bread and whisky at Culloden House. His officers, too tired to eat, threw themselves down, to court the repose they had so well earned. But the sweets of even a hasty rest were not long to be enjoyed. The exhausted condition of the troops was such that it was impossible to expect any really formidable resistance on their part. Lord George therefore renewed a proposal he had made the day before, that the wearied troops should take up a position behind the river Nairn, where the ground being hilly and inaccessible to cavalry, the army of the Duke of Cumberland would be forced to operate at great disadvantage. But Charles, when the matter was laid before him, refused to entertain it. He had retreated from Derby, he had retreated from Stirling, and in both instances grave harm had been done to his cause. Whereas whenever he had made a bold stand against the foe, as at Gladsmuir and at Falkirk, he had come off victorious. To decline a battle on fair ground and wage a kind of guerilla warfare amid the neighbouring hills was contrary to his ideas of chivalry. He would fight the English in open field as his ancestors had fought them in years bygone, no matter what might be the issue of the struggle. If he won, his enemies, at least, should not say that he owed his victory to the cowardly advantages of a protected position; should he be defeated, and Culloden henceforth be known in history—like the hills of Halidon and Homildon, and the fields of Flodden and of Pinkie—as spots where Saxon and Scot had met foot to foot to test each other's prowess, and the Saxon had proved the victor, then, at least, let the conflict be worthy of his cause.

But his rash, sanguine nature did not anticipate defeat. He had every confidence in the bravery of his men, and he was determined, since a battle was inevitable, to fight like a king, and

George and himself was to beat a retreat. The Prince was anxious to proceed, and whilst the point was being discussed the column of Lord George appeared in sight retreating towards Inverness. Seeing this the Prince immediately concluded that he was being betrayed by Lord George, and he distrusted all the more those who were attached to Lord George.' This version, at variance with the statements both of the Prince and Lord George Murray, can scarcely be allowed much weight.

leave the issue to his God. He was implored to delay the execution of his intention for three days, when the stragglers seeking provisions in the hills and at Inverness would have returned, and his army perhaps be doubled. The Marquis d'Eguilles, it is said, even went down on his knees to the Prince, and begged him to accept the proposal of Lord George—let him retire to the mountains; then should the English dare follow him they would be destroyed in detail in a series of skirmishes. But advice and entreaties were in vain. Sir Thomas Sheridan and the officers from France, instead of showing how culpably rash Charles was, only the more encouraged him in his mad resolve. They represented to him that Heaven was on his side; that his successes at Preston and at Falkirk were not common victories but miracles, and that the God of battles would again smile upon his arms. This teaching was only too much in accordance with the wishes of the Prince, who, to use the words of Lord George Murray, 'was rather too hazardous, and was for fighting the enemy on all occasions.' Charles now came forward and informed the chieftains that as a battle was sooner or later inevitable, he would take up his position on the spot on which they now stood, and listen to none who counselled retreat.

Very shortly after arriving at this decision, it became impossible, had he even so wished, to follow the prudent advice of his lieutenant-general. At seven in the morning—three hours after the return to Culloden—the scouts came into the camp, bringing the news that the Duke of Cumberland had quitted his quarters at Nairn, and was in full march for Inverness—his cavalry but two miles distant, his main body not above four miles. At once the drums beat to arms, and the trumpets of the picket of Fitzjames sounded the call to boot and saddle. Struggling with the sleep that still hung heavy upon them, and but little refreshed by their few snatches of rest, the men rose up from their couch on the dewy moor and hurried to the ranks to answer the roll-call. And now, in this awful hour of emergency, it was found that the Highland army had been shorn of its strength by the desertion of some 2,000 men, who, driven by hunger, had gone to Inverness and the neighbouring mountains in quest of food. Time pressed, and it was impossible to send in pursuit of them. Every man was now of the utmost importance, for the whole force of the little army numbered but some 5,000 men. As the clans formed in line, and their diminished ranks became painfully apparent, more than

one officer must have regretted that the sage counsel of Lord George Murray had been overruled.

The scouts who reported the movements of the enemy to the staff at Culloden House had not been misled. Between four and five o'clock of the morning, the hour after the Highlanders had returned from their night march, the Duke of Cumberland quitted Nairn. He marched his men in three lines. The first line, commanded by Lord Albemarle and Brigadier Sempill, consisted of the regiments of Pulteney, Cholmondeley, Price, Monro, and Burrell, the Royals, and the Scotch Fusiliers. The second line, commanded by Major-General Huske, the same who had distinguished himself at Falkirk, was composed of the regiments of Howard, Fleming, Bligh, Sempill, Ligonier, and Wolfe. The third line, commanded by Brigadier Mordaunt, consisted of the regiments of Battereau and Blackney. The cavalry, under the command of Lieutenant-Generals Hawley and Bland, consisted of Cobham's dragoons, Lord Mark Kerr's dragoons, and Kingston's Horse. The strength of the whole force was estimated at 10,000 men.[1]

Confident of victory, the Duke marched his men rapidly over the marshy ground, now a cultivated tract, which extends from Nairn to Inverness. At first he had been under the impression that the rebels would fly before him into the mountains and never attempt resistance, but he was led to change his mind. 'I must own,' he writes to the Duke of Newcastle,[2] 'I never expected they would have had the imprudence to risk a general engagement, but their having burnt Fort Augustus the day before convinced me they intended to stand.' Aware, therefore, that his men were on the eve of a battle, the Duke issued instructions how to cope with the enemy, whose mode of warfare was so strange, and had inflicted such humiliation upon the King's troops. He bade his men, in order to avoid the interposition of the Highland targets, to thrust with their bayonets, not in a straight, but in a slanting line, each soldier directing his weapon, not against the man immediately opposite to him, but against the one who fronted his right-hand comrade; thus the foe would be wounded under the sword-arm before he could ward off the thrust. The men received his advice with a loud cheer, and for the first time during the campaign seemed eager to meet their foe, and to revenge the disgrace which Gladsmuir and Falkirk had inflicted upon their arms. Twice they halted on their march, and the morning was well-

[1] State Papers, Scotland, April 18, 1746 [2] *Ibid.*

nigh spent before the English came in sight of the Highlanders. A loud huzza was raised by the royal troops when their enemy became visible, which the clans re-echoed in savage earnest. At last the moment had come which was to decide the fate of the House of Stuart for ever.

Charles had drawn up his followers in two lines. On the right stood the first line commanded by Lord George Murray, which consisted of the Athole Brigade, the Camerons, the Stewarts, the Frasers, the Macintoshes, the Farquharsons, and some other clans. On the left stood the second line commanded by Lord John Drummond, composed of the three regiments of Macdonalds, styled, from their chiefs, Clanranald, Keppoch, and Glengarry. On the right of the first line was the first troop of horse guards, and on the left of the second line a troop of Fitzjames' horse. The reserve consisted of Lord Kilmarnock's regiment of foot guards and the remains of Lord Pitsligo's and Lord Strathallen's horse. The right flank was covered by some straggling park walls; to the left was a descent sloping down to Culloden House. Four pieces of artillery were placed at the extremity of each line, and the same number in the centre.

No little jealousy had been excited by this arrangement of the troops. The clan Macdonald, as the most powerful and numerous of the clans, had claimed from the beginning of the expedition the privilege of holding the right of the whole army. They had led the right at Preston and at Falkirk, and regarded their exchange to the left as not only an insult but ominous. 'We of the clan Macdonald,' says one of their officers, 'thought it ominous we had not this day the right hand in battle, as formerly at Gladsmuir and Falkirk, and which our clan maintain we had enjoyed in all our battles and struggles since the battle of Bannockburn.'

On his first sight of the enemy, the Duke halted his men, and made preparations for attack. His army formed in three lines, with cavalry on each wing, and two pieces of cannon between every two regiments of the first line. The Highlanders who supported the Hanoverian cause, and of whom the Duke thought but little, were told off to guard the baggage. Before entering action, his Royal Highness rode in front of his men, and again addressed them. 'I do not suppose,' said he, 'that there is a soldier before me unwilling to fight, but should there be any, who, either from disinclination to the cause, or from having relatives in the rebel army, prefer to

retire, in God's name I beg them to do so now: I would rather face the Highlanders with one thousand men at my back, determined to fight, than with ten thousand of whom a tithe are lukewarm.' The only response to his speech were shouts of 'Flanders! Flanders!' which were enthusiastically raised.

It was now one o'clock, and some of the officers around the Duke proposed that the men should dine before going into action. 'No,' replied the Commander-in-Chief, 'they will fight more actively with empty bellies; besides, it would be a bad omen—you remember what a dessert they got to their dinner at Falkirk!'

But the lesson taught at Falkirk was not to be repeated. The Highlanders met their foe under every disadvantage that it was possible for men about to fight to labour. No one watching the rival forces as they stood on their arms in the expectancy of onset could have doubted the issue for a moment. The English were well commanded; each regiment was in harmony with its fellow; every man was fresh and healthy; there was no lack of arms, artillery, and ammunition; and in numbers they were double that of the enemy. The rebels, on the other hand, faced their foe, wearied with their fruitless night-march to Kilravock, sick and famished for want of provisions, ill-clad, ill-armed, ill-supplied with artillery, shorn of nearly half their strength by recent desertion and by the non-arrival of expected support, and with their chief regiment sullen and depressed. Added to these terrible deficiencies, the ground they occupied was somewhat lower than that on which the English had formed, whilst a strong north-west wind was driving a heavy fall of rain and snow straight into their faces. Still, the very thought of action fired for a time the hot blood of the Highlanders; and, forgetful of fatigue and hunger, they stood shoulder to shoulder, grasping their claymores with warm eager hands, ready to spring forward at the word of command.

The battle began with a sharp but ineffective cannonade from the Highlanders, which was returned with terrible interest by the royal troops. 'We spent half an hour,' writes the Duke,[1] 'trying which should gain the flank of the other, and I having sent Lord Bury forward within a hundred yards of the rebels to reconnoitre somewhat that appeared like a battery, they began firing their cannon, which was extremely ill-served and ill-pointed. Ours immediately answered them, which began their confusion.' For well-nigh an hour the rival artillery

[1] State Papers, Scotland, April 18, 1746.

kept up incessant firing; the shots from the English tearing through the ranks of the clans and making wide gaps which no amount of closing up could conceal. Charles had taken up his position on a slight elevation immediately behind the rear. Here he had a complete view of the field, and was able to give his orders with the best advantage. But his vantage point was no sheltered spot, as his enemies have insinuated. He was in the immediate line of the English artillery, several of the officers around him fell, and a servant who held a led horse was killed by his side, the Prince himself being covered by the earth thrown up by the ball. Undisturbed by these disasters, he remained as cool under fire as he had been at Gaeta, and continued his inspection.

The galling fire which had opened upon the Highlanders from the enemy's cannon was received by them with an impatience which even better disciplined troops would have displayed under the circumstances. The men looked anxiously at their chiefs to know when the order to advance would be given. They were eager to charge as they had done at Gladsmuir, and break the enemy's ranks by one of their terrible *coups de main.* This inactivity was hateful to them. A few threw themselves on the ground to avoid the storm of shot around them; others took the responsibility of command upon themselves, and cried out to their fellows to charge; a few—a very few—cowed and panic-stricken, broke their ranks and fled. Lord George felt that it would be dangerous to resist much longer the fiendish impatience that was surging like molten lead in the breasts of his men. He sent Ker of Gradon to the Prince requesting permission to attack. But, before the aide-de-camp returned with his answer, the Macintoshes, who had never before been in action, rushed upon the English centre, and were followed by the whole right wing of the Highland army.

A sharp storm of hail and snow began now to fall, and was driven by a strong north-west wind right into the faces of the rebels. Half blinded with its pitiless flakes, and with the acrid smoke that rolled around them, the Highlanders, sword in hand, dashed forward with all their terrible impetuosity. The regiments of Monro and Burrell received their charge with a warm fire of musketry and artillery; but, after a brief resistance, the fierce onset of the clans met with its accustomed reward, and the ranks of the English were broken. The Duke, however, had anticipated the possibility of such an event, and had strengthened his second line, which was drawn up three

deep, so as to constitute a steady support in case any part of his first gave way. As the Highlanders, partially victorious and elated with their success, continued their furious advance, the front rank of Sempill's regiment knelt down, presenting a bristling array of bayonets, the second rank bent forward, the third rank stood upright. Calm and collected, with their firelocks at the present, they awaited the advance of the Highlanders: then, when their foes were within a yard of the bayonet-point, poured upon them a volley so murderous and so well directed that, after the action, the bodies of the unfortunate Highlanders are said to have been found *in layers of three and four deep!* A few, according to the Duke, in their rage at not making any impression upon the battalions, rushed forward and threw stones at the English for a minute or two.[1] But the rest, staggered by their terrible reception, were at a loss how to act. Then the royal troops advanced and drove the clans before them—the whole right and centre of the foe—irretrievably routed. In the charge, the chief Maclauchlan had been killed, and the brave Lochiel was carried to the rear by two faithful henchmen severely wounded. But, though defeated, the Highlanders had no cause to reproach themselves: they had fought with splendid courage, bearing themselves like gallant men who did their best to win the day; but they had to cope with an enemy twice their strength, and amply provided with all the *matériel* of warfare. They were defeated, but not dishonoured.

It would be well if the same praise could be accorded to the left wing. Moody and sullen, the Macdonalds saw the enemy putting to rout the right and centre of their army, yet their hands never grasped their swords with an itching for revenge; their feet still halted as if stuck to the swampy moor; they were passionless as cravens. The courage and chivalry of their tribe had indeed strangely deserted them. Their dignity had been offended by being placed on the left: so, with a preference as selfish as it was traitorous, they chose rather to subscribe to a defeat than to forgive the insult. In vain the Duke of Perth called out to them, 'Claymore! Claymore!' and tried to soothe their sullen pride by telling them that 'if they behaved with their usual valour they would convert the left into the right, and that he would call himself in future Macdonald.' But the well-known battle-cry and the kindly flattery were both incapable of rousing these surly, ill-conditioned

[1] State Papers, Scotland, April 18, 1746

vassals into action. The only answer Perth received was a low, long-drawn-out murmur of dissatisfaction. In vain the gallant Keppoch rushed forward to the charge, followed by a few of his kinsmen: his clan, with an obstinacy and infidelity unknown in Highland warfare, remained stationary. A well-directed shot brought the chieftain to the ground: still his followers stirred not. 'My God!' cried the dying chief, 'have the children of my tribe deserted me?' And the last sight his eyes, rapidly glazing in death, beheld, was the clan which bore his name still remaining fixed and immovable in the face of the foe. So stood the whole left wing, calm and uninterested spectators of the rout and repulse of their brethren. Then, when the end had come, they fell back in good order, and joined the remnant of the second line. A more treacherous and disgraceful display of temper military history has never yet had to record.

From the height where he stood with one squadron of horse, Charles watched the scene in amazement. Defeat he had never yet suffered, and therefore believed impossible; but now he saw his army routed and his cause ruined. His eyes suffused with bitter tears as he gazed upon the fruitless gallantry of the centre and the right, the baseness of the Macdonalds, and the imminent overthrow of his whole army. He cast a hurried glance upon the Lowland troops and the French and Irish piquets, which still remained. What if he could yet turn the tide of defeat by leading the second line to undertake what the first had failed to accomplish? A moment's reflection showed him that such an idea was hopeless. It was hardly possible that one half of an army should be able to retrieve the battle against treble its numbers flushed with victory. Moreover, the second line was dispirited at the defeat of the centre and the right; and their past privations, now that they were no longer buoyed up by excitement, had made them sick and almost craven at heart. To continue the battle without any hope of gaining it was only to increase the slaughter and to destroy every chance of rallying his men on a future occasion. The officers around the Prince concurred in thinking the battle irretrievably lost, and advised an instant retreat.

Nor was there a moment to lose. The Duke of Cumberland was repairing the losses in his first line by supplies from the second, and evidently preparing for a general attack. On the flank of the second line of the Highland army were the Campbells; whilst in the rear of the clans was a body of cavalry

which had broken through the inclosures on the rebel right, and, if reinforced in time, could cut off all retreat from the defeated army. Under these circumstances the Highlanders, dejected and dispirited, began to prepare for flight. Many departed singly to provide betimes for their own safety; not a few fled in the utmost confusion. A portion of the second line effected a retreat in good order, with colours flying and pipes playing, while the French auxiliaries fell back upon Inverness, where they obtained honourable terms of capitulation from the Duke of Cumberland. Many from the Highland army fled in the direction of Inverness, but the greater part towards the Highlands. In this decisive action the rebels lost about one fifth of their men, while the victors did not estimate their loss much above 300 in killed and wounded. The trophies that fell into the hands of the Duke were fourteen standards, 2,300 muskets, and the whole of the artillery and baggage of the Highland army.

On quitting the field of battle, the Prince was accompanied by two troops of cavalry, with which he crossed the river Nairn and rode to Fort Felie, about three miles from Culloden. Here he halted and dismissed his escort, directing them in the first instance to repair to Ruthven. An interview, it is stated, now took place between him and Lord Elcho, which may as well be told in his lordship's words.[1] 'The Prince halted four miles from the field of battle, and I found him in a deplorable state. As he had flattered himself always by false hopes that the army of the Duke would fly before him like that of Cope and Hawley, he believed that he had been betrayed, and seemed to fear all the Scotch, believing that they were capable of surrendering to the Duke in order to obtain peace and the 30,000*l.* the King had put on his head. He inquired about no one, and only spoke to the Irish who were around him . . . he seemed only interested in the fate of the Irish, and not at all in that of the Scotch; and seeing that the number of Scotch officers around him had increased, he bade them begone to a village a mile distant, and that he would send them orders. I remained after their departure, and asked him if he had any orders to give me? He replied I could go where I pleased, and that as for himself he intended to repair to France. I answered that I was surprised at such a resolution, so little worthy of a Prince of his birth; that it was unworthy in him to have caused so many people to sacrifice themselves for him, and

[1] MS. Journal of Lord Elcho.

then to abandon them; and that, even if he had lost a thousand men in the battle, there remained some 9,000 for him to put himself at their head, and to live and die with them. I represented to him that he arrived in this country without troops, and that he could even yet muster an army of 9,000 men, so that his situation was still better than when he landed in Scotland. I also told him that when his men found themselves without a leader they would disperse, and consequently fall under the vengeance of the Duke of Cumberland. All these reasons, however, made no impression upon him, and he only answered that he was determined to escape into France. Upon that I left him, fully determined never to have anything more to do with him.'

I have given this extract at length, because much has been made of the conduct of Charles during the closing scenes of the tragedy of Culloden. Sir Walter Scott relates, on the authority of certain manuscript memoirs of Lord Elcho, that at the time when the Macdonalds in their sullen obstinacy refused to fight, and the centre and the right were completely routed, Lord Elcho rode up to the Prince, pointed to the second line, which was as yet entire, and implored Charles to charge forward with them and retrieve the fortune of the day. To this proposal the Prince returned a doubtful or negative answer, upon which Lord Elcho called him an Italian coward and a scoundrel, and vowed he would never look upon his face again; an oath, says Sir Walter, which he religiously kept in the future.[1]

What these memoirs are which authorise the great novelist to make such a statement, I know not: there is no mention of the fact in the Journal from which I have just quoted. And the omission is striking. The Journal of Lord Elcho is a careful and minute autobiography. In it the writer records where he was educated, the friends he made at Winchester, the houses he dined at in town, the foreign cities he visited, his interviews with the Chevalier de St. George, his connection with Prince Charles, the incidents of the Rebellion, his retirement to Paris, and the various events, some important, others of no special note, which formed the different links in the chain of his life. But as the Journal was drawn up some forty years after the affair of the '45, it may perhaps be said that Lord Elcho, writing from memory, had forgotten much in his life which it would have been important for him to remember. This, however, will not get over the difficulty, for from

[1] *Quarterly Review*, lxxi. p. 213.

the pages of the autobiography it would appear that the memory of Lord Elcho was singularly acute and tenacious. He relates the various incidents of his childhood and school-days, freely mentions the names of those who were known to him in his youth, and indeed displays throughout the narrative of his diary a remembrance both of petty details and important events almost surprising in a man at his time of life. And yet there is not one word of the incident at Culloden as related by Sir Walter Scott. We know that Lord Elcho was anything but friendly towards the Prince, and, whenever opportunity offered, loved to wing a bitter shaft against his former master; therefore the omission in his Journal of all mention of this story of Sir Walter Scott's cannot certainly be credited to good taste or kindly feeling. It seems to me, from the animus evinced by Lord Elcho against the Prince, that if such an event had ever occurred, his lordship would certainly have remembered it, and have been only too glad to publish the fact. If he recollects the colour of the gowns the sixth-form boys wore at Winchester, he certainly would have remembered so noteworthy a circumstance as the refusal of the Prince to accept his advice and head a charge at a most eventful moment on the moor at Culloden. But there is no allusion to such an event. In the extract I have given, the only one touching the personal history of the Prince at the time of the battle, it will be seen that the interview between Lord Elcho and Charles takes place when the conflict *is over* and the two are fugitives from the field. There is nothing about Lord Elcho riding up to the Prince and bidding him lead on his men and change a defeat into a victory, or die as became a scion of his House; but simply a conversation as to the future movements and policy of the Prince.

Now which of these two accounts are we to accept? If we believe the statement quoted by Sir Walter Scott, and Charles is to be branded with the most cruel imputation that a Prince and a soldier can sustain, how comes it that no mention is made of the incident in the Journal of Lord Elcho? How comes it that Lord Elcho, after having declared in a fit of virtuous indignation that he will never look upon the face of the Prince again, yet within a few minutes of such an assertion follows in the train of Charles, and, according to his own statement in his Journal, has another interview with his master by the waters of the Nairn? How comes it that Lord Elcho, after having sworn never to look upon the face of the

Prince again, yet, as we shall show, appears a few months afterwards in the suite of Charles, at his first public audience at the Court of France, and years afterwards tries to see him at Rome? If, on the other hand, we believe the conversation as recorded in the Journal, how can we reconcile the two statements? Is it likely that the Prince, a man of spirit, and fully conscious of what was his due, would permit one who some half-hour before had openly insulted him to his face by calling him a 'scoundrel' and an 'Italian coward,' to address a word to him, much less to carry on a sustained conversation, and offer him advice? Surely not. If we are to place faith in the quotation given by Sir Walter Scott, Lord Elcho exhibits the Prince as an utter coward during the battle; but the statement in the Journal makes no mention of such an exhibition, but simply records a conversation between the two when the battle was over. Both extracts, however, though relating to different events, occurring at different times, have but one object in view, to write Charles down as a coward and a selfish adventurer.

I hope it will not be said that my zeal outruns critical discretion when I ask the reader to give no credence to either of these charges, but to regard them as calumnious falsehoods. Their aim is to degrade the Prince and to exalt the calumniator. In one picture, Lord Elcho—spurring in hot haste to his royal master, bidding him charge at the head of his division and win the day or die like a king—is represented, if somewhat reckless, yet as loyal, chivalrous, and heroic. In the other, Lord Elcho on the banks of the Nairn—reading his master a moral lesson, telling him of the army he has yet at his disposal, and encouraging him to act worthy of his race by not losing heart and deserting the cause—is described as a good and true man. But is either of them probable? From what we know of Lord Elcho, he was a man of doubtful fealty to the Stuart cause, of a violent and jealous temper, and as unsparing as unscrupulous in his enmity. It is true that he had lent the Prince the far from contemptible sum of 1,500*l.*; but then that was at the very commencement of the campaign, before his spite and jealousy had been awakened, and when he had every confidence in the ultimate success of the Prince's cause. Besides, when a creditor expects his debtor to be raised to a throne, his kindness does not seem such a disinterested act as at first sight may appear. But later on, when jealousy of the favouritism shown to the Irish was doing its bitter work, Lord Elcho, so staunch and true in his Jacobitism, used often,

in conversation with Æneas Macdonald, to curse himself for having been so mad as to join in the Rebellion, and said in his spite that he always had the most despicable opinion of the success of the enterprise.[1] How bitterly, then, he must have regretted his loan to the Prince! We shall see how, in after-life, he harps upon it. Again. The battle of Culloden had scarcely been fought two months when he who had so chivalrously urged his Prince to lead a charge, and had spoken so patriotically beside the waters of Nairn, was writing from Paris to his Grace of Argyll,[2] to take him under his protection, and to represent to his Majesty that, if he would pardon him his past offences, he was ready to surrender immediately, and to give every assurance that in the future he would be a peaceable subject, and 'shall never be concerned in any scheme that can be detrimental to his Majesty or his family.' 'But,' says Horace Walpole, 'as Lord Elcho has distinguished himself beyond all the Jacobite commanders by brutality and insult and cruelty to our prisoners, I think he is likely to remain where he is.' Nor were Walpole's surmises falsified. Lord Elcho was not pardoned. The inconsistent narratives of such a man, at open enmity with him of whom he spoke, should be received with extreme caution.

Fortunately for Charles, his reputation at this date rests upon other authority than that of Lord Elcho. So far from it being true that the Prince refused, like the craven Elcho would wish him to appear, to lead the second line, it is said, on the testimony of a cornet, who carried the standard of the second troop of horse guards and who was close by the Prince's side, that Charles was eager to place himself at the head of the remaining Highlanders and charge the enemy; nay, that he was only deterred from his plan by Sheridan and O'Sullivan seizing his horse by the bridle and forcing him to quit the field.[3] Such a statement is far more in harmony with the conduct and character of Charles throughout the campaign than the spiteful impression Lord Elcho wished to convey. The probability is, however, that Charles, as I have said, thought at first of making use of his second line, but on the officers around him agreeing that the battle was irretrievably lost, and that it

[1] Examination of Macdonald. State Papers, Domestic, Sept. 17, 1746.

[2] State Papers, Scotland, June 17, 1746. Ten days later he writes to the Lord Justice Clerk 'not to forsake him at this critical juncture,' and promises 'any assurance whatever for my making his Majesty a most loyal subject for the future.' State Papers, Scotland.

[3] Home, vol. iii. p. 225.

would only aggravate matters to continue the conflict, prudently abided by their judgment.

With regard to the conversation by the waters of the Nairn, recorded by Lord Elcho in his Journal, there are several reasons for doubting its accuracy. It is impossible to deny that Charles showed a most culpable predilection—the sin of favouritism ever ran blackly in his race—for the Irish officers on his staff, but that he carried this feeling to such an extent as to believe that his Irish were the only good men and true he possessed is absurd on its very face. He doubted the fidelity of Lord George Murray, he was not on the best of terms with some of his chieftains, who, very properly, were offended at his exclusiveness, but that he ever doubted the loyalty of the clans we have not a shred of evidence. On the contrary, he was so confident of the Highlanders who formed his army that he believed, wherever they went, victory must attend them. To repeat the remark of Lord George Murray, who certainly had no reason to be a very well-disposed critic of the Prince, 'his Royal Highness,' said he, 'had so much confidence in the bravery of his army that he was rather too hazardous, and was for fighting the enemy on all occasions.' An army may be brave and yet treacherous, but assuredly no one would have *confidence* in an army's bravery if suspecting it of treachery. In after-life, when the most baneful of all indulgences had dimmed his faculties and ruined his once splendid physique, the very thought of his Scottish campaign and the inviolable attachment of his followers—his loyal dunnie wassails—always roused him to something like his former self. Indeed, so keen and joyous was the enthusiasm that such recollections awakened that latterly his shattered frame was unable to bear the excitement they occasioned. In the last sad days, both at Florence and at Rome, though well-nigh a generation and a half had passed away since his struggle for a crown, Scotland and the Highlanders were tabooed subjects of conversation with him. 'No one dares mention them in his presence,' said the Duchess of Albany, in an awed whisper, to the few English who came to pay their devoirs to the head of the once famous House of Stuart.

Nor was this enthusiasm misplaced. Thirty thousand pounds had been set on his head. He was in the midst of a people poor to misery, whose notions of ordinary honesty were anything but clearly defined, who on all sides were experiencing the terrible punishment that awaits those who rise in rebellion

against a monarch in possession; and yet their fidelity was such that for five long months their rugged glens, their rocky islets, their forest wilds were his home, and not the rudest vassal who fashioned fir logs for his wretched shibeen, not the most miserable exile burnt out of hearth and home, but would rather have had his tongue torn out by the roots than reveal the haunts of the son of his king. Well might the Duke of Cumberland and his soldier-scouts, close on the scent and yet ever at fault, curse their inability to obtain intelligence! By her splendid fidelity to the great-grandson, Scotland has indeed given reparation in full for the baseness of her conduct towards the great-grandsire.

Lord Elcho says that immediately after his retreat from Culloden the mind of the Prince was resolutely made up to repair to France. This was not so. On halting at the river Nairn, Charles was as yet ignorant what course the future would map out for him. He had bidden his fugitives to rendezvous at Ruthven in Badenoch, and wait foi further orders. He knew that the master of Lovat and Cluny Macpherson, though not in time for the action at Culloden, were marching at the head of strong reinforcements, and would shortly come up with him. Macdonald of Barrisdale and Glengyle with his Macgregors were also expected to arrive. Nor was he hopeless that the large body of stragglers which had deserted after their night march to Kilravock might again unite with the remnant of the army. Could a junction of these troops be effected he would still be at the head of a formidable force, and the tide might yet turn in his favour. He had no intention because he had sustained a defeat—bitter and crippling though it was—at once to throw up his cause and fly in hot haste to Paris. It was only when he found all hopes of rallying the army and of renewing the war for the present completely vanish, that he looked with a longing eye towards Versailles.

Shortly after the battle of Culloden, a meeting had taken place at Murligan, two miles from the deep blue waters of Loch Arkaig. Here attended the wily Lord Lovat, Lochiel, whose wound in the ankle was slowly progressing, Macdonald of Barrisdale, Macdonald of Lochgarry, Gordon of Glenbucket, John Roy Stuart, and other chieftains, to consider what course of action they should now pursue. After much conflicting debate they agreed to meet on the following week. The measure they proposed, however, fell through, 'their people

being unwilling to come out a second time.'[1] True to the master who had so ungraciously rewarded his labours, Lord George Murray was busy also at Ruthven in collecting a force of some 1,200 men, and the chiefs who supported him vowed forthwith 'to raise in arms for the interest of his Royal Highness Charles, Prince of Wales, all the able-bodied men they could collect within their respective interests or properties;' but, like the meeting at Murligan, this proposed resistance was also abandoned. The cruelty which followed Culloden was doing its work: the Highlanders, panic-stricken and impoverished, felt themselves powerless to stem the tide, and so one by one the clans dispersed, and the last attempt at a Stuart restoration was at an end. Charles, lying hid in the glens of the Western Highlands, saw that the struggle for a time was over, and could only be repeated if France threw her aid into the scale. He resolved, therefore, to cross the seas, to present himself as a suppliant at the Court of Versailles, and again plead his father's cause. He sent by word of mouth to Lord George Murray his intention of embarking for France, whence he hoped soon to return with fresh succours. He also addressed his thanks to his adherents for their past zeal and fidelity, but advised them for the present to think only of providing for their own security.

But though the son was still sanguine as to the future, the father was not. When the news of the defeat at Culloden reached Rome, the Pretender was so sorely stricken at the intelligence that, like the Czar of All the Russias after the victory of the Alma, he shut himself up in his room, and refused to be comforted. Then, when it was hoped his grief had somewhat abated, the Ambassador of France and Cardinal Tencin called on him and tried to cheer the fallen man by saying 'That the battle was not decisive, and that the Court of France was capable of remedying all.' But he whom they would comfort well knew by this time the value of French support, and 'remained after their departure more confused and melancholy than ever.' Immense was the consternation at Rome, writes Walton, when the details of the battle fought on the swamps of Drummossie were known in the Eternal City, 'for all the priests and monks had contributed money for this expedition, in the firm hope of seeing the Romish religion established in England.'[2] Posterity may congratulate itself upon their disappointment.

[1] Examination of John Murray, August 27, 1746. State Papers, Domestic.
[2] State Papers, Tuscany, May 31, 1746.

CHAPTER XII.

REVENGE.

Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn!
Thy sons, for valour long renown'd,
Lie slaughter'd on their native ground.
Thy hospitable roofs no more
Invite the stranger to the door;
In smoky ruins sunk they lie,
The monuments of cruelty.

Think on the hellish acts thou'st done,
The thousands thou'st betrayed:
Nero himself would blush to own
The slaughter thou hast made.

THE battle of Culloden had been fought, and a victory, complete and decisive, adjudged to the English. The opposition of the Highlanders was overthrown, and the combinations they had formed for resistance had received an insurmountable check. Rebellion had at last been crushed. During the past few months a mere handful of men had risen in armed enmity against the established monarchy of the land; in one division of the kingdom they had boldly usurped the authority of the Crown; on all sides their proceedings had occasioned the liveliest anxiety; troops had been despatched to oppose their progress, and had been ignominiously defeated; peaceful counties, loyal to their king, had been marched through, and the inhabitants, in terror of their lives, compelled to swear fealty to another. Nay, for a time it had been feared that the whole country would have had to bow beneath the yoke of the invader, and a king of the exiled House of Stuart once more wield the sceptre and sit on the throne of his ancestors. In every town loyalty had been divided and intrigue busy with its schemes. Throughout the realm public tranquillity had been sorely disturbed, commerce paralysed, and men's minds troubled, not knowing what a day might bring forth. And now this terrible foe, which had sought to undermine the constitution of a country and to poison the fidelity of a people, had been foiled in its purpose, and forced to bite the dust. It was an opportunity not to be lost.

It was an opportunity not to be lost, but at the same time

it was one which a generous enemy would so avail himself of as to temper justice with mercy, and allow consideration to wait upon the severities of punishment. But unfortunately the victor of Culloden was little inclined to display the milder qualities of a conqueror. Clemency, forbearance, moral persuasion, were not within his military code. With him victory meant not merely the defeat of a foe, but his annihilation, with rapine, cruelty, and merciless slaughter. These savage accompaniments of a campaign were, owing to the nature of the enemy on this occasion, all the more in harmony with his feelings. He hated a Jacobite, not with the common sentiments which hostility engenders, but with a distinct and personal hatred. A Jacobite was the special enemy of his race; an enemy who planned and plotted for the overthrow of the reigning House, and who openly admitted that he would be content with nothing less. He regarded an adherent of the Stuarts as a man in possession regards one who seeks to oust him from the property he holds, and whose existence is fraught with every element of animosity. From his boyhood the Duke had been taught to look upon Jacobitism as the embodiment of everything that was offensive, disloyal, and treacherous to himself and his line. He believed there was no treason, however black; no scheme, however revolutionary; no effort, however dangerous, in which a Jacobite would not engage to serve the ends he had in view. He hated France, not because most Englishmen of his time hated a Frenchman, but simply because France, ever since the exile of the Stuarts, had been a staunch friend to the fallen House.

And inasmuch as he hated France, he hated Scotland all the more. It was there, amid its wild glens and picturesque fastnesses, that he knew lived a people devoted to the interests of the exiled race, and who, ever since the days of the Hanoverian accession, had schemed and intrigued against the established monarchy. Throughout his despatches it is plain to see how the Duke disliked Scotland, and how readily bitter expressions against her people rise to his lips. He had no faith in Scottish loyalty. In spite of Lowland devotion, he believed that the leaven of Jacobitism, if not mercilessly crushed, would work its evil way in the south as well as in the north, and that the only cure for this disloyalty was punishment by the sword. For the last few weeks his temper had been aggravated by the tricks and devices of a hostile neighbourhood. He had marched and countermarched on false information; his

prisoners had been set free; every delay that could be contrived had interfered with his supply of provisions; he was ever cursing the country and the difficulties with which he was surrounded. On quitting Aberdeen he had made up his mind to a harassing mountain warfare, and had never expected that his enemy would have had the courage to stand and stake their all on the issue of a pitched battle. But he had underrated the self-confidence of the rebels, and in a few hours it had been his good fortune to inflict upon his rival a crushing defeat. He had gained a victory, and he was resolved, with the brutality which lay not far beneath the surface of his coarse good nature, to teach those who had plotted against his royal father and disturbed the peace of the realm what kind of an enemy they had aroused.

On the dispersion of the Highland army being complete, he gave orders for his cavalry to pursue the retreating foe. With fiendish glee the dragoons—the cravens of the Colt Bridge, of Prestonpans, and of Falkirk—obeyed their instructions. Those fugitives who had not made good their escape were caught, and, save a few reserved for public execution, were mercilessly slaughtered. Quarter was given to none. The wounded, who had crept into thickets and deserted sheds, there hoping to die in peace, were dragged forth, drawn up in line, and despatched by platoon firing: the few who escaped death by this fusilade had their brains beaten out by the stocks of the soldiers' muskets. A barn in which several wounded Highlanders had taken refuge was set on fire, and as the unhappy inmates, half suffocated with the smoke, tried to make their egress, they were driven back at the point of the bayonet by the soldiers stationed around the shed, and roasted in the flames. On the moor, sodden by the recent rains, the dying and the dead remained in awful companionship for two whole days—from the Wednesday to the Friday—with not a soul at hand to alleviate their sufferings, or to examine into their condition; then on the afternoon of the Friday detachments were marched down by the Duke to kill the few who survived the consequences of this terrible exposure. 'Our men,' writes an English officer,[1] 'what with killing the enemy, dabbling their feet in the blood and splashing it about one another, looked like so many butchers.' And yet Sir Everard Fawkner writes to the Duke of Newcastle that his Royal Highness is a general that any nation should be proud of![2]

[1] *Scots Magazine*, April 1746. [2] State Papers, Scotland, April 19, 1746.

But this was only the inauguration of the reign of brutality. The Duke now proceeded to lay waste the country of the enemy. He fixed his headquarters at Fort Augustus, and sent forth day by day strong parties of soldiery to scour the disaffected glens and visit upon their inhabitants the utmost extremities of war. The humane and loyal Duncan Forbes manfully remonstrated with this general 'of whom any nation would be proud' against the enormities committed by the English, and invoked the outraged laws of his country. 'Laws!' roared the Duke. 'Laws! what laws? I'll make a brigade give laws!'

And these were his laws.

Merciless as had been the slaughter on the moor of Culloden of the wounded and the dying, it is doubtful whether their fate was not to be envied when compared with the lot of those who were preserved alive. The Highland gaols were thronged to suffocation; prisoners of all classes were crowded together; no distinction was made between the laird and his vassal; men of birth and ladies of position were taken up and confined amongst the common prisoners, without any reason being assigned—thus imprisoned they were denied the use of bedding and sufficient nourishment; they cried out piteously for water; they implored protection against the damp cold of their cells; they offered large sums for bail—but all in vain. And when suffering and privation had done their work, and the death that supervened spared further torment, the bodies 'were carried out of the prisons by the beggars and brought all naked through the streets to be buried in the churchyard.' Those who were not so fortunate as to die, bore about with them to the end of their days the effects of the usage they had suffered.

Men perfectly innocent of complicity with the rebellion, but whose friends or relations had taken a prominent part, were seized as spies, their bodies stripped naked and lashed from head to heel, and then they were either sent to die in the cells of a mountain prison or strung up on the boughs of a neighbouring tree.

A wounded Jacobite, imprisoned in a cellar, had effected his escape through the aid of a poor woman and her son. For this friendly act the woman was confined in a dungeon in such a position that she could neither sit nor lie down. Her imprisonment lasted many months, and when released she was crippled for life. Her son was so brutally beaten by the soldiers of the Duke that he died within three days.

The men of Glenmoriston and Urquhart had been told that if they gave up their arms at Inverness their lives should be spared, and protection to return to their homes granted them. Believing in the promises thus held out, they marched to Inverness and delivered up their arms. They were immediately taken prisoners, shipped for London, and transported to the plantations.

A Provost having remonstrated at the cruelty with which certain of the Jacobite prisoners in his city were treated, was met with the reply, 'Damn you, you puppy! Do you pretend to dictate here?' He was kicked down stairs and brutally ill-used.

The sufferings of the prisoners shipped to London for trial were even more intense than those their unhappy brethren confined in the Scottish gaols had to endure. They were packed as close as negroes in a slaver. The provisions doled out to them maintained life without relieving the pangs of hunger: many went mad from raging thirst; the absence of all ventilation bred fevers of the worst description, but no surgeon was in attendance to wait upon the wretched patients: some died, but the living and the dead were not separated from each other; it was said that the odour which arose from the hatchways was sufficient to poison all London.

The Duke had fixed upon Fort Augustus for his head-quarters. One of the sports he did not think it beneath him to institute, for the amusement of his men, was to make the peasant women of the neighbourhood strip in front of the camp, and ride races on horseback in perfect nudity.

From Aberdeen to the Hebrides the route was marked by a barbarity as sickening in the refinement of its cruelty as in the monotony of its punishment. In every city and hamlet the list of atrocities was the same: farms burnt; cattle shot; lands mercilessly laid waste; women ravished; whole families made homeless and turned out into the wilds to perish by starvation and exposure; cruelty, rapine, bloodshed, throughout the line of march. And yet his Grace of Cumberland—this general that 'any nation should be proud of'—quietly calls these terrible atrocities only 'a little blood-letting,' which has weakened the madness without curing it.[1] It was warfare more worthy of the Huns than of English soldiery.

'In several parts of the Highlands,' says Bishop Forbes,[2]

[1] Coxe's *Pelham Administration*, vol. i. p. 303.

[2] *Barbarities after Culloden*, by Bishop Forbes. Jacobite Memoirs. See

'the soldiery spared neither man, woman, nor child. The hoary head, the tender mother, and the weeping infant behoved to share in the general wreck, and to fall victims to rage and cruelty by the musket, the bloody bayonet, the devouring flame, or famishing hunger and cold. In a word, the troops sported with cruelty. They marched through scenes of woe, and marked their steps with blood.'

Yet when the rage of battle ceased,
The victor's soul was not appeased;
The naked and forlorn must feel
Devouring flames and murd'ring steel!
The pious mother doom'd to death,
Forsaken wanders o'er the heath,
The bleak wind whistles round her head,
Her helpless orphans cry for bread:
Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,
She views the shades of night descend;
And stretch'd beneath the inclement skies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes and dies.
While the warm blood bedews my veins
And unimpair'd remembrance reigns,
Resentment of my country's fate
Within my filial breast shall beat.

Nor was severity confined to the north of the Tweed. In England every prison was so crowded with rebel captives awaiting their trial that at last the holds of transports in the Thames had to be enlisted in gaol service. The State Papers of this period contain little which does not bear directly or indirectly on the condition of the victims of the Rebellion—lists of the prisoners against whom Indictments have been found; piteous petitions for pardon; letters from influential people interesting themselves in the condemned; warrants to issue writs for executions; testimonials to the 'character and amiable qualities' of the more distinguished prisoners; the last dying speeches of those who glory in their martyrdom for the Stuart cause; prayers from the condemned for change of sentence; prayers for transportation; prayers to serve in the navy; and the like. Indeed, sadder reading than these documents afford there scarcely can be. Now it is an agonising letter from a pregnant wife interceding for her husband; now a widow imploring that the life of her only son may be spared; then petitions praying for mercy from young lads of gentle blood on whom the Tower and the horrors of the future have

also 'Memorial concerning the sufferings of the Duke of Montrose's tenants, June 1746.' State Papers, Scotland, Feb. 16, 1747.

completely sobered the enthusiasm of the past; then again indignant letters from numbers complaining of the cruelty of their gaolers, and loudly protesting their innocence; or else petitions from the weak and the invalided begging to be allowed to take the air, to see a doctor, or to have their galling chains removed; throughout every document nothing but moaning, imploring, and despairing; nothing but piteous appeals to the Fountain of Mercy.

So vindictive was the tone of the Government that in abject fear men were always to be found ready to come forward and offer their testimony against their colleagues. Nor were those who thus consented to turn King's evidence men only of low birth, of no culture, and whose mere animal instincts ran so strong that life at any price was worth the having. Here and there some rude Scot who had served in the ranks of Prince Charles with no higher motives than plunder and self-advancement, the moment he felt the grip of his chains in the prisons of York or Carlisle, Penrith or London, was only too glad to buy his chance of pardon by revealing all that he knew; but as a rule it was those of gentler blood who set the example of Jacobite disloyalty. The common vassal, who had entered the rebellion simply because desired by his chieftain, not unfrequently faced his fate with a manliness which his master failed to display. Whilst the poor hutsmen in the wilds of the Hebrides would have scorned to betray the secret haunt of their Prince, Macdonald of Barrisdale, whose clan had been in arms for Charles, and who professed himself always as a staunch and loyal Jacobite, was promising the Duke of Cumberland to discover the whereabouts of the Prince, provided his Royal Highness would intercede for him; and the Duke had agreed to the bargain.[1] Whilst rude clansmen, who had never preferred a petition or regretted their attachment, were being drawn and quartered at Kennington and Carlisle, at York and Edinburgh, Lord Elcho was writing for a pardon from Paris, and his example was being imitated by a host of chieftains and lairds, whose prayers for mercy and willingness to change their opinions render the cynic almost doubtful whether, amongst those who have somewhat to lose, there be such a thing as dynastic loyalty in the hour of adversity. And last but not least, men of old blood and high standing, like Æneas Macdonald and John Murray of Broughton, were busy in imparting

[1] State Papers, Scotland, June 28, 1746, No. 33. for subsequent history of Macdonald, see State Papers, Scotland, April 1 and 10, 1749, No. 41.

their confessions to the Government, and bringing more than one brother-in-arms to the scaffold.

In the history of betrayal the name of John Murray will always occupy a most conspicuous position. He had been intimately connected with the late rebellion, he was private secretary to the Prince, his signature was attached to every order issued by his master, his voice had carried great weight in all the past deliberations: it was known that nothing had been conceived without his knowledge, and for much that had been so conceived he was himself responsible. It was felt that the evidence that could be given by such a man was invaluable. Nor did Murray require much pressing. Though he had been the bosom friend of the Prince ever since the two had met at Rome, and had always professed the most ardent attachment to the Stuart dynasty, he consented with but very little hesitation to expose the secrets of his master, to implicate the staunchest of his former companions, and to make in the most candid manner his revelations. It was not, therefore, without reason that Lord Elcho, who hated the secretary, said, 'We had a bad opinion of the honesty of Mr. Murray.'[1]

After Culloden Murray had fled to the Highlands; but his delicate state of health rendering him incapable of encountering the severity of those regions, he returned south and took up his abode with his brother-in-law, Hunter of Polmood. Hearing of this, the Lord Justice Clerk despatched a sergeant and seven men early in the morning to Polmood. Murray was in bed, and, in spite of all the efforts of his sister to bribe the men with 195 guineas, was taken prisoner and handed over to Andrew Fletcher. 'Mr. Murray was delivered to me prisoner yesternight,' writes the Lord Justice Clerk:[2] 'what with fatigue or drink he was in such disorder that it required some hours' sleep before he recovered; and then, in answer to some questions I put to him, he told me that all his papers were burnt by his clerks; that his late master, with Sullivan and O'Neil, both Irish, and no other person in company, did about four days after the battle of Culloden go off from Moidart in an open boat in order to get aboard of a ship; but being at that time himself unable to travel, he was not let further into the secret, nor does he know or has he heard what became of them since. I have committed him close prisoner to the Castle of Edinburgh.' On the Duke of Newcastle becoming acquainted with the capture of this important personage, he at once sent

[1] Journal, MS. [2] State Papers, Scotland, June 29, 1746.

down an order to Edinburgh for Mr. Murray's presence in London.

With the craftiness of a lawyer, the Lord Justice Clerk did everything in his power to conciliate Murray, saw him frequently in the Castle, obtained leave for him, on account of the delicacy of his health, to be sent to London by sea, and in many ways ingratiated himself with his prisoner. Before Murray's departure the Lord Justice Clerk had a long chat with him. He expostulated with the captive upon 'the madness of the undertaking in trusting either to the perfidy of France or the sham valour of a Highland rabble,' and told him that he had been ill used by the Pretender and his son in having ventured his life and fortune for them. Having thus smoothed the way, the Lord Justice Clerk said that 'he must now be sensible what distress and ruin he had brought upon his own country by that rash undertaking, and he could not but now think himself obliged to make all the reparation in his power by discovering what he knew.' To this Murray replied that 'he was very sensible and sorry for the distress that was brought on the country, and would willingly make any amends in his power, but could not think of accusing any man.' This virtuous resolve was, however, not very long maintained, for almost in the next breath he said that 'if he could have any hopes given him he would discover all he knew.' The cautious Lord Justice Clerk refused to commit himself. He replied that 'he had no authority to give him any hopes; but now that Murray was sensible of the hurt he had done, and that such attempts, though unsuccessful, behoved always to be ruinous to the country, the only reparation that he could now make to the king and country was to discover everything, so as to enable the Administration to prevent such attempts in time coming.' Again the faithful Murray replied that, 'If they would make him sure of anything, he would discover all.' And still with the caution of a lawyer who tries to gain his end without compromising his word, the Lord Justice Clerk contented himself with answering that 'it would be folly in him to propose or expect that they would make a bargain with him, or assure him of anything. He must endeavour, by the importance of his discoveries and the sincerity and openness with which he makes them, to merit their favour, and convince them of the sincerity of his repentance.' This counsel was so agreeable to Murray that, on taking his leave of the Lord Justice Clerk, he said that he would follow his advice, 'that

he would discover all he knew, that he would attempt no bargain nor ask no promises or assurance, but leave it to them to do with him whatever they should think proper.' All he desired was, that he might not be examined in open council, but only by two or three of its body. The Lord Justice Clerk replied that he saw no reason why that favour should not be granted him.[1] Less than a fortnight's confinement had been sufficient to show him the superiority of life, even with the loss of all that is generally considered to make life valuable, over an attachment to a ruined cause. It was well for the Prince that all his followers were not cast in the same mould as his late secretary.

The Lord Justice Clerk had no reason to regret that his advice had not been followed. Nothing could be more frank and candid than the confessions Murray made in his examination before the Government. He gave full details of the original conspiracy in 1740. He mentioned, in the most garrulous manner, the names of those, all over Europe, who either secretly or openly advocated the cause of the Pretender. He sketched the conduct of France during the whole affair. He stated the measures and counter-measures which, as the rebellion proceeded, were discussed, adopted, and abandoned. Had he been influenced by spite instead of by fear he could not have been more dangerously frank about his late colleagues. Indeed, on more than one occasion he was so needlessly candid in his revelations that he was checked by the Lord High Steward. Life must have been very precious in his own eyes when it led him to go through so much dirty work to preserve it. We are not surprised that he passed the rest of his days, in his own country, an object of universal detestation.

> Thus may you drag your heavy chain along,
> Some minutes more inglorious life prolong.
> And when the Fates shall cut a coward's breath,
> Weary of being yet afraid of death,
> If crimes like thine hereafter are forgiven,
> Judas and Murray both may go to Heaven!

We have only to read the ballads and poems of Jacobite literature to see how bitter is the hate that the name of Murray inspires. For grotesque humour, savage satire, and a weird imagination, the ballad of 'Cumberland and Murray's Descent into Hell' is almost unsurpassed.

The Government, having been informed by these revelations

[1] State Papers, Scotland, Lord Justice Clerk to Newcastle, July 10, 1746.

of the original plan and extent of the rebellion, proceeded to the trial of the men who had taken a prominent part in its conduct. Towards the end of the July of 1746, the Earls of Kilmarnock and Cromarty, and Lord Balmerino, appeared before their peers on the charge of high treason. Westminster Hall was inclosed with galleries and hung with scarlet. One hundred and thirty-nine peers were present. The Lord Chancellor, 'handsome Philip Hardwicke,' was the Lord High Steward, and, according to Walpole, appears to have conducted the trial not with the taste and dignity expected from him.

The body of the hall was crowded with spectators. 'As it was the most interesting sight,' writes Walpole, 'it was the most solemn and fine: a coronation is a puppet show, and all the splendour of it idle; but this sight at once feasted one's eye and engaged all one's passions.'[1] The appearance of the three prisoners was closely scrutinised, and few failed to be affected by their behaviour. 'Lord Kilmarnock and Lord Cromarty are both past forty,' says Walpole, 'but look younger. Lord Kilmarnock is tall and slender, with an extreme fine person: his behaviour, a most just mixture between dignity and submission, if in anything to be reprehended, a little affected and his hair too exactly dressed for a man in his situation; but when I say this, it is not to find fault with him, but to show how little fault there was to be found. Lord Cromarty is an indifferent figure, appeared much dejected and rather sullen: he dropped a few tears the first day, and swooned as soon as he got back to his cell. For Lord Balmerino, he is the most natural brave old man I ever saw; the highest intrepidity even to indifference. At the bar he behaved like a soldier and a man: in the intervals of form, with carelessness and humour. . . . When they were to be brought from the Tower in separate coaches, there was some dispute in which the axe must go, old Balmerino cried, "Come, come; put it with me!"'

Of the guilt of the culprits there could be no question. All three had borne arms against their lawful sovereign. In the beginning of March, Lord Cromarty had been despatched by the Prince to dislodge the army of Lord Loudoun. As we know, he succeeded so well in his enterprise that Loudoun was compelled to retreat before him, and, finally, so feared his foe that he broke up his army and embarked with the Macleods and Macdonalds to the isle of Skye. Thus Cromarty gained possession of the coast of Sutherlandshire, and did his best to

[1] *Letters*, vol. ii. p. 136.

transform a county loyal to the Hanoverian accession into a Jacobite province. But his efforts were not crowned with success; the Sutherlandshire vassals not only declined to join the rebels, but kept possession of their arms, and refused the most favourable terms of submission. On the advance of the Duke of Cumberland from Aberdeen, the Prince sent word for Cromarty to join him at Inverness. But the Sutherlandshire men, learning that their enemy was about to evacuate their territories, resolved to annoy the rear of the invaders as they left the county. A body of armed militia was collected from the hills, in which they had taken shelter, and did their best to annoy the retreating insurgents. It so happened that Cromarty and his chief officers stayed behind at Dunrobin Castle, 'to see a few bottles out,' and it was not till their men had marched down to the ferry, where they were to embark, that his lordship and his staff began to quit the castle. But they were soon driven back. A company of the Sutherlandshire militia were on the watch, and, by a bold *coup de main*, took Lord Cromarty, Lord Macleod, and the other officers of the regiment prisoners. Thus secured, they were put on board the 'Hound,' a British sloop of war, and sent to London.

No less open was the connection of Lord Kilmarnock with the Rebellion. He had served throughout the campaign in command of a troop of horse grenadiers, and after the battle of Culloden, instead of making his escape like the rest, had surrendered himself to the Duke. He was descended from an ancient and noble family, and nature had been so liberal to him in the endowment of his person that he was reckoned one of the handsomest men of the day. From his youth upwards he had been educated in revolutionary principles, and had been induced to join the Rebellion partly from the desperate state of his fortunes and partly out of pique to the Government for having deprived him of a pension which he had sometime enjoyed.

Arthur Elphinstone, Lord Balmerino, stands out in bold relief against a mass of men who now, on the suppression of the Rebellion, were only too desirous of obtaining their lives by the sacrifice of their political principles. Old enough to be the grandfather of the boys who were prostrating themselves in the dust as they craved for mercy, he met his peers, stout and true, proud of the cause for which he had fought, and preferring death to a renunciation of his loyalty. In early life he had commanded a company of infantry in Lord Shannon's regiment,

having obtained his commission from Queen Anne. But on the accession of George I., deeming his past service disloyal to his true Prince, and wishing to atone for what he considered an act of treason, he resigned his commission and joined the Earl of Mar, under whom he served at Sheriffmuir. On the conclusion of the rebellion of 1715 he escaped to France, entering the French service, and did not return to his own country till 1733, when his father obtained a pardon for him—which, by the way, he refused to accept until he had received permission from the Pretender. On the raising of the standard at Glenfinnan he again drew his sword in favour of the Stuart cause. He served as a volunteer at Prestonpans, and was afterwards appointed to the command of a troop of Life Guards. After the battle of Culloden he surrendered himself.

Such were the three men who were now called upon to answer for their misdeeds. The Earls of Kilmarnock and Cromarty admitted their guilt, and threw themselves upon the mercy of their peers. Balmerino, in order, as he said, that so many fine ladies should not be disappointed of the show they had come to see, pleaded not guilty. He objected to his being indicted as the Lord Balmerino 'of the city of Carlisle,' a title which did not belong to him; but his objection being overruled, the Lord High Steward asked him whether he had anything further to offer in his defence. The old man, with a smile, replied that he was satisfied his exception was not founded on law, and regretted that he had given their lordships the trouble of hearing it. The three Jacobites were then pronounced guilty of high treason, and conducted to their cells in the Tower.

After the interval of a few days the prisoners again put in an appearance at the bar to receive sentence. They were asked whether they had anything to say why judgment should not be passed upon them. Kilmarnock was the first to reply. He confessed his offence, and again pleaded guilty, urging that his father had bred him up in the strictest Hanoverian principles, and stating that he himself had so effectually impressed the same upon his eldest son that Lord Boyd was in arms for King George at the battle of Culloden, while he himself was fighting on the other side. In extenuation of his guilt, he said that he had in the course of the insurrection protected the persons and property of loyal subjects; and that he had surrendered of his own accord after Culloden, although he could have effected his escape. But his best point was his indignant repudiation of

the interference of France on his behalf. It so happened that Van Hoey, the Dutch Ambassador at Paris, had been induced by the French Court to write to the Duke of Newcastle, recommending humanity, clemency, and—what certainly was conspicuous by its absence in the court and cabinet of George II.—greatness of soul. 'It is with the utmost abhorrence and detestation,' said Kilmarnock, throwing his fine eyes round the Hall, and extending his right arm towards his judges, 'that I have seen a letter from the French Court, presuming to dictate to a British monarch the manner in which he should deal with his rebellious subjects. I am not so much in love with life, nor so void of a sense of honour, as to expect it upon such an intercession. I depend only upon the merciful intercession of this Honourable House, and the innate clemency of his Sacred Majesty.'

So distinguished was the appearance of Kilmarnock, and so effective the eloquence of his speech, that many of the spectators were moved to tears. Lady Townshend, who was among the audience, had conceived an extravagant passion for the noble rebel, whom she had never seen before, and her sayings and actions on this occasion were, according to Walpole, the laughing-stock of the town.

Cromarty was the next to reply. Though a dull and unprepossessing man, he struck a chord in the conclusion of his address which sent a thrill through the fairer portion of the spectators. 'Nothing, my lords,' said he, earnestly, 'remains but to throw myself, my life, my fortune, upon your lordships' compassion; but of these, my lords, as to myself is the least part of my sufferings. I have involved an affectionate wife with an unborn infant, as parties of my guilt, to share its penalties. I have involved my eldest son, whose infancy and regard to his parents hurried him down the stream of rebellion. I have involved also eight innocent children, who must feel their parent's punishment before they know his guilt. Let them, my lords, be pledges to his Majesty, let them be pledges to your lordships, let them be pledges to my country, for mercy; let the powerful language of innocent nature supply my want of eloquence and persuasion. . . . But if, after all, my lords, the sacrifice of my fortune and family is judged indispensably necessary for stopping the loud demands of public justice, and if the bitter cup is not to pass from me, not mine but Thy will, O God, be done.'

Stout old Balmerino scorned to sue for mercy, but faced the

court with a smile. At first he raised some fresh objections to the indictment, but afterwards withdrew them, saying that 'his counsel had satisfied him there was nothing in the objection that could be of service to him, and, therefore, he was sorry for the trouble he had given his Grace and the peers.' The prisoners having thus submitted to the court, the Lord High Steward addressed them in a speech which, we are told, failed to be impressive, and then pronounced the terrible sentence passed upon those guilty of the dread crime of high treason :—

'The judgment of the law is, and this high court doth award, that you William Earl of Kilmarnock, George Earl of Cromarty, and Arthur Lord Balmerino, and every of you, return to the prison of the Tower, from whence you came; from thence you must be drawn to the place of execution; when you come there, you must be hanged by the neck; but not till you are dead; for you must be cut down alive; then your bowels must be taken out, and burnt before your faces; then your heads must be severed from your bodies, and your bodies must be divided each into four quarters; and these must be at the King's disposal. And God Almighty be merciful to your souls!'

As is invariably the case with the distinguished who are condemned for political offences, powerful intercession was made on their behalf. Thanks to the instances of his countess, whose agony is apparent in many a letter among the State Papers, Lord Cromarty was pardoned. It is said that when his wife, a few weeks after this terrible period of suspense, was confined, the child came into the world bearing upon its neck the mark of the executioner's axe.

Balmerino and Kilmarnock were not so fortunate. To the last the gallant old Jacobite refused to sue for mercy, or to express regret for the cause he had supported. 'Heaven help me!' cried King George, when inundated with applications for mercy in behalf of Cromarty and Kilmarnock, 'will no one say a word in behalf of Lord Balmerino? He, though a rebel, is at least an honest one!' Kilmarnock, it was thought, would have been pardoned, had not the Duke of Cumberland taken a strong dislike to him.

The execution was to take place at Tower Hill, the spot on which so many a dynastic plotter has given up his life. On the appointed day, August 18, the open square was thronged by a vast crowd. Every house in the neighbourhood had both its

roof and windows full of eager heads. 'Look, look,' cried Balmerino to his companion, 'how they are all piled up like rotten oranges!' It was with difficulty that the troops which lined the inclosure could keep the mob from bursting through the barriers. On the clock striking ten, the victims issued for the last time from the heavy gates of the Tower. They were both on foot. Kilmarnock headed the little procession dressed in black, with his hair unpowdered in a bag, and supported on either side by friends. Balmerino walked behind alone, dressed in his 'rebellious regimentals'—a blue coat turned up with red, and a tie wig. The warders followed in the rear with the hearses. On approaching the scaffold, its timbers draped in black cloth, the unhappy Jacobites were conducted to a house near the place of execution. Here they took leave of each other. Balmerino went up to his companion, embraced him tenderly, and said, 'My Lord, I wish I could suffer for both!' Then after a pause he said, 'My Lord Kilmarnock, do you know anything of the resolution taken in our army the day before the battle of Culloden, to put the English prisoners to death?' To this Kilmarnock replied, 'My Lord, I was not present; but since I came hither I have had all the reason to believe that there was such order taken; and I hear the Duke has the pocket-book with the order.' 'It is a lie,' cried Balmerino, 'it is a lie, raised to excuse their barbarity to us!' 'Take notice,' says Horace Walpole, 'that the Duke's charging this on Lord Kilmarnock (certainly on mis-information) decided this unhappy man's fate.' Anxious to palliate the butchery of Culloden, the Duke was ever giving out that, on the day of the battle, the Highland chieftains had issued the most cruel orders touching the treatment of those who should be taken prisoners. Among these orders, his Royal Highness said, was one from Lord Elcho, commanding his men to chop off the thumbs of all the English who fell into their hands. Lord Elcho, in his Journal, indignantly disclaims ever having issued such a brutal decree.

Kilmarnock was the first of the two to suffer death. When he reached the spot and saw the scaffold, all the more gloomy in its black trappings—the executioner leaning on his axe—the sawdust ready at hand to sop up his blood—the coffin close to the block—and above all the human sea of faces watching his every movement with hideous curiosity, he turned to his friend, a young Presbyterian clergyman, and said in a whisper, 'Home, this is terrible!' But he met his fate without flinch-

ing. He renewed his assurance of contrition, prayed for the reigning King and family, and admitted the justice of his sentence; then he knelt down, placed his head well over the block, as Balmerino had playfully taught him, so that the neck rested firmly and fully upon the wood, and gave the signal. With one blow his head was severed from the trunk.

Kilmarnock was the only one among the seventy-seven executed for their share in the insurrection of 1745–46 who confessed his guilt or expressed repentance whilst on the scaffold. As a rule, though many begged hard for pardon when in their cells, the moment they saw that mercy would not be extended them, they resigned themselves calmly to their fate, and died at the block true to themselves and their exiled King. It is very easy courage for the critic or historian, seated in his study, to stigmatise such conduct as inconsistent and unmanly, but it is not given to every one to meet a violent death, especially for a crime which becomes only a crime when unsuccessful—without efforts, which at the best can never be very dignified, to obtain mercy. Let it be put somewhat down to the credit side of those who implored the royal clemency—even at the sacrifice of their political principles—that on the scaffold their manhood was restored them, and they died without fear or disloyalty.

After a brief interval, Lord Balmerino was summoned to follow the fate of his fellow victim. He mounted the scaffold with so undaunted a step that the crowd were taken by surprise. With a smile he examined his coffin and looked at the inscription. Then he felt the edge of the axe, and returned it to the executioner, bidding him strike boldly, 'for in that, my friend,' he said, 'will consist thy mercy.' He approached the block and called it his 'pillow of rest.' Then, putting on his spectacles, he read a written speech, which he afterwards handed to the sheriff. In this speech the staunch old man spoke of King George as a good, kind prince, but denied his right to the throne, and declared that Prince Charles was so sweet a prince that flesh and blood could not resist him. 'If I had a thousand lives,' he cried, 'I would lay them all down here in the same cause.' He then called the executioner, who was on the point of kneeling to ask forgiveness, but the old Jacobite stopped him, saying, 'Friend, you need not ask me forgiveness; the execution of your duty is commendable.' He then presented the man with three guineas. 'Friend,' he said, as he put the money into the fellow's hand, 'I never had much money; this is all I have; I wish it was more for your sake, and am sorry

I can add nothing to it but my coat and waistcoat.' Having taken off these and placed them on the coffin, he bade farewell to his friends. 'I am afraid,' said he, 'there are some who may think my behaviour bold; but remember what I told you, it arises from a confidence in God and a clear conscience.' Then he knelt down at the block, and said in a loud voice, 'O Lord, reward my friends, forgive my enemies, bless King James, and receive my soul.' This prayer uttered, he rested his head on the wood, and quickly gave the signal for despatch—so quickly that the executioner was taken by surprise, struck a false blow, and not till three strokes had been given was the brave old man sent to his rest.

A few weeks after this execution the mob on Tower Hill saw another sight. Charles Ratcliff, brother of the Earl of Derwentwater, was summoned to the scaffold. Though he had taken no direct share in the recent rebellion, he had been engaged in his brother's treason of 1715, and had the following year been tried and condemned to death. Confined in Newgate, he managed to effect his escape, and fled to France. Towards the end of the year 1745 he was taken on board a French ship of war, bound for Scotland with arms and stores, together with several other officers, and placed once more in Newgate. His case was a simple one. It having been shown to the satisfaction of a jury that he was the same Charles Ratcliff who had been condemned some thirty years ago, he was sentenced to death. On December 8 he mounted the scaffold, and died with a serenity and calmness which gained him universal sympathy. We are told that, of all the victims of the Rebellion, the execution of Ratcliff most affected the Pretender. James had known the dead man at Rome for many years, and regarded him as one of the most zealous and loyal of his adherents.[1]

Of those who perished on the scaffold during this sad period but one met his death unpitied and unregretted. That man was Lord Lovat. His calculating baseness, his temporising policy, his infernal duplicity, throughout the months of the Rebellion, remove him entirely out of the region of sympathy. For such a man we can but have the intensest contempt. After the failure at Culloden, and when he learnt that Jacobite resistance had received its death-blow, he fled to the Highlands. There, whilst one of the detachments sent by the Duke

[1] State Papers, Tuscany, Jan. 17, 1747.

of Cumberland to scour the country was busying itself upon the coast of Knoidart and Arisaig, he was found wrapped up in a blanket and hid in a hollow tree. 'I imagine,' writes the Duke of Cumberland to the Duke of Newcastle,[1] 'I imagine that the taking Lord Lovat is a greater humiliation and vexation to the Highlanders than anything that could have happened, as he is dignified with great titles, and ranks high in command, and they had such confidence in his cunning and the strength of the country, that they thought it impossible for any one to be taken who had those recesses open as well as known to him to retire to, especially as they had a high opinion of his skill to make use of their advantages.' Before Lovat was sent to London, it fell to the lot of Sir Everard Fawkener to have frequent interviews with the subtle old chieftain. On these occasions Lovat never affected to be innocent, but talked of his principles, and spoke much of the services he had rendered the Government during the '15. He imputed all his misfortunes to Marshal Wade, who had been the means of getting him deprived of his command of his Independent Company. In speaking of the trial that was to ensue, he said that if he were pardoned he would perform 'greater services than many such heads as his are worth;' but still he was '*utrumque paratus, seu versare dolos seu certæ occumbere morti.*' 'I find,' writes Fawkener to the Government at home [2]—'I find Lovat as much a rogue as I had ever heard he was, but I cannot discover the parts which had been so much boasted of. He appears to me greedy, impudent, lively, with some low cunning, and rather audacious than stout. He is infirm in his body, and fails in his hearing, but his head seems clear and his memory strong . . . he is excessively civil, and'—the connection is delicious—'I fear has the itch.'

Unlike his fellow sufferers, Cromarty, Kilmarnock, and Balmerino, Lord Lovat had never appeared openly in arms, and it was therefore more difficult to prove an overt act of high treason against him. He was consequently not brought to trial till the spring of 1747, and conviction might not then have followed had it not been for the evidence of Murray, who, not content with damning Lovat, mentioned the names of the Duke of Beaufort, Sir Watkin Wynn, Sir John Cotton, and others, as having entered into a correspondence with the Stuart family for many years.

Lovat's trial lasted ten days, and at the close he was found

[1] State Papers, Scotland, June 28, 1746. [2] *Ibid.* June 29, 1746, No. 33.

guilty of high treason and sentenced to death. Almost the last words he uttered on the scaffold was Horace's well-worn quotation, '*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.*' It would have been difficult for him to have met his death with a more inappropriate text.

But the vengeance of the Government was not partial in its severity—the vassal suffered as well as his lord. Numerous were the executions that took place upon Kennington Common, at York and Carlisle, at Penrith and Brampton. And it was the exception for men not to die bravely. One after the other as he mounted the scaffold prayed for the exiled family, expressed his devotion to the cause for which he died, and then, with a 'Long live King James the Third!' laid his head on the block and awaited the stroke. Where weakness was displayed was not in the bitter hour of death, but during the awful period of suspense between the imprisonment and the condemnation. Many who were not considered worthy of capital punishment were shipped off as slaves to our colonies: not a few were pardoned on condition of serving in the navy.

Of the other prominent adherents of the Prince, brief mention must suffice. The Marquis of Tullibardine escaped the scaffold by dying in the Tower before his trial. It is said that Sheridan, who had fled abroad, perished of grief owing to the reproaches heaped upon him by James. I do not know what is the foundation for that statement. According to Walton, Sheridan reached Rome in the November of 1746, sadly altered in appearance, and until the day of his death was the one constant companion of James. He died of apoplexy November 23, 1746.[1] Lord George Murray escaped to the Continent, and died in Holland in the year 1760. The Duke of Perth perished on board ship whilst escaping to France, a few weeks after Culloden. Lord Pitsligo lived in concealment until his death in 1762. Lord Elcho we shall again meet.

It was not till the June of 1747 that the English Government passed an Act of Indemnity granting a pardon to all who had been engaged in the Rebellion. Still, even from this Act of Grace no fewer than eighty names were excepted; and in spite of its clauses, many Jacobites were detained in prison. In the reign of George III. an Act was passed restoring the estates forfeited for treason in the year 1745 to the descendants of those by whom they had been forfeited.

With a view to prevent the renewal of insurrection, various

[1] State Papers, Tuscany, Nov. 29, 1746.

Acts of Parliament were passed for the purpose of destroying the feudal authority of the Highland chieftains over their clans. One bill not only disarmed the clans but restrained them from wearing the national garb. Another rendered it imperative upon the master of every private school north of the Tweed to swear allegiance to King George, his heirs and successors, and to register his oath. A third abolished the system of hereditary jurisdiction, by which many Scottish lairds had been permitted to administer the law on their own estates. Thus by the operation of these and other measures, and by the healing effects of time, the discord which heretofore existed between clan and clan gradually ceased. All the former harsh inequalities of the Feudal system have now been exchanged for the advantages of civilisation and commerce. Instead of piquing himself upon the number of men he can bring into the field, the Highland laird is now occupied in draining his land, clearing his forests, improving his farms, and turning his vassals into satisfactory tenants. The romance of Scotland ends with the failure of Prince Charles: its new career as a commercial and industrial country dates from Culloden.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE FUGITIVE.

On hills that are by right his ain,
He roams a lonely stranger;
On ilka hand he's press'd by want,
On ilka side by danger.
Yestreen I met him in a glen,
My heart near bursted fairly,
For sadly chang'd indeed was he—
Oh! wae's me for Prince Charlie.

Accompanied by Sir Thomas Sheridan, O'Sullivan, O'Neal, his aides-de-camp, Sir David Murray and Alexander Macleod, John Hay, who was acting as secretary in the absence of Murray of Broughton, Allan Macdonald, a priest, and one Ned Burke, as his guide, Charles, on quitting the banks of the Nairn, spurred forwards through those charming regions which attract every year their crowd of tourists, to Gortuleg. Here an interview took place between him and his treacherous adherent Lord Lovat. 'A lady,' writes Sir Walter Scott, 'who,

then a girl, was residing in Lord Lovat's family, described to us the unexpected appearance of Prince Charles and his flying attendants at Castle Dounie. The wild and desolate vale on which she was gazing with indolent composure was at once so suddenly filled with horsemen riding furiously towards the castle, that, impressed with the belief that they were fairies, who, according to Highland tradition, are visible to men only from one twinkle of the eyelid to another, she strove to refrain from the vibration which she believed would occasion the strange and magnificent apparition to become invisible. To Lord Lovat it brought a certainty more dreadful than the presence of fairies or even demons.'

Of the interview that ensued between the Prince and his crafty vassal we know but little, and that little is conflicting. According to some, the Prince was met with reproaches, and the regret of Lord Lovat was so keen as to make him wish for death. 'Chop off my head, chop off my head,' the old lord cried out to the unhappy fugitive. 'My own family, with all the great clans, are undone, and the whole blame will fall upon me. Oh! is there no friend here to put an end to my life and misery!' He even called upon some particular persons by their names, whose friendship he knew was sincere and inviolable towards him, beseeching them earnestly to do this last office and favour to him. 'But at last the Chevalier said to him, "No; no, my lord, don't despair. We have had two days of them, and will yet have another day about with them." Then he informed him of several particulars of the battle, and magnified the bravery of the Frasers, but reflected prodigiously upon the conduct of those who hindered his attacking the Royalists in the preceding night, when they were no way prepared to receive them. By such discourses as these he endeavoured to soothe him, but all his art was insufficient to rouse the drooping spirits of that subtle and unfortunate lord, who could not so much as be prevailed on, at that time, to hear or deliberate upon any proposals for mending the state of his affairs.' [1]

According to others, the Prince was cordially embraced by Lord Lovat, who expressed his deep regret at not having been able to take any active part in the campaign on account of his old age.[2]

Whichever story is the true one, it is certain that the inter-

[1] 'A Genuine Narrative of all that befel that Unfortunate Adventurer.'

[2] Exam. of Rob. Fraser, late secretary to Lord Lovat. State Papers, Domestic, Sept. 16, 1746.

view between the two was but brief, for Charles by midday was safely quartered at Invergarry, the seat of Macdonnell of Glengarry, now one of the chief objects of attraction to the traveller as he steams through the exquisite scenery of the Caledonian Canal. Unfortunately the loyal chieftain was absent, and the house completely deserted. Charles, however, who had had no rest the previous night, and had just ridden some forty miles after a day of the most intense mental anxiety, was indifferent to everything but the weariness of fatigue. He laid himself down on the floor, for it appears that the house had been uninhabited and was destitute of furniture, and slept far into the morning of the next day. On his awaking, the faithful Ned Burke had managed to give him a breakfast off some salmon which he caught in the loch, and which, as he writes in his journal, he 'made ready in the best manner he could, and the meat was reckoned very savoury and acceptable.'[1] The Prince was not always to enjoy such good fare.

But a long stay at Invergarry was out of the question. His breakfast finished, Charles prepared to start afresh on his flight. It was deemed advisable that he should again diminish the number of his followers in order to escape observation, and, with the exception of O'Sullivan, O'Neal, and Ned Burke, as both servant and guide, the remainder took leave of their master. Like every other spot in the Highlands that offered shelter to the Prince or his adherents, Invergarry had to pay a bitter penalty for its brief and indifferent hospitality. By orders of the Duke of Cumberland, the house was battered down, the grounds laid waste, and the plate melted and carried off.

Dressed in the clothes of Ned Burke, Charles, in the rear of his three companions, pushed on to Loch Arkaig. The deep purple twilight had settled over the waters of the loch, increasing the weirdness of its hillsides, when the Prince made his arrival. He was received by Donald Cameron of Glenpean, and so worn out was he by his recent fatigues that he fell fast asleep whilst Burke was undressing him. A good night's rest was, however, all he needed, and early the next morning he was fresh enough to ride on to Newboll, in Clanranald's country, where he halted for the night. And now it was that he was to enter upon the severity of his sufferings. The rocky, impassable character of the country around him rendered it

[1] *Jacobite Memoirs*, p. 364. Jesse, *The Pretender and his Adherents*, p. 279.

necessary for him to quit the saddle and work his way westwards on foot. From Newboll the party marched to Oban, near the head of Loch Morar, which they reached on the evening of April 19, and had to content themselves during the night with the shelter of a miserable hovel used for sheep-shearing. The following day, after a most fatiguing walk over rough and uneven country, Charles arrived at the village of Glenbiasdale in Arisaig, close to the spot where, some nine eventful months before, he had first landed full of hope and enthusiasm, to unfurl the standard of his cause.

It was whilst resting here that friends told him that another attempt at insurrection was for the present utter madness, and that he would far more further his cause by escaping to France. Charles too saw that the game was up, and accordingly wrote to his followers, then gathering at Ruthven under the command of the loyal and unjustly judged Lord George Murray, advising them to disperse, as he was compelled by circumstances to retire to France. He thanked them most warmly for the gallantry and devotion they had ever shown in his cause, and he hoped before long to be again in their midst, and backed by such foreign aid as would render success certain. In many a home those words were treasured up, and years afterwards, when the rebellion of Forty Five had ceased to be aught than a strange, historical event, the hope was still entertained by the brave Highlanders of the west that the Prince would return and claim his own again. 'He went,' writes Earl Stanhope, 'but not with him departed his remembrance from the Highlanders. For years and years did his name continue enshrined in their hearts and familiar to their tongues; their plaintive ditties resounding with his exploits and inviting his return. Again in these strains do they declare themselves ready to risk life and fortune for his cause; and even maternal fondness—the strongest perhaps of all human feelings—yields to the passionate devotion to Prince Charlie.'

The suggestion of the Duke of Cumberland that the Government should have gunboats cruising off the western coast to intercept the escape of the Prince had been strictly carried out. At Glenbiasdale, Charles learnt for the first time that English vessels were lying in wait for him, and he now saw, what with detachments of the Duke's infantry scouring the country in all directions, the militia guarding the fords and passes, and all escape by means of a foreign vessel cut off

by the vigilance of the English cruisers, that his position was indeed full of peril. Deep and earnest were the deliberations between him and his followers, and at last they proposed that he should betake himself to the Western Isles, where it was hoped he would be out of danger's way, and the more easily obtain a passage on board a foreign ship. Charles readily assented. It so happened that there was staying in the neighbourhood a brave old Highlander, one Donald Macleod by name, who had passed all his life amid the straits and inlets of the neighbouring seas, and knew every inch of the course from the mainland to the Hebrides. He had just been engaged in bringing off from the Island of Barra a large sum of money left there by a French vessel for the use of the Jacobites, and was resting at Kinlochmoidart. A messenger was at once sent to him by O'Sullivan, bidding him repair to the Prince at Borrodaile. Donald hastened to obey the message, and the first person he met on nearing Glenbiasdale was Charles walking moodily about alone. The Prince looked up.

'Are you Donald Macleod of Guattergill, in the Isle of Skye?' asked he.

'I am that same man, your Highness,' replied Donald. 'I am at your service. What is your pleasure with me?'

'Donald,' answered the Prince, 'you see I am in distress. I throw myself into your bosom, and let you do with me what you like. I hear you are an honest man, and fit to be trusted.'

'When Donald was giving me this part of the narrative,' writes Bishop Forbes, 'he cried sore; the tears came running down his cheeks, and he said, "What de'il could help weeping when speaking on sic a sad subject?"'[1]

On the evening of April 24, Charles pushed off from the mainland in an eight-oared boat which Donald had procured from the neighbouring fishermen. Accompanying the Prince were O'Sullivan, O'Neal, Allan Macdonald, and eight watermen, of whom Ned Burke was to be one. Shortly after they had put to sea, one of those sudden storms peculiar to the Western Isles arose. The darkness of the moonless night thickened around them; the waves, lashed by a boisterous wind into a tempestuous sea, swept over the boat, rapidly filling it with water; the rain came down in torrents; the thunder made the rock-bound shores resound with its fierce echoes, and the lightning that flashed across the heavens only served to show the crew the extreme danger of their position. 'It was a storm,' says

[1] *Jacobite Memoirs.* Jesse, p. 281.

Donald, 'greater than he had ever been trysted with before.' Unfortunately they had neither pump to lighten the boat of its burden of water, nor compass to steer by, and Charles, now fully alive to the danger of himself and his crew, suggested returning to the mainland. But Donald, who was working the helm, with the Prince seated between his knees, replied that the open sea was safer, and that it was 'as good for them to be drowned in clean water, as to be dashed in pieces upon a rock, and be drowned too.'[1] Then, as was his custom when it was necessary that danger should be faced, Charles rose equal to the occasion, bade the crew trust in the mercy and goodness of the Almighty, and, we are told, tried to enliven their spirits by singing them a Highland song.

As morning began to dawn the wind lulled, and the crew found themselves upon the coast of Long Island. Donald steered straight for the wild solitariness of the Island of Benbecula, and ran the boat into the little creek at Roonish, where they all landed after a passage of some eight hours, fraught with no little peril and discomfort. A tumbledown shepherd's hut was at hand, and there Charles took up his quarters. A cow wandering about in quest of herbage was seized, killed, and its ribs soon simmering over a wood fire. For two days the party, owing to the storm, which had again sprung up, were compelled to remain in this desolate region. A couch made of an old sail spread on the ground served Charles for a bed, and, thanks to the remains of the cow, there was no want of food. It is said that he was not at all distressed at his situation, but 'was very well pleased, and slept soundly.'[2] This fortitude was all the more praiseworthy, as Charles appears not to have enjoyed the best of health during that time. But one of the most excellent points in the character of the Prince had ever been the desire to show those who served him that he fully appreciated their services, and that, provided they did not repine, he was content. Throughout his campaign he had always put himself, wherever physical privation was concerned, on a level with his men, and this unselfishness had perhaps endeared him more than anything else to his followers. He now, amid the sterile regions of Benbecula, pursued the same policy. He shared the same fatigues, the same accommodation, the same fare, and, though never forgetful of his condition, yet never allowed advantages

[1] *Jacobite Memoirs* p. 382. Jesse, p 282.
[2] *Jacobite Memoirs*, p. 385.

to accrue to himself which were not common to others. His maxim seems to have been, In misfortune all men are equal.

'I asked Donald,' writes Bishop Forbes, 'if the Prince was in health all the time that he was with him? Donald said that the Prince would never own he was in bad health, though he and all that were with him had reason to think that, during the whole time, the Prince was more or less suffering under some disorder, but that he bore up most surprisingly and never wanted spirits. Donald added that the Prince, for all the fatigues he underwent, never slept above three or four hours at most at a time, and that when he awakened in the morning, he was always sure to call for a *chopin* of water, which he never failed to drink off at a draught. He said he had a little bottle in his pocket, out of which he used to take many drops every morning and throughout the day, saying if anything should ail him he hoped he should cure himself, for that he was something of a doctor. "And faith," said Donald, "he was indeed a bit of a doctor, for Ned Burke, happening once to be unco ill of a colic, the Prince said, 'Let him alane, I hope to cure him of that;' and accordingly he did so, for he gae him sae mony draps out o' the little bottle, and Ned soon was as well as ever he had been."'[1] Charles was always subject to an irritability of the mucous membrane, and it can easily be imagined that the privations and exposure he now endured must have tried him sorely.

On the evening of the 29th, the party again put to sea, intending to make for the port of Stornoway, in the Island of Lewis, where it was hoped a French vessel might be in the harbour. But the elements were again against them, and they had to take refuge in the small island of Scalpa. As Scalpa belonged to the laird of Macleod, now a most active partisan of the Government, it was thought advisable to agree upon some story in case questions should be asked. Accordingly, O'Sullivan gave out that he was a shipwrecked merchantman, the Prince was his son, and that the rest of the party were the sailors of the lost vessel. Fortunately there was no occasion for the story to be inquired into, for the islet being rented by one Donald Campbell, he treated the Prince with great kindness, and even lent his own boat for Donald to repair to Stornoway, there to obtain a larger vessel for the use of Charles. At the end of four days, Donald reported that he had secured a stout wherry at Stornoway, and that all was

[1] *Jacobit Memoirs*, p. 381. Jesse, p. 284.

now ready for the Prince's service. Charles, bidding a cordial farewell to the hospitable Campbell, at once put to sea, with his faithful crew, but the wind blowing dead against them, they were compelled to land at Loch Sheffort, and make their way on foot over a dreary moor to Stornoway.

On nearing the Lewis port, Charles sent forward one of the watermen to apprise Donald of his approach. The loyal Highlander hastened to meet his master, gave him bread and cheese and brandy, and conducted him to the house of Mrs. Mackenzie of Kildun, a true Jacobite, where he spent the night. And now a circumstance occurred which might have resulted in the most serious consequences. On Donald entering Stornoway to look after the boat he had hired, he found the whole place in commotion, and not less than two or three hundred men under arms. Demanding the cause of the excitement, to his horror he learnt that one of his men whom he had engaged to row had got drunk, and had disclosed for whom the vessel had been hired, adding, with that mixture of truth and exaggeration of the intoxicated, that the Prince was in the neighbourhood at the head of some five hundred men. In vain Donald gave the lie direct to this statement, the good people of Stornoway refused to be calmed. They wished, they said, no harm to the Prince; all they wanted was for him to quit their country, and not compromise them with the Government. Nor would they have any hand in effecting his escape, for they refused Donald both the use of the vessel he had engaged and the aid of a pilot. The only thing, therefore, to be done, was for the Prince and his party to hasten away as fast as possible, before information reached the authorities, and make for any haven that fell within their course.

Certainly no place could be more dangerous than Stornoway. Accordingly Charles, accompanied by O'Sullivan and O'Neal, for Allan Macdonald was journeying to South Uist, and with but half their original crew, for the remainder had taken fright and fled to the mountains, embarked once more in their open boat, doubtful for what coast to steer. They were fairly supplied with oatmeal, brandy, and sugar, and, provided the boat could live in the heavy seas that were so frequently whipped up in those parts, all felt that for the present the ocean was a safer refuge than the land. Scarcely had they put out to sea, however, when four vessels of war were sighted, which compelled them hastily to seek the shelter of a small desert island near the Harris. A few fishermen, accustomed

to make the island their temporary home, under the belief that the Prince and his followers were a press-gang despatched from one of the men-of-war in the offing to beat up for recruits, now took flight, leaving the fish they were curing on the beach. This was a compulsory gift not to be despised by the Jacobite crew.

'Upon this desert island,' writes Donald, 'we found plenty of good dry fish, of which we were resolved to make the best fare we could without any butter . . . as we had plenty of brandy and sugar along with us, and found very good springs upon the island, we wanted much to have a little warm punch to cheer our hearts in this cold remote place. We luckily found an earthen pitcher, which the fishermen had left upon the island, and this served our purpose very well for heating the punch.' It was on these occasions, when the festive bowl went round, that Charles gave the toast of the Black Eye, 'by which,' explains Donald, 'he meant the second daughter of France. I never heard him name any particular health but that alone. When he spoke of that lady, which he did frequently, he appeared to be more than ordinarily well pleased.' In spite of the treatment he had received from the Court of Versailles, Charles always appears to have spoken well of the French King, 'but,' said he, mysteriously, 'I can assure you that a King and his Council are two very different things.'[1]

After a brief stay upon this lonely spot, the party again took boat, well supplied with dried fish, and coasted along the shores of Long Island. During the night a dead calm sprang up, obliging them to take to their oars. The terrible lack of fresh water was here severely felt, and it was necessary to have recourse to a nauseous mixture of meal mixed with brandy and sea water to quench the thirst of the unhappy crew. Yet we are told the Prince never murmured: 'Never did any meat or drink come wrong to him,' writes Donald, 'for he could take a share of everything, be it good, bad, or indifferent, and was always cheerful and contented in every condition.' But soon a graver enemy than either hunger or thirst marked them down for misfortune. As soon as morning dawned they were sighted by an English man-of-war, which at once gave chase and bore down upon them with full sail. Fortunately for the Prince the dead calm of the past night still continued, and the boat pulled by the staunch watermen kept well ahead. 'If we escape this danger,' cried Charles,

[1] *Jacobite Memoirs*, p. 391.

cheering on his men to fresh efforts, 'you shall have a handsome reward—if not, I will be sunk rather than be taken.' Off the Harris the English vessel was fully becalmed, and unable to continue the pursuit: a few hours afterwards Charles landed for the second time in one of the hospitable creeks of Benbecula.

Here nothing but a few crabs presented themselves, which were eagerly caught and boiled—then, with their hunger but miserably appeased, the crew walked inland in quest of more solid provisions. After half an hour's weary tramp they reached 'a poor grass-keeper's bothy or hut, which had so low a door,' narrates Ned Burke, 'that we digged below it, and put heather below the Prince's knees, he being tall, to let him go the easier into the poor hut.'[1] Beneath this roof Charles remained a few days. Clanranald, who was on the island, called upon him in his wretched retreat, bringing him wine and linen, of which he stood sorely in need. The contrast between the handsome lad flushed with success entering Edinburgh to receive homage from his people, and the unhappy wanderer hunted down on all sides by his rival on the throne, was a painful sight for his visitor. 'He found the youth,' writes Mr. Chambers, in his 'History of the Rebellion,' 'who had recently agitated Britain in so extraordinary a manner, and whose pretensions to a throne he considered indubitable, reclining in a hovel little larger than an English hog-stye, and perhaps more filthy; his face haggard with disease, hunger, and exposure to the weather; and his shirt, to use the expressive language of Dougal Graham, as dingy as a dish-clout.'[2]

After a few days' stay at Benbecula, Charles removed to one of the most secluded spots in the neighbouring island of South Uist, where, from the character of its situation, he had a better chance, should his retreat be discovered, of escape either by the mountains or the sea. Strict watch was here kept to prevent surprise. Scouts were placed in all directions to give notice of the enemy's approach; guides were quartered about the Prince's hut to show him the way to the mountains in case of need; and a boat was always at hand ready to put to sea at a moment's notice. Thus wearily passed a whole month.

As much as in them lay, the friends of the Prince did their best to relieve the tedium of his seclusion. Clanranald, with

[1] *Jacobite Memoirs*, p. 368.
[2] *Hist. of Rebellion*, p. 96. Jesse, p. 290.

his brother Boisdale, frequently visited him; Lady Margaret Macdonald, the wife of the Hanoverian, Sir Alexander Macdonald of Sleat, sent him newspapers, and frequent presents of little luxuries very agreeable to the prisoner; and when in the mood Charles, accompanied by one or two of his rough courtiers, would wander about with his gun after the game with which the island abounds. We are told that 'he was very dexterous at shooting fowl on the wing.' His love for sport led one day to what might have been a most fatal event. Having brought down a deer, he was assisting Ned Burke in preparing a certain portion of it for food, when a half-starved lad, tempted by the savoury smell of the cooking venison, made a rush at the wood fire, and tried to snatch some of the meat away. Burke rose up, caught the boy, and gave him a thrashing, which he was about to repeat, when the Prince hastily interfered. 'Man,' cried Charles, 'do you not remember the Scripture, which commands us to feed the hungry and clothe the naked? You ought rather to give him meat than a stripe.' He then ordered the lad to be fed and some old clothes to be given him, adding, 'I cannot see a Christian perishing for want of food and raiment, if I have the power to support him.' Scarcely had the boy made his escape, and learning who his benefactor on this occasion had been, than with rare infamy he went to the officers commanding the companies in search of the Prince, and told them that he had seen him of whom they were in quest. Happily for Charles the lad's statement was regarded only as an impudent falsehood, and no notice taken of it.[1]

But the persistent efforts of the Hanoverian scouts soon rendered it advisable for Charles to remove himself from South Uist. A large body of militia had landed on the island of Erisca, and their next step would doubtless be to scour South Uist. Lady Margaret Macdonald at once sent over to the Prince a faithful Jacobite, one Hugh Macdonald of Balshair, to inform him of the news, and bid him hasten away from his present quarters ere it was too late. 'Being a misty day,' writes Balshair in his account of this mission,[2] 'I came near the Prince and his people before they discovered me, which surprised them. O'Sullivan introduced me to the hut. The Prince saluted me very kindly, and told me he was heartily glad to see the face of an honest man in such a remote corner.

[1] *Jacobite Memoirs*, p. 396. Jesse, p. 291.
[2] Chambers's *Hist. of Rebellion*, p. 97.

His dress was then a tartan short coat, and vest of the same, got from Lady Clanranald; his night-cap all patched with soot-drops; his shirt, hands, and face patched with the same; a short kilt, tartan hose, and Highland brogs, his upper coat being English cloth. He called for a dram, being the first article of a Highland entertainment, which being over he called for meat. There was about a half-stone of butter laid on a timber plate, and near a leg of beef laid on a chest before us, all patched with soot-drops, notwithstanding it being washed *toties quoties*. As soon as we had done, who should enter the hut but Boisdale, who seemed to be a very welcome guest to the Prince, as they had been together above once before. Boisdale then told him there was a party come to Barra in pursuit of him. He asked what they were. Boisdale said they were Macdonalds and Macleods. He then said he was not the least concerned, as they were Highlanders, and more especially such. I spoke to Boisdale about leaving Glencoradale (the secluded spot in South Uist Charles had selected for his quarters), as our stay there would be of dangerous consequence, and of no advantage to him. The Prince told us, as it was but seldom he met with friends he could enjoy himself with, he would not on any account part with us that night. Boisdale says to me, we could not in good manners part with him that night. I replied if he would risk staying himself that I would for my part. The Prince advised Edward Burke to fill the bowl: but before we would begin with our bowl, Boisdale insisted on his being shaved first, and then putting on a clean shirt, which he was importuned to do: and Burke shaved him. Then we began with our bowl, frank and free. As we were turning merry we were turning more free. At last I started the question if his Highness would take it amiss if I should tell him the greatest objections against him in Great Britain. He said not. I told him that Popery and arbitrary government were the two chiefest. He said it was only bad constructions his enemies put on it. "Do you know, Mr. Macdonald," he says, "what religion are all the princes of Europe of?" I told him I imagined they were of the same established religion of the nation they lived in. He told me they had little or no religion at all. Boisdale then told him that his predecessor Clanranald had fought seven set battles for his; yet after the Restoration he was not owned by King Charles at Court. The Prince said, "Boisdale, don't be rubbing up old sores, for if I came home the case would be other-

wise with me." I then said to him that, notwithstanding the freedom we enjoyed there with him, we could have no access to him if he was settled at London; and he told us then, if he had never so much ado, he would be one night merry with his Highland friends. We continued this drinking *for three days and three nights.* He had still the better of us and even of Boisdale himself, notwithstanding his being as able a bowlsman, I dare say, as in Scotland.' Thus already the habit that cursed and degraded his later years was beginning to fetter him with its terrible slavery.

On the evening of June 14, Charles, accompanied by O'Sullivan, O'Neal, Ned Burke, and Donald Macleod, took leave of South Uist, and pushed out into the open sea, again ignorant what course to pursue. The Western Islands were now environed by vigilant cruisers; militia boats were constantly rowing about the inland seas; scouts were being landed at the different neighbouring islets, and escape was a graver difficulty than had ever before been encountered. The first few nights were passed on the little island of Wia, where a grazier tending his flocks gave them hospitality. Then they found snatches of shelter at Rossinish, and at a most desolate spot called Aikersideallich, where Charles slept in a crevice formed by the riven rocks. At last, finding how difficult it was to break through the men-of-war that encircled them, they resolved to return again to South Uist. Rowing towards the island, to their horror and surprise they saw a frigate lying at anchor, within gunshot of the bay they had intended entering. Instantly they changed their course, and steered towards a small inland loch belonging to the island and out of sight of their pursuers. Here they landed, hid the boat in a cavern formed by the overhanging rocks, and fled to the mountains.

But they could not escape the danger that was now fast hemming them in. Within two miles of their mountainous asylum, some five hundred regular troops and militia were drawn up, and it became again advisable that Charles and his followers should part company, and each singly find his way out of the island. O'Neal alone remained with the Prince; the rest took their departure. The separation of these faithful men from their liege lord, after the weeks of privation and misery which had linked them the closer together, was very sad. In the words of Donald, 'it was a woeful parting indeed.' Charles bade them farewell with big tears in his eyes, and presented

each with a souvenir to remind them of the days they had spent under a common misfortune. Then he climbed to the top of a hill, and keenly inspected the country spread out before him, as yet hopelessly ignorant in what direction to bend his course. Towards Benbecula he at last decided upon journeying, and as night set in, accompanied by O'Neal and Niel Mackechan, a Highlander whom Clanranald had recommended him to take as his body servant, he began his march. And now there enters upon the scene one whose act of chivalrous devotion has ever rendered her first among the favourite heroines of history.

Commanding a company of the militia, then quartered in South Uist for the purpose of discovering the Prince, was one Hugh Macdonald of Arnadale, in the Isle of Skye. In spite of his accepting service in the King's army, he came of an old stock imbued wich strong Stuart proclivities, and was in secret as earnest a Jacobite as ever wore the white cockade. It is said that, worked upon by his kinswoman, Lady Margaret Macdonald, he was induced to grant permission to his step-daughter, Flora, to assist in the escape of the Prince, and even went so far as to write to Charles informing him of the treachery he had consented to enter into for his sake. Of the reasons which induced Flora Macdonald to embark in so perilous an enterprise we know nothing for certain. By some she is said to have conceived a tender attachment for the Prince ever since she danced with him at the ball at Holyrood. By others, that, fired by the stories of Lady Margaret touching the '45, she had warmly espoused the Stuart cause, and had declared her intention of showing the true nature of her sentiments whenever any opportunity arose. But be the reasons what they may, one thing is certain, that shortly after the arrival of the Prince near Benbecula O'Neal was sent on a mission to Miss Macdonald at Milton, where she was then staying with her brother, to demand her services. Though prepared by her father for the plan she was to pursue, she showed some little hesitation when the matter was put directly before her. Of the interview that took place on this occasion we have O'Neal's words. A meeting had been arranged at night time at one of the outhouses on the estate, when O'Neal was to bring Charles with him.

'At midnight we came to the hut,' writes O'Neal, 'where by good fortune we met with Miss Flora Macdonald, whom I formerly knew. I quitted the Prince at some distance from the hut, and went with a design to inform myself if the Independent

Companies were to pass that way next day. The young lady answered me, No; and said they were not to pass till the day after. Then I told her that I had brought a friend to see her; and she with some emotion asked me if it was the Prince. I answered her, it was: and instantly brought him in. We then consulted on the imminent danger the Prince was in, and could think of no more proper and safe expedient than to propose to Miss Flora to convey him to the Isle of Skye, where her mother lived. This seemed the more feasible, as the young lady's step-father being Captain of an Independent Company would accord her a pass for herself and servant to go and visit her mother. The Prince assented, and immediately proposed it to the young lady; to which she answered with the greatest respect and loyalty, but declined it, saying, "Sir Alexander Macdonald was too much her friend for her to be the instrument of his ruin." I endeavoured to obviate this by assuring her Sir Alexander was not in the country (he was then absent on duty at Fort Augustus), and that she could with the greatest facility convey the Prince to her mother's, as she lived close by the water side. I then demonstrated to her the honour and immortality that would redound to her by such a glorious action: and she at length acquiesced, after the Prince had told her the sense he would always retain of so conspicuous a service. She promised to acquaint us next day, when things were ripe for execution, and we parted for the mountains of Coradale.'[1]

The course to be adopted was soon settled upon. Milton being within a walk of Ormaclade, the seat of the Clanranalds, Flora talked the matter over with Lady Clanranald, and arranged the details for the flight. It was decided that the Prince should dress up in female attire, and under the name of Betty Burke act the character of Miss Macdonald's maid. A small boat had been obtained to carry Charles over to Skye, and the departure from South Uist was fixed upon for the following day. But now, as had so often happened before at critical moments in the history of the Prince's wanderings, there occurred an incident which seemed likely to be attended with the most disastrous consequences. Going over to Ormaclade to get ready the garb and things necessary for the disguise of Charles, Miss Macdonald was observed by the neighbouring militia. Having strict orders not to let any one pass without being taken before the commanding officer, they made her a prisoner. Matters appeared still more hopeless when Niel Mackechan, who had been

[1] Jesse, p. 297.

on his way to meet Flora to ascertain what was the plan that had been agreed upon, walked into the guard-house also a close prisoner. But as good fortune had it, the officer commanding this militia detachment happened to be Macdonald of Arnadale, Flora's step-father. Hearing of his daughter's arrest, Macdonald at once gave orders for her release, and then secretly placed in her hands passports for herself, Niel Mackechan, and Betty Burke. At the same time he wrote to his wife recommending Betty for service. 'I have sent your daughter from this country,' he wrote, 'lest she should be frightened with the troops lying here. She has got one Betty Burke, an Irish girl, who, as she tells me, is a good spinster. If her spinning pleases you, you may keep her till she spins all your lint; or if you have any wool to spin, you may employ her. I have sent Niel Mackechan along with your daughter and Betty Burke to take care of them.'

Armed with these important documents, Miss Macdonald bade Niel conduct the Prince to Rosshiness, where she would immediately join him with the clothes and provisions necessary for the flight. Niel hastened back to Charles, who was lying *perdu* amid the wilderness of rocks, and informed him of what had been done and where the next place of rendezvous was to be. But how to get to Rosshiness was the question. All the fords being strictly guarded by the Skye militia drawn up in line, the only plan was to make their way by sea. But they had no boat. Anxiously they scanned the open waters in front of them in the hopes of descrying some fishing smack homeward bound. Waiting and waiting till their hearts grew sick with despair, they at last hailed a small wherry, and easily prevailed upon its crew to land them upon the nearest rocks. But before Rosshiness could be reached they had to tramp across a bleak and rugged moor. A blinding rain was falling, a bitter east wind cut through their drenched garments, they were in want of provisions, and a more dreary and painful walk could not be imagined. About the middle of the day Charles, who had not tasted food for several hours, was so fatigued that he dropped down from sheer exhaustion. Happily a shepherd's hut stood nigh, and, representing themselves as Irish gentlemen who had made their escape from Culloden, they were cordially welcomed in and refreshed with some black bread and dried fish. After a brief halt they again set out, and by five o'clock were within three miles of Rosshiness. They now made a rest, not thinking it prudent to arrive at their place of rendezvous till nightfall.

In spite of the cold and wet, Charles lay down amid the heather, and was soon asleep; then, when the darkness was thick enough to shroud their movements, they walked on and reached Rosshiness by ten.

They had agreed to meet Miss Macdonald at a little shepherd's hovel which stood on a hillock within easy reach of the rock-bound shore. In order to prevent surprise from the enemy, Charles and O'Neal remained some distance behind, whilst Mackechan went on in front to examine the place of rendezvous. To his horror he ascertained that only two days before a detachment of the Skye militia had landed in the island, and had pitched their tents within a quarter of a mile of the very hut which was to be the temporary quarters of the Prince. On hearing this terrible statement Charles felt that the worst had indeed come, and that in a few hours he would be in the hands of his pursuers. For a short time he laid down in the hovel, but it appears that the daughter of its owner served milk to the militia, who came to fetch it, and it was therefore necessary as soon as morning dawned to hurry the Prince down to the rocks, where he secreted himself in a large fissure. 'It is almost inexpressible,' says Mackechan,[1] 'what torment the Prince suffered under that unhappy rock, which had neither height nor breadth to cover him from the rain, which poured down upon him so thick as if all the windows of heaven had broken open; and to complete his tortures, there lay such a swarm of midges upon his face and hands as would have made any other but himself fall into despair, which, notwithstanding his incomparable patience, made him utter such hideous cries and complaints as would have rent the rocks with compassion.'

For several hours he had to remain in this woful plight, and it was not till past nine in the morning that the 'good dairy maid' came to tell him that the militia had been served with their milk, and that the hut was free to him for the rest of the day. The loyalty of this young woman is only one instance out of many of the disinterested devotion shown to the Prince by the humble peasantry of the Western Islands, who, though aware that a reward was within their reach which would raise them at one bound to the position of great lairds, yet never once seem to have suffered the temptation to cross their minds, much less to take any active form. Let those who malign the Scottish character as mean and calculating think of Prince

[1] *New Monthly Magazine*, Nov. 1840. Jesse, p. 301.

Charles in his wanderings, and of the splendid fidelity that always attended him. To the wretched cynicism that 'every man has his price,' the noble conduct of those who followed the Prince in his bitter hour of extremity is the most complete refutation.

Unfortunately Miss Macdonald had been delayed longer than she expected, owing to the difficulty she met with in obtaining the necessary articles for the disguise of the fugitive; and it was not till the third day after the Prince's arrival at the hut that the good news was brought him that Flora, accompanied by Lady Clanranald, had taken boat, and was approaching him by sea. Soon the wherry was seen on the waters, and Charles hastened down to the landing-place to escort the two faithful dames to his quarters. He gave his arm to Lady Clanranald, whilst O'Neal, who appears to have had a *tendre* for the fair Flora, took charge of Miss Macdonald, and the four walked together to the hut. Dinner was soon served, consisting of the heart, liver, and kidneys of a sheep, which the Prince had helped to cook, and the party merrily sat down to their fare. When Miss Macdonald expressed regret at the Prince's altered fortunes and his present sad condition, Charles gaily replied that 'it would be well for all kings if they could pass through the same ordeal of hardships and privations which it had been his lot to undergo.'

The festivity of the occasion was, however, soon rudely broken in upon. Whilst seated at table, Mackechan rushed in with the intelligence that General Campbell had landed with a large body of troops in the neighbourhood, and that Captain Ferguson was marching with an advanced party to Ormaclade. Under these circumstances Lady Clanranald thought it advisable to hasten back to her own house. She arrived there only a little before the appearance of Ferguson, and was subjected to a severe examination: nothing more could be elicited from her, however, than that she had been on a visit to a sick child. Shortly afterwards she and her husband were taken prisoners and sent up to London, where they remained in confinement until the June of 1747.

CHAPTER XIV.

HUNTED DOWN.

And thou, my Prince, my injured Prince,
  Thy people have disown'd thee,
Have hunted and have driven thee hence,
  With ruin'd chiefs around thee.
Though hard beset, when I forget
  Thy fate, young helpless rover,
This broken heart shall cease to beat,
  And all its griefs be over.

On the night of June 28, Charles, accompanied by Miss Macdonald and Niel Mackechan, put out into the open sea in the small wherry which had been obtained for them. The night was dark, and it was hoped that the weather would be favourable, but shortly after they had proceeded some little distance a storm arose, and the boat, buffeted by the wind and waves, was in considerable danger of being swamped. Miss Macdonald became nervous, and her fears were, in a measure, entertained by the watermen at their oars. The Prince, however, was in a merry mood, and did his best to make light of the perils that beset them. Attired in the raiment of a waiting-maid to a woman of fashion, to wit, 'a flowered linen gown, a light-coloured quilted petticoat, a white apron, and a mantle of dun camlet, made after the Irish fashion, with a hood,' he sat by the side of his brave protectress, singing the while gay ballads and telling stories of foreign adventure.

As morning dawned, they sighted the point of Waternish, on the western coast of Skye, and were about to make for that deserted district, when, nearing the shore, they found it in possession of the militia, whose boats were pulled high and dry on the beach. Instantly the Prince gave orders to row out again to the open sea, but already the militia sentries had observed them, and shouted that, unless they landed immediately, they would fire. To these threats Charles turned a deaf ear, and bade his men pull on for dear life and 'not to fear the villains.' Readily responding to their chief's command, the men whipped their oars through the surging sea, saying that they had 'no fear for themselves but only for him,' and soon increased the distance between the boat and the inimical shore. A few bullets whistled over their heads and fell harmlessly into the

water: then, in another dozen strokes, they were out of gun-shot reach, and pursued their course without interruption. It appears that the oars belonging to the militia boats had been locked up in the guard-room, otherwise the Prince and his crew would doubtless have been vigorously chased on their first sign of retreat.[1]

At the end of three hours the fugitives landed at Kilbride, within easy access of Mugstat, the seat of Sir Alexander Macdonald. Sir Alexander had not returned, being still on duty at Fort Augustus, but his wife was at home, and anxious to obtain tidings of the Prince. As soon as she had stepped from the boat, Flora bade Charles hide himself among the rocks on the beach, whilst she and Mackechan walked over to Mugstat and informed Lady Margaret of their arrival. Unfortunately the house was full of visitors, and Miss Macdonald, it seems, found some little difficulty in seeing Lady Margaret alone. To add to her perplexity, a Lieutenant Macleod, who was in command of a small detachment of militia quartered in the neighbourhood, was staying at Mugstat with several of his men, and appears to have been somewhat curious respecting her proceedings. At last Flora, aware of the important issues that hung upon her mission, determined to take into her confidence an old friend of hers, one Alexander Macdonald of Kingsburgh, a staunch Jacobite, the factor to Sir Alexander, who also happened to be a guest at the house.

Taking him aside she confided to him that the Prince was within a few hundred yards of Mugstat, and begged him, as time was of the utmost importance, to inform Lady Margaret at once of the fact. The old man readily undertook the task, and, sending a message to his hostess that he wished to see her on matters connected with Sir Alexander, told her that Charles was crouching amid the rocks on the shore, and that Flora had determined to aid him in his escape. Lady Margaret, good friend as she had been to the Prince throughout his wanderings, saw now how dangerous was her position if the fugitive were to remain on her estate and be discovered obtaining aid from one whose husband was in the full confidence of the Hanoverian Government. She was terror-stricken, and cried out that she and her family would be ruined for ever. Kingsburgh did his best to calm her, but Lady Margaret was not to be pacified unless the Prince withdrew himself at once from her neighbourhood. She would help him to the utmost of her power if he

[1] *Lockhart Papers*, p. 546.

remained at a distance, but with him close beside her, her house containing several of the militia, and her husband holding a command in the King's service, she was paralysed with fear, and could not support the secret. Miss Macdonald, she said, must remove the Prince instantly from Kilbride; there must be no delay; she was imperative upon that point.

Kingsburgh now proved his fealty. He said he was an old man, death could not be far distant, and it was a small matter to him whether he died in his bed or was hanged as a traitor—he would take Charles to his own house. With the selfishness of terror, Lady Margaret eagerly welcomed the offer. After some little discussion it was arranged that the Prince should be conveyed that night to Portree by way of Kingsburgh, and then should cross over to the island of Raasay, whose owner, Macleod of Raasay, was a zealous adherent of the exiled line, and had fought at Culloden. One Donald Roy, a young chieftain, who had been badly wounded at Culloden, and was staying at a doctor's house in the neighbourhood to be cured, undertook, at the bidding of Lady Margaret, to go to Raasay and inform its laird of the visit Charles intended to pay him. The faithful Niel was at once sent off by Flora to the Prince to inform him of what had been settled, and that Kingsburgh within an hour would meet him on the beach.

As soon as the loyal old man could leave Mugstat without creating suspicion, he quitted the house, taking with him some meat and bread, a bottle of Burgundy and a tumbler, and wended his way towards the rocks. As he approached the shore he was confronted by a tall ungainly figure, dressed in very ill-fitting woman's attire, who came towards him brandishing a thick stick.

'Are you the Macdonald of Kingsburgh?' cried the strange person, suspiciously.

Kingsburgh replied in the affirmative, said he recognised the Prince in spite of his strange garb, and introduced the subject of his mission. The fears of Charles were at once allayed, and he proposed that they should immediately set out on their journey. Kingsburgh, however, induced him to take some food and try a few glasses of Burgundy ere they began their walk. Nothing loth, Charles sat down on a rock, Kingsburgh spread out before him the frugal fare he had brought down from the house, and they were soon very merry. Charles drank to the health of his new friend, and Kingsburgh pledged him in return.

'How fortunate it was,' said Kingsburgh, 'that I came to Mugstat to-day! It was by the merest accident I visited the place, for I had no motive in doing so.'

'It was not by accident,' said Charles, gravely, who always believed that his cause was under the special direction of the Almighty. 'Providence sent you there to take care of me.' Their meal finished, they rose up and took the road towards Kingsburgh.

A couple of hours after the departure of Kingsburgh from Mugstat, Miss Macdonald bade good-bye to Lady Margaret, saying, in reply to the mock entreaties of her hostess, that she should remain, that she was unable to make any stay this time, as 'she wanted to see her mother, and be at home in these troublous times.' Horses were brought round, and she, together with a Mr. Macdonald of Kirkibost, Niel Mackechan, and a couple of servants, set out riding for Kingsburgh. They had not proceeded far on the road when they overtook the Prince and his companion. The manner in which Charles walked and held up his clothes was so singular, and so plainly revealed his sex, that Miss Macdonald became alarmed lest those of her party should detect his disguise. Not to allow longer opportunity for observation than could be helped, she urged on her horse, followed by Mr. Macdonald and the rest, and passed the Prince at a hand gallop. 'I think I never saw,' said Flora's maid to her mistress, 'such an impudent-looking woman as Kingsburgh is walking with; I dare say she is either an Irishwoman or a man in woman's clothes. See what long strides the jade takes, and how awkwardly she manages her petticoats!' 'Yes,' replied Flora, quietly, 'she is an Irishwoman, for I have seen her before.' Even Kingsburgh appears to have been alarmed at the manner in which Charles sustained his new character. Crossing a brook the Prince held up his petticoats so indecently high that Kingsburgh begged him to act his part with more discretion. 'It shall not occur again,' said Charles, and the next brook he forded he was so modest that his gown and things trailed in the water. 'They call you a Pretender,' cried Kingsburgh, thoroughly annoyed: 'all I can say is that you are the worst at your trade that I ever saw.' And he thought it prudent to strike off from the high road, and take his companion by the hills to his house.

On arriving at Kingsburgh, they learnt that Flora and her companions had just made their appearance. Lady Kingsburgh, for so she was called, had gone to bed, and sent down excuses

for her absence, begging her husband do the honours of the house. No sooner had she despatched this message than her daughter, a child of seven years of age, burst into the room, crying that her papa had brought home 'the most odd, muckle, ill-shaken up wife she had ever seen!' Lady Kingsburgh was about to inquire who this strange visitor could be, when her husband came up and hurriedly desired his wife to get ready and go down stairs to the guests. Quickly obeying the order, Lady Kingsburgh descended the staircase, and entered the room, where Charles and her husband were seated together. The Prince, still clad as a woman, rose from his chair, bowed, and then came forward and kissed her on both cheeks. Lady Kingsburgh felt the bristles of a man's beard touching her, but, though somewhat alarmed at the discovery, received the salutation without any signs of surprise. Then she drew her husband aside and asked, 'Is he one of the unfortunate gentlemen who has escaped from Culloden?' Kingsburgh answered in the affirmative.

'Does he bring any tidings of the Prince?' she then inquired.

'My dear,' said Kingsburgh, taking both her hands in his, 'he is the Prince himself!'

'The Prince!' she cried, terror-stricken, for well she knew the penalty attached to harbouring The Proscribed, and her first thoughts were for her husband and children. 'Then we are all ruined! We shall all of us be hanged!'

'Never mind,' replied Kingsburgh, cheerily, 'we can die but once; and if we are hanged for this, we shall die in a good cause —in performing an act of humanity and charity.'

He then begged her to look after supper, and send up any provisions the larder contained. But the fare happened to be scanty that day in the house, and nothing save eggs, butter, and cheese could be obtained; these, with some household pride, she demurred at placing before her visitor, but her husband told her to have no scruples.

'Eggs, butter, and cheese!' she cried. 'What supper is that to set before a Prince?'

'Wife,' said Kingsburgh, sternly, 'you little know how he has fared of late; our supper will be a feast to him. Besides, if we were to make it a formal meal, it would rouse the suspicions of the servants. Make haste, therefore, with what you can get, and come to supper yourself.'

But the invitation appalled the homely woman. '*I* come

to supper!' she exclaimed 'I know nothing how to behave before Majesty.'

'You must come,' answered her husband, 'for the Prince would not eat a bit without you, and he is so obliging and gay in conversation that you will find it no difficult matter to behave before him.'

In spite of the fears of Mistress Kingsburgh, the supper was a great success. Charles sat between his hostess and Miss Macdonald, and made an excellent meal. We are told that he ate 'four eggs, some collips and bread and butter, and drank two bottles of beer.' When his hunger had been appeased, he called for a bumper of brandy and proposed 'the health and prosperity of his landlord and landlady, and better times to them all.' Then, on the ladies retiring, he and Kingsburgh drew their chairs around the dying logs of the wood fire and began to smoke, Charles producing a small pipe, 'as black as ink, and worn or broken to the very stump.' Some punch was brewed in a china bowl, and the two sat smoking and drinking far into the night. About three in the morning Kingsburgh, who was aware that they would have to be up betimes in the morning, suggested going to bed, but Charles, who was then beginning to show his fatal fondness for conviviality, would not hear of such a thing until another bowl of punch was brewed. Kingsburgh, who knew what a solemn responsibility was intrusted to him, and how necessary it was for the Prince to have rest, positively refused to accede to such a request, and rose up to put away the bowl. Charles, not to be deterred from his purpose, seized hold of the bowl, and in the struggle that ensued the china basin was broken into two pieces. No more drink now being possible, the Prince consented to go to bed.

So great a luxury was it to rest between sheets—for, as Charles said, he 'had almost forgotten what a bed was'—that the Prince slept on until one o'clock the next day. Flora was most anxious that he should be awakened, in order to continue their flight, but the kind-hearted Kingsburgh would not let him be disturbed until nature herself had roused him. No sooner, however, did he wake than it was necessary for him to dress at once and push on to Portree. He hastily put on his woman's attire, and then sent for Lady Kingsburgh and Flora to adjust his cap and apron, and dress his hair. With much merriment the ladies gave the finishing touches to his toilet, and completed his disguise. Whilst Miss Macdonald was putting on his mob cap, Lady Kingsburgh whispered to her in Gaelic to ask the

Prince for a lock of his hair. Flora hesitated and then declined; but Charles, hearing them talking together, inquired what was the matter, when his fair Abigail told him of Lady Kingsburgh's request. Instantly he laid his head in Flora's lap and told her to cut off as much as she wanted.

His shoes being in a very sorry condition, Kingsburgh presented him with a new pair, whilst he took the old ones, and tying them together hung them on a peg, observing that they might yet be of use. 'In what way?' asked Charles. 'Why,' replied his host, 'when you are fairly settled at St. James's, I shall introduce myself by shaking these shoes at you, to put you in mind of your night's entertainment and protection under my roof.' Until the death of Kingsburgh these shoes were religiously preserved; they were then cut into strips and given to Jacobite friends. 'It is in the recollection of one of his descendants,' writes Mr. Chambers, 'that Jacobite ladies often took away the pieces they got in their bosoms.' The sheets in which the Prince slept served as the grave-clothes for Lady Kingsburgh and Flora Macdonald.

Taking a most affectionate farewell of his kind hostess, and receiving from her hands a small snuff-box as a souvenir, he walked, accompanied by Flora and Kingsburgh, towards Portree. At the end of half an hour they passed a wood, into which Charles entered and changed his female garments for a highland dress. This done, he bade a cordial adieu to Kingsburgh, who took charge of the discarded clothes, which he subsequently burnt, and pushed vigorously on to Portree, guided by Niel Mackechan, whilst Flora pursued a different route. Not many days elapsed before his gallant host at Kingsburgh was scented by the bloodhounds of the Government, and confined in a dungeon at Fort Augustus, heavily laden with irons. Sir Everard Fawkener took his examination, and reminded him of the noble opportunity he had lost of making his fortune. 'Had I gold and silver,' was the answer, 'piled heaps upon heaps to the bulk of yon huge mountain, that mass could not afford me half the satisfaction I find in my own breast for doing what I have done.' From Fort Augustus he was removed to Edinburgh Castle, where he was kept in close confinement until the passing of the Act of Grace in 1747. He died in 1772.

On arriving at Portree the Prince found a boat, which Donald Roy had obtained with considerable difficulty, ready to take him over to Raasay. In it were the laird of Raasay, with two of his kinsmen and a couple of sturdy boatmen, John

Mackenzie and Donald Macfriar by name, who had both served in the Jacobite army. To avoid suspicion Donald Roy had come ashore alone at Portree, the boat lying at anchor in a rocky inlet some half-mile from the little Skye capital. Whilst proceeding to the only public-house the place boasted, he was met by Flora, who told him that the Prince was close behind. Donald waited for his illustrious friend, and on Charles making his appearance went forward to meet him, and conducted him to the tavern. 'He no sooner entered the house,' writes Donald in his narrative, 'than he asked if a dram could be got there: the rain pouring down from his clothes, he having on a plaid without breeches, trews, or even philibeg. Before he sat down he got his dram, and then the company desired him to shift and put on a dry shirt. He refused to shift, as Miss Flora Macdonald was in the room, but I and Niel Mackechan told him it was not a time to stand upon ceremonies, and prevailed upon him to put on a dry shirt.'

The Prince then sat down to a frugal meal of fish, bread, cheese, and butter, and after a pipe of tobacco walked down to the shore where the boat with the men resting upon their oars was in wait for him. It was now necessary for him to say farewell to the courageous girl through whose agency he had been brought thus far safely on his flight. The parting was not without emotion on either side. Charles held her hand in his, but the words would not find their way through the husky passage of his throat. He stood for some moments silently looking at her, whilst the tears rushed unbidden to her eyes. Then taking off his cap he bent down and kissed her twice upon the forehead. No cold formal phrases of thanks passed his lips. When memory in after-life brought the scene before his fair preserver, it recalled nothing save a hot grasp of the hand, two kisses, and a bronzed, haggard face that said a speechless farewell. As Charles entered the boat he turned towards her and said, 'For all that has happened, I hope, madam, we shall meet in St. James's yet.' The hope was never fulfilled, the two never met again. As the boat pushed off from the shore, Flora sat upon a rock, and earnestly watched its progress till out of sight.

Far over yon hills of the heather so green,
And down by the corrie that sings to the sea,
The bonnie young Flora sat sighing her lane,
The dew on her plaid and the tear in her e'e.
She look'd at a boat with the breezes that swung
Away on the wave, like a bird of the main;

And aye as it lessen'd, she sighed and she sung,—
Farewell to the lad I shall ne'er see again!
Farewell to my hero, the gallant and young!
Farewell to the lad I shall ne'er see again!

Her end is well known. Within a few days she was taken prisoner—her examination lies before me as I write,[1] and sent to London to be dealt with as the Government thought proper. She was kept in confinement but a few months, and then, after being the lion of the season, returned to her native island. She married Alexander Macdonald the younger, of Kingsburgh, and was the mother of several children. Her conversation with Dr. Johnson has been immortalised by Boswell. She died at the age of seventy, in the year 1790, at her home in the Isle of Skye. 'Her name,' said Dr. Johnson, 'will be mentioned in History, and, if courage and fidelity be virtues, mentioned with honour.' That opinion posterity has fully indorsed.

After a passage of some three hours Charles landed at a place called Glam, in the melancholy island of Raasay. A small hut, recently built by some shepherds, stood close at hand, and within its walls the whole party, consisting of the Prince, young Raasay, his brother Murdoch Macleod, and his cousin Malcolm Macleod, took shelter. In spite of its distant situation, the little island had not escaped the visiting hand of the Duke of Cumberland. Its herds had been pillaged, its huts burnt down, and many of the inhabitants carried over to the mainland. Charles was much moved at the tale of misery now unfolded to him, and he inquired narrowly into all the damage that had been done. 'Upon his being told,' writes Murdoch Macleod, 'of all the houses burnt, and of the other great depredations on the island to which the houses were but a trifle, he seemed much affected, but at the same time said that, instead of the huts burnt, he would yet build houses of stone.'

Young Raasay having gone out in search of food, returned with a kid, which they roasted, and, with the aid of some oaten bread, cream, and butter, made an excellent supper. The exposure and privations the Prince had suffered in his past wanderings now became the subject of conversation, and Charles remarked that his 'was a bitter, hard life, but he would rather live ten years in that way than be taken by his enemies.' He appears to have been surprised, as well he might, at being able to bear such fatigues, 'for,' said he, 'since the battle of Culloden,

[1] Declaration of Miss Macdonald, Applecross Bay, July 12, 1746. State Papers, Scotland, No. 33.

I have endured more than would kill a hundred men. Sure Providence does not design this for nothing; I am certainly yet reserved for some good!' On one of the party asking him what he thought his enemies would do with him should he by chance fall into their hands, he answered moodily, 'I do not think that they would dare to take away my life publicly; but I dread being privately destroyed, either by poison or assassination.[1]'

After a stay of a couple of days at Raasay, Charles set sail for Skye in the same boat which had carried him from Portree. He was anxious to reach the country of the Mackenzies, where he hoped to find a French ship on the look out for him in the neighbourhood of Lochbroom. He fared no better now than he had ever done on those treacherous inland seas, the open boat was in so great danger of foundering that his companions begged him to return to Raasay and defer his departure till the weather was more favourable. But he declined. 'Providence,' he said, 'has carried me through so many dangers that I do not doubt it will have the same care for me now.' They sailed on, but the waves kept splashing into the boat with such force that it required all the exertions of young Raasay and the Macleods to prevent the craft from being swamped. 'Gentlemen,' said Charles, in acknowledgment of their labours, 'I hope to thank you for this trouble yet at St. James's.'

Late at night they landed at a place called Nicholson's Great Rock, close to Scorobreck in Troternish, on the north coast of Skye. The boat was hauled up high and dry, and the wet and shivering crew rambled on in search of shelter. After a two miles' walk they spied a cow-house. Young Raasay went forward to inspect it. 'What must become of your Royal Highness,' said Murdoch Macleod, 'if there be people in it, for certainly you must perish if long exposed to such weather.' 'I care nothing for it,' replied Charles, bravely, 'for I have been abroad in a hundred such nights.' However, Raasay returned with the report that the shed was empty, and not a soul in the neighbourhood. Then they all laid down to rest for the night, after partaking of some bread and cheese which they had brought with them.

The next day the Prince took leave of Raasay and his brother Murdoch, and despatched them on different missions over the island. Linking his arm in that of Malcolm Macleod,

[1] *Narrative of Murdoch Macleod*, Jesse, p. 317.

he quitted the cow-house and walked on. 'Where are you intending to go to?' asked Malcolm.

'Why, Malcolm,' frankly replied the Prince, 'I now throw myself entirely into your hands, and leave you to do with me as you please. I wish to go to Mackinnon's country, and if you can guide me there safe I hope you will accompany me.' Macleod, with that devotion which invariably characterised the friends of Charles, readily assented, but advised that they should proceed by sea, and thus avoid the soldiers and scouts who were infesting the island. But the Prince preferred the land journey. 'In our situation,' said he, 'there is no doing anything without running risks.' It was arranged, therefore, that the Prince should for the second time appear in the character of a servant. Charles took off his waistcoat of scarlet tartan with gold twist buttons, and exchanged it for the plain vest of Malcolm: then he put his periwig in his pocket and tied up his face, as if suffering from toothache, in a dirty napkin: the buckles were pulled off his shoes and the lace ruffles from his shirt; a bundle was put in his hand, and his disguise was supposed to be complete. Still there was so much of the gentleman about Charles which art and raiment were powerless to conceal that his companion feared he would be recognised. 'There is not a person,' said Macleod afterwards to Bishop Forbes, 'who knows what the air of a noble or great man is, but, upon seeing the Prince in any disguise he could put on, would see something that was not ordinary—something of the stately and grand.'[1]

After travelling all night, they reached Ellagol, near Kilmaree, in Mackinnon's country. Malcolm now conducted the Prince to the house of his brother-in-law, one John Mackinnon, who had served as a captain in the Highland army. Mackinnon happened not to be at home, but the travellers were warmly received by his wife; Charles being passed off as a certain Lewie Caw, the son of a surgeon in Crieff who had been engaged in the rebellion, and was now known to be lying *perdu* among his relations in Skye. Mrs. Mackinnon was much concerned at the condition of the Prince, and said to her brother that her heart warmed to a man of his appearance. Certainly, if we are to believe Malcolm Macleod, the state of Charles was far from enviable. 'Happening,' says Malcolm,[2] 'to see the Prince uneasy and fidgety, he took him to the back of a knowe, and, opening his breast, saw him troubled with vermin for want of clean linen, and by reason of

[1] *Jacobite Memoirs*, p. 480. [2] Jesse, p. 322.

the coarse odd way he behoved to live in, both as to sustenance and sleep: Malcolm said he believed he took four score off him. This,' writes Bishop Forbes, 'serves to show that he was reduced to the very lowest ebb of misery and distress, and is a certain indication of that greatness of soul which could rise above all misfortunes and bear up with a cheerfulness not to be equalled in history under all the scenes of woe that could happen.' It is difficult to understand how or why Charles allowed himself to get into this filthy state. One would have thought, in spite of his scanty stock of linen and the continual wearing of the same garments, that an occasional bathe in the sea, for it was summer time, or an ablution in a mountain stream, would have prevented all the grosser details that arise from uncleanliness.

In the course of the day the old chief of Mackinnon was informed that the Prince was in the neighbourhood. At once he hastened to pay his respects, and advised Charles to repair to the mainland under his guidance that very night, for the militia scouts were active, and every moment was of importance. The Prince assented; a good-sized wherry was obtained; and at eight o'clock in the evening the fugitive, accompanied by the old chieftain Mackinnon and his kinsman, John Mackinnon, went down to the sea-shore to embark. The parting between the Prince and Malcolm Macleod, which was now considered advisable, was felt by both. 'For myself,' said Malcolm, 'I have no care: but for you I am much afraid.' Malcolm had been so long absent that he thought the military would pursue him on suspicion, and in that case Charles would also fall into their hands. It was better therefore that they should separate. Before saying adieu the two sat down together, at the instigation of Charles, and had a smoke, talking the while of the sorrows of the past and the hopes of the future; then the Prince rose up, presented Malcolm with a silver stock buckle and ten guineas, embraced him twice as he said farewell, and hurried to his seat in the stern of the boat. As he had anticipated, Malcolm was taken prisoner and brought to London, where he was kept in custody till July 1747, when he returned to Scotland with Flora Macdonald. 'And so,' he used to say with much glee, 'I went up to London to be hanged, and returned in a braw post chaise with Miss Flora Macdonald.' Twenty-seven years afterwards he was introduced to Boswell. 'I never saw a figure,' said the biographer of Dr. Johnson, 'which gave a more perfect representation of a Highland gentleman. I wished

much to have a picture of him just as he was. I found him frank and *polite* in the true sense of the word.'[1]

After a stormy passage, which occupied some eight hours, Charles and his companions landed at four o'clock in the morning near a place called Little Mallack, on the southern side of Loch Nevis. But the change was not for the better. The militia were quartered in the immediate neighbourhood, and it thus became most dangerous for the Prince or his friends to attempt to penetrate into the interior. For three days they remained on the spot at which they had first landed, without fire or shelter, not daring to move. On the fourth day they entered their boat, and coasted along the broken shores of Loch Nevis, in the hope of finding some cave which would protect them from the inclemency of the weather. Steering round one of the petty promontories of the loch, they fouled against a boat moored to a rock, and the next moment saw five men standing on the shore whose bonnets, marked with a red cross, proclaimed them to belong to the militia. Charles was fortunately lying at the bottom of the boat taking his rest, with the plaid of Mackinnon thrown over him. This unexpected appearance of the enemy somewhat staggered the crew, and they hesitated on their oars.

'Where do you come from?' cried the militiamen.

'From Sleat,' answered Mackinnon.

'Row ashore,' ordered the militiamen, 'for examination!'

'Pull for your lives!' cried John Mackinnon; and no sooner was the word given than the watermen settled themselves down to their work, and rowed rapidly along the loch.

But the militiamen were not to be thus cheated. Like lightning they leaped into their boat, cast loose the painter, and in another minute were in full chase. For some quarter of an hour the pursuit was keen: then the oarsmen of the Prince drew rapidly away, and, coming to a part of the loch where the firs and underwood grew thick down to the water's edge, they shot their boat into the covert, and hid themselves from the foe. Charles landed and ran up a hill, from which he perceived the discomfited militiamen returning from their fruitless pursuit.

Across the loch was a small island, to which the escaped crew, after a few hours' rest, now steered. Old Clanranald happening to be in the neighbourhood, the Prince sent John Mackinnon to him with a request for aid. But the chieftain, to whom the Stuart cause had already been sufficiently costly,

[1] Jesse, p. 326.

declined any further assistance: he was proscribed and ruined, and would not run any more risk. Mackinnon, finding that Clanranald was not to be won, either by arguments or entreaties, quitted him in a passion, and returned to the Prince, mightily indignant at the failure of his mission. But Charles met him with a cheerful 'Well, Mackinnon, there is no help for it: we must do the best we can for ourselves.'[1]

They now rowed back to Little Mallack, and, as Clanranald had failed them, resolved to try what success they would meet with at the hands of Macdonald of Morar, whose house stood hard by the loch of that name. Mrs. Macdonald was the sister of Lochiel, and received the illustrious fugitive most warmly; so affected was she at the sight of his wretched condition that, it is said, she burst into tears. Her husband, catching something of his wife's sympathy, now came forward and greeted them all with much cordiality. The conversation turned at once upon the necessity of the Prince making speedy his escape out of the country. The coast was watched by gunboats; Ferguson and his men were close on his track; the militia were at every port and inlet; flight was no easy matter. Morar said that he would go in search of young Clanranald, and enlist his services on behalf of the Prince. He set out, and did not return to his home till the following day. But it was evident that a change had come over the spirit of his enthusiasm. He was cold and distant; he had been unable, he said, to find young Clanranald, and did not know of any one whom he could recommend to his Royal Highness. The Prince was not slow to see that Morar had been dissuaded from his purpose by others, and was not a little hurt.

'Why, Morar,' he said, 'this is very hard; you were very kind to me yesternight, and said you would find out a hiding-place proof against all the search of the enemy's forces, and now you say you can do nothing at all for me. You can travel to no place but what I will travel to also, you can eat or drink nothing but I will take a share of them with you and be well content. When Fortune smiled on me, and I had money to give, I found some people ready enough to serve me; but now, when Fortune frowns on me, and I have no pay to give, they forsake me in my necessity.'

The taunt did not strike home. Like the old chieftain Clanranald, Morar was stubborn, and refused to mix himself up in the Prince's affairs. Then Charles, who saw the meshes of

[1] *Jacobite Memoirs*, pp. 489, 490; Jesse, p. 328.

the enemy closing around him, and no way out for escape, thus gave expression to his feelings. 'Almighty God,' cried he, 'look down upon my circumstances and pity me, for I am in a most melancholy situation. Some of those who joined me at first, and appeared to be fast friends, now turn their backs upon me in my greatest need; while some of those again who refused to join me, and stood at a distance, are now among my best friends; for it is remarkable that those of Sir Alexander Macdonald's following have been most faithful to me in my distress, and contributed greatly to my preservation.' Then turning round to John Mackinnon, he stretched out his hand and said, 'I hope, Mackinnon, you will not desert me too, and leave me in the lurch?'

The old chieftain was standing by his kinsman, and he thought the words were addressed to him. 'I never,' he cried, tears of devotion and indignation starting to his eyes—'I never will leave your Royal Highness in the day of danger, but will, under God, do all I can for you, and go with you wherever you order me.'

'Oh no,' replied Charles, 'this is too much for one of your advanced years. I heartily thank you for your readiness to take care of me, and I am well satisfied of your zeal for me and my cause; but one of your age cannot well hold out with the fatigues and dangers I must undergo. It was to your friend John here, a stout young man, that I was addressing myself.'

'Well, then,' readily responded John, 'with the help of God I will go through the wide world with your Royal Highness.'[1]

Loyal as was the offer, it was not necessary to be accepted. Escorted by the Mackinnons, Charles now made his way towards Borrodaile, the seat of Angus Macdonald. Here, as the aid of his two faithful friends was now superfluous, the Prince bade them farewell, and placed himself unreservedly in the hands of his new protector. Burnt out of hearth and home for his advocacy of the Stuart cause, Angus Macdonald was now living in a small hut on his estate. As Charles entered the mean abode he could not restrain his tears, for not only had his host been utterly ruined for the adherence he had given, but a beloved son of his had perished on the fatal field of Culloden. The Prince approached Mrs. Macdonald, saluted her, and asked if she could endure the sight of one who had

[1] Mackinnon's Narrative, *Jacobite Memoirs*, p. 492 *et seq*

been the cause of so much misery to her and her family. 'Yes,' was the fine reply, 'even though all my sons had fallen in your Royal Highness's service.'[1]

> I ance had sons, but now hae nane,
> I bred them toiling sairly;
> And I wad bear them a' again,
> And lose them a' for Charlie.

For three days Charles remained at Borrodaile in the most strict seclusion; but on the fourth day news was received that the enemy had traced him from Skye, were even now on his scent, and he was advised to fly to Glen Morar. Critical as had been the position of the Prince during the last few months, danger seemed now to have reached its full height. The gunboats were stationed off Loch Nevis. General Campbell had drawn a complete cordon round the neighbouring district. Sentinels at frequent intervals guarded every pass and ford, and allowed none to pass without examination, whilst the scouts and militiamen were more busy than ever in scouring the disaffected districts. But a *Deus ex machinâ* presented itself in the shape of Donald Cameron of Glenpean, who knew every glen and ravine in the surrounding wildness. Guided by this devoted adherent, Charles, at the end of three days of intense danger, fatigue, and exhaustion, found himself, on the night of July 28, on the top of the braes of Glenmoriston and Strathglass, 'where, without food or fire, and wet to the skin, his only shelter was a small cave, the limits of which were so narrow, and the narrow floor so rugged, as almost to rob him even of the luxury of sleep.' But by winding through the tortuous passages of ravines, scaling almost inaccessible passes, and making the widest of *détours*, he had broken through the enemy's lines and was for a time free from danger.

Maintaining a guerilla warfare amid the rugged fastnesses of these regions were seven men whom Jacobite partisanship will not readily forget. Their names were Patrick Grant, a farmer, but better known as Black Peter of Craskie; John Macdonnell, alias Campbell; Alexander Macdonnell; Alexander, Donald, and Hugh Chisholm, three brothers, and Grigor Macgregor. These were the notorious 'Seven Men of Glenmoriston.' They had borne arms in the late Rebellion, and for this cause had had their homes burnt over their heads and been proscribed by the Government. With all the vindictiveness of a Corsican, each man had vowed a bitter revenge against those who had

[1] *Jacobite Memoirs*, p. 497.

made their hearths desolate, slain their kindred, and shipped their clansmen as slaves. Kissing their dirks, they had solemnly sworn to stand by each other on every occasion, to know no mercy in an encounter with the minions of the Duke of Cumberland, and to deal out, whenever opportunity offered, the same punishment to the surrounding soldiery as had been dealt out by the victors of Culloden to the vanquished. Already their lawless deeds were the subjects of many a story round the camp-fires of Campbell's and Ferguson's men, and the very mention of their names arrested the soldier's attention and often made him blanch with fear.

Not without reason. Well acquainted with every crag and cave for miles around, these Glenmoriston freebooters refused to be caught. Stationed behind rocks, they would pour a deadly fire upon any of the soldiery carrying provisions: then, before the attacked could recover themselves, would sweep down upon them, like a hawk upon his prey, and utterly destroy them. On the boughs of the trees near the high-roads, it was no unusual thing to see the gory head of an Englishman suspended. In the dead of the night they would descend upon the little camp of the militia and carry off the cattle. The soldiers, marching from one spot to the other, trembled as they entered any of those narrow defiles which, in the west of Scotland, lead on to the open, for well they knew the murderous fire with which their terrible and ubiquitous enemy had more than once from above ploughed their ranks. On one occasion these seven men had attacked a large body of Campbell's troops, had kept up a running fire in a narrow ravine, and had forced the enemy to fly in dire confusion. Both Campbell and Ferguson had set any price upon their heads, but none as yet had displayed the skill or the courage to deserve the reward.

Charles, being now in the territory of these Jacobite banditti, they were asked if they would protect their Prince. They readily assented. Young Clanranald introduced them to the Prince, and he was escorted to their cave amid every demonstration of respect and delight. Here they swore that 'their backs might be to God, their faces to the devil; that all the curses the Scriptures did pronounce might come upon them and all their posterity, if they did not stand firm to the Prince in the greatest dangers, and if they should discover to any person, man, woman, or child, that the Prince was in their keeping, till once his person should be out of danger.' So rigidly did they keep this oath that Charles had been a year in

France before it was known that he had been the guest of these loyal but lawless Highlanders.

And he was their guest. For three weeks they secreted him in the different caves and hiding-places throughout the country. They foraged for him, and brought to their strongholds every delicacy they could rob or buy, which they fancied he would like. It was days since Charles had fared so sumptuously. Distressed at the miserable condition of his dress, they waylaid some servants carrying baggage to Fort Augustus, shot them down, and then bore off the booty to the Prince. He fascinated them. His coolness in moments of danger, his winning manners, his powers of enduring fatigue, his superiority in all manly exercises, won not only their devotion but their love. 'Stay with us,' they cried, when Charles had expressed his intention of finding Lochiel; 'stay with us; the mountain of gold which the Government have set upon your head may induce some gentleman to betray you, for he can go to a distant country and live on the price of his dishonour—but to us there exists no such temptations. We can speak no language but our own: we can live nowhere but in this country. Were we to injure a hair of your head, the very mountains would fall down to crush us to death.'

But the story of these Highland wanderings is now drawing to a close. On quitting these generous but unscrupulous outlaws Charles effected a junction with his staunch friends, Lochiel and Cluny Macpherson, who were lurking in the wilds of Badenoch. For some time they took up their abode in a 'very romantic and comical habitation' called the Cage, on the side of Mount Benalder, which is still shown to the tourist. 'The Cage,' says Donald Macpherson, 'was only large enough to contain six or seven persons, four of which number were frequently employed in playing at cards; one idle looking on; one baking; and another firing bread and cooking.'

Here it was that the Prince received the joyful news that two French vessels, sent out expressly for his deliverance, had anchored in Lochnanuagh. Losing no time, he started off at once for the very spot where fourteen months before he had landed full of the most sanguine hopes. The ships were riding at anchor; a boat was moored to a rock awaiting the arrival of the Fugitive; the Prince jumped into it, and in a few minutes was safe from the terrors of the past. With him embarked Lochiel, young Clanranald, John Roy Stuart, and other chieftains; also one hundred and seven common men.

'A fellow I had in the braes of Loch Arkaig,' writes an informer to Lord Albemarle,[1] 'this moment informs me that last Thursday about twelve o'clock, the Pretender's son embarked on board a French ship of war in the same loch in Moidart where he first landed, attended by many of his friends . . . they had a considerable quantity of baggage along with them, and told those that were not to go on board to have good hopes that they might expect to hear from them in five or six weeks, and might depend upon their returning with a considerable force.'

Thus ended the Highland adventures of him whom posterity, with the fondness that shuns the stilted homage due to royalty, still calls Prince Charlie. When we consider the boldness of the enterprise he undertook, the wondrous meed of success that first attended it, the endless dangers that were met and avoided during the trying months of his concealment, and the splendid devotion—among the most brilliant acts that Heroism can boast—of his followers, it is not surprising that the episode of 'The Forty-Five' still maintains a hold over the imagination such as no other period of history possesses. It reads like a chapter in the romances of chivalry, and raises human nature in the estimation of mankind.

'For what wise end,' writes the Journalist of the Escape,[2] 'Heaven has thus disappointed, and yet preserved this Noble Prince, and what future scenes the history of his life may display, time only can tell; yet something very remarkable still seems waiting him and this poor country also. May God grant a happy issue!' We shall see how that prayer was answered.

[1] State Papers, Scotland, Sept. 21, 1746.
[2] *The Lockhart Papers*, vol. ii. p. 562.

CHAPTER XV.

UNDER PROTECTION.[1]

Royal Charlie's now awa,
Safely owre the friendly main;
Mony a heart will break in twa,
Should he ne'er come back again.
Will you no come back again?
Will you no come back again?
Better lo'ed you'll never be,
And will you no come back again?

On landing at the little port of Roscoff in Brittany, Charles drove on to Morlaix, where he resolved to rest for a few days in order to recover from the fatigues of the voyage. Here he penned the following letter to his brother Henry, who was the guest of Louis XV. at Versailles.

'Morlaix, *October* 10, N.S., 1746.

'Dear Brother,—As I am certain of your great concern for me, I cannot express the joy I have, on your account, of my safe arrival in this country. I send here inclosed two lines to my master,[2] just to show him I am alive and safe, being fatigued not a little, as you may imagine. It is my opinion you should write immediately to the French king, giving him notice of my safe arrival, and at the same excusing my not writing to him myself immediately, being so much fatigued, and hoping soon to have the pleasure of seeing him. I leave to your prudence the wording of this letter, and would be glad no time should be lost in writing and despatching it, as also that you should consult nobody, without exception, upon it, but Sir John Graham, and Sir Thomas,[3] the reasons of which I will tell you on meeting. It is an absolute necessity I must see the French king as soon as possible, for to bring things to a right head. Warren, the bearer, will instruct you of the way I would wish you should meet me at Paris. I embrace you with all my heart, and remain

'Your most loving brother,

'Charles P.'[4]

[1] Unless where special reference is given, I am indebted for my information in this chapter to 'The Young Pretender in France.' *Lockhart Papers*, vol. ii. pp. 565–86.

[2] His father.

[3] Sheridan.

[4] Stuart Papers. Stanhope's *Forty-Five*, Appendix.

The news that Charles had effected his escape into France created no little joy in the Pretender's Court at Rome. During the weary months of the Prince's wandering in Skye and the Hebrides, James had been a victim of the gravest melancholy. He was ignorant of the whereabouts of his son, and was ever torturing himself with reproaches for having permitted so rash an expedition to be undertaken. He assailed the French ambassador at Rome most bitterly for having misled him with false hopes of French assistance, and upbraided all with whom he came in contact. Day after day he went moaning about his palace, vowing that life was a burden to him, and that he should see his beloved Charles no more. Not a line had he received from the Prince, whilst he was always being given a wrong account of his movements. Now it was that his son was safely housed in Paris; then that he had just landed in Sweden; or that he was marching south to England, a captive prisoner of the bloodthirsty Duke.[1] Thus hearing nothing, and hoping against hope, James found no refuge for his anxiety but in the consolations of his Church and the sympathies of his confessor. At last intelligence that could be depended upon reached him, and from that moment the old man began to revive. 'Since the Pretender,' writes Sir Horace Mann to the Duke of Newcastle,[2] 'has received the news of his eldest son's arrival in France, he is much less melancholy than before, and has now confessed that for nearly six months he had not received any certain notice of him.'

After a few days' rest at the quaint Breton fishing port, Charles set out for Paris. The Most Christian King, as soon as he learnt of the arrival of his illustrious visitor upon French soil, had given orders for the Castle of St. Antoine to be prepared for his reception. On approaching Paris, the Prince was met by the Duke of York and several members of the French aristocracy, who congratulated him upon his past campaigns and successful escape. The meeting between the two brothers was most affectionate. 'Charles did not know me at first sight,' writes Henry to his father, 'but I am sure I knew him very well, for he is not in the least altered since I saw him, except grown somewhat broader and fatter, which is incomprehensible after all the fatigues he has endured. Your Majesty may conceive, better than I can express in writing, the tenderness of our first meeting. Those that were present said they never

[1] State Papers, Tuscany. Walton's Letters, 1746.
[2] *Ibid.* Nov. 15, No. 52.

saw the like in their lives, and indeed I defy the whole world to show another brother so kind and loving as he is to me. For my part, I can safely say, that all my endeavours tend to no other end but that of deserving so much goodness as he has for me.'

Without even a halt at Paris for refreshment, Charles at once proceeded to Versailles to have audience with the King. Louis was presiding over the deliberations of an extraordinary Council of State, but at once quitted the chamber to receive the Prince. '*Mon très cher Prince*,' he said, cordially embracing him, '*je rends grâce au ciel qui me donne le plaisir extrême de vous voir arrivé en bonne santé après tant de fatigues et de dangers. Vous avez fait voir que toutes les grandes qualités des héros et des philosophes se trouvent réunies en vous ; et j'espère qu'un de ces jours vous recevrez la récompense d'un mérite si extraordinaire.*' This charming speech, from the lips of one who had systematically during the last two years belied his words, having been delivered, Louis escorted Charles to the apartments of the Queen, who welcomed him with every demonstration of goodwill and satisfaction. On his departure from the Palace, the whole Court crowded round him, and cordially complimented him upon the manner in which he had conducted his expedition.

But Louis, if he had neglected his illustrious visitor during the past, determined now to treat him with every distinction. He gave orders that Charles should be received at Court as became the Prince Regent of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and appointed a day for his presentation. With all due ceremony Charles prepared himself for the occasion. At the hour appointed he issued from the gates of St Antoine to make his first official appearance at the Court of Versailles. He was dressed in a suit 'of uncommon elegance.' The coat was made of rose-coloured velvet embroidered with silver. The waistcoat was a rich gold brocade with a 'spangled fringe set on in scollops.' His cockade and shoe buckles sparkled with diamonds. On his breast were the stars of St. George and St. Andrew. 'In short,' says his reporter, 'he glittered all over like the star which they tell you appeared at his nativity.'

The procession consisted of three carriages. In the first were Lords Elcho and Ogilvie (the former of whom, according to Sir Walter Scott, had vowed that he would never look upon the face of his Prince again), with Glenbucket and Kelly, secretaries to the Regency. In the second sat the Prince him-

self, with Lord Lewis Gordon and old Lochiel: two pages resplendently dressed, and ten footmen in the English royal livery, walked by their side. The third was occupied by the four chamberlains. Following the state carriages were young Lochiel and an escort drawn from *la jeunesse dorée* of the French aristocracy. The King greeted the Prince with every mark of distinction, and in the evening he was entertained at a State banquet. 'I should not have mentioned these particulars,' writes the narrator in the Lockhart Papers, 'but to show you that the French Court took all imaginable pains to lull the young Chevalier into forgetfulness of the breach of past promises, and persuade him that his concerns would now be taken into immediate consideration.'

Agreeable as were the attentions he now received after the months of past misery, Charles never forgot the subject which was uppermost in his mind. He was still as untiring as ever in his efforts to persuade Louis to send troops into Scotland and create another rebellion. He explained that the recent conduct of the English government had caused the most lively dissatisfaction in Scotland, and that for every follower he formerly possessed he now had three. He was sure, he said, that he could rely on the fidelity of his Scotch subjects—he had never lacked warriors in the Highlands—but their loyalty was useless without money, provisions, and regular troops to strengthen their efforts. Had he only possessed 3,000 regular troops he would have marched at once into England after defeating Cope, and nothing could have prevented his reaching London. Had he but been supplied with provisions, he would have been in a condition to pursue Hawley after defeating him at Falkirk, and thus to put to the sword his whole army—the flower of the English troops. Had he but received half the money France sent him, he would have been able to fight the Duke of Cumberland on equal terms, and would doubtless have defeated him. But, argued Charles, the misfortunes of the past could easily be repaired, if only his Majesty would grant him a force of 18,000 or 20,000 men. The interests of France had always been identical with those of the House of Stuart, and he hoped that this time he should not have to plead in vain.

To this request Louis prudently gave no definite answer. He temporised with the matter, and tried to turn the young man's thoughts into a different channel by surrounding him with all the gaieties of a Court. He was styled Prince Regent of England, and a suite placed at his disposal. A handsome

pension was assigned him. The brilliant society of Paris was at his feet. Not a week passed without his being invited to Court, and treated with the distinction due to one of royal blood. The Queen, who had been a warm friend of his mother, looked upon him with almost maternal tenderness, and we are told often encouraged him to talk of his past adventures, 'the details of which seldom failed to draw tears from her eyes.' Nor are we led to believe that this sympathy was confined only to the Consort of Louis XV. There was, we are told, a dark-eyed daughter of the House of Bourbon who shared her mother's interest in the graceful young man, and whose sympathy and admiration were fast developing into a warmer feeling. For the hazel orbs of this kindly damsel, Charles, we know, had always expressed an admiration, and on convivial occasions during the past campaign, his favourite toast was 'the Black Eyes—the second daughter of France.'

The *tendre*, if ever it existed, however, never came to anything, and served only perhaps as an agreeable flirtation for the Prince. Rumour was then very busy with his name wherever the fair sex was concerned, and always reporting that he was about to enter into a matrimonial alliance. Now it is Walton who says that he is to marry a daughter of the House of Massa, then it is Mann who writes that he is to marry a young Princess of Modena, or else the bride is to be a Princess of France, or a Princess of Spain, or a daughter of the reigning House in Sweden—gossip which shows the interest Europe was taking in the fortunes of the young Chevalier. Charles did not marry till late in life; and, though it may appear strange why a man, endowed with a handsome person and singularly winning manners, to whom a brilliant alliance would have been politically of service, should have so long remained a bachelor, the reason perhaps is that the affections of Charles were deeply but illicitly engaged elsewhere.

The attention shown to the Prince by the House of Bourbon created great hopes in the minds of the Jacobites. 'Everybody,' writes Mann from Florence,[1] 'talks of the distinguished reception which the French King is said to have given to the Pretender's eldest son, and with assurances never to abandon his interests. The Pretender's people and partisans are grown extremely insolent upon it, and flatter themselves with the greatest advantages.' But these hopes were soon destined to

[1] State Papers, Tuscany, Nov. 29, 1746, No. 52.

disappointment. It was not long before Charles felt how illusory was the idea of expecting aid from France. A few regiments, it is true, were being drilled and paraded at Calais and Boulogne, Dunkirk and Dieppe, ostensibly for the invasion of England, but the Prince saw plainly how inadequate their numbers were for the purpose. He knew how crushing had been the effect of the battle of Culloden upon his party, and that it would be nothing short of madness again to stir up a rebellion and expose the lives of his faithful friends unless powerfully supported by French troops. He now saw how wise had been his friends when they advised him, some eighteen months ago, not to meditate an invasion without the aid of French soldiery. He had learnt by experience, and he would not repeat the fault. Still he hoped on, and it was not till after a visit from Cardinal Tencin that he really discovered how frail, in the present condition of foreign politics, was the reed on which he depended.

The Cardinal was a staunch and ambitious Jacobite, and, having been indebted for his Hat to the interest and favour of James, there was little he was not ready to undertake, or pretend to undertake, for the advancement of the Stuart cause. He called frequently upon Charles at St. Antoine, 'to pay,' as he said, 'his compliments to the son of a person to whom he was so highly obliged.' Their conversations naturally turned upon the state of England, and the expediency of obtaining French assistance. The Cardinal, in whose person the whole power of the Ministry was centred, was at first very guarded in his answers, and careful not to compromise himself. But one morning his Eminence hinted that though France had her hands full, and was busy in coping with her enemies on all sides, yet she might be induced to grant him the desired aid on a condition. 'What was the condition?' asked the Prince, eagerly. 'That Ireland be ceded to France,' replied the Cardinal, 'as a compensation for the expense the court at Versailles would necessarily be put to.' But scarcely had his Eminence mentioned the proposal than Charles rose angrily from his seat and cried out, '*Non, Monsieur le Cardinal, tout ou rien! point de partage! point de partage!*' and to quiet himself he paced up and down the room, repeating the while the words of his refusal.

The Cardinal, somewhat taken aback by this burst of indignation, now changed his tactics, and begged Charles to think no more of the offer: he had, he said, but made the suggestion,

which was entirely a project of his own, and in no way of an official character, simply out of the love and regard he bore to the illustrious House of Stuart, and in the belief that the proposal would have been acceptable. It was not acceptable, and there was an end of the matter; he hoped his Royal Highness would think no more about it. To this Charles haughtily replied that he would not even condescend to give himself the trouble to think of it.

Whether Tencin had orders to make this proposal, or it was, as he said, but a scheme of his own, we know not. The probability is that the idea was conceived by the ambitious churchman alone, under the impression that Charles would be only too glad to avail himself of the offer, and thus Ireland be transferred to the dominion of France, with his Eminence Cardinal Tencin as Primate of the new kingdom and patron of its ecclesiastical benefices. Had the Prince accepted the proposal, Tencin would have had but little difficulty in 'educating' the French Ministers up to his views. He was, however, not prepared for the fact that, though Charles was ever ready to conspire against the reigning House of Hanover, and to plot for the repossession of what he considered as his dominions, he was none the less an Englishman, and would rather see his country in the hands of a rival, whole and intact, than recover possession of it at the cost of territorial sacrifice. But the offer, coming from the foremost statesman of France, plainly proved to the Prince the folly of expecting such assistance from Louis or his ministers as he could receive without disloyalty to his country or indignity to himself. He had imagined his ally a chivalrous friend, he found him but a keen-witted trader. He wanted generous help, not a vile bargain.

Despairing of France, Charles now turned his gaze south of the Pyrenees. If Versailles was cold and calculating, perhaps the Escurial would be warmer and less interested. Spain had always been full of assurances of sympathy and good wishes towards the House of Stuart. She had been a staunch ally to the father, and had extended her favour to the son. At the commencement of the rebellion she had sent a ship into Moidart with arms and money for the Prince; but, as the campaign proceeded, she held herself rather coldly aloof. This coldness was attributed by Sir Charles Wogan, who was busying himself about his master's affairs at Madrid, to the jealousy felt by the Spanish Court at the Prince's having entered into a treaty of alliance with France. 'They look upon it,'

writes Wogan to Charles,[1] 'as a sort of neglect or contempt of them that you have not equally entered into engagements with them.' And then he hints that it would be as well if the Prince wrote occasionally to his Most Catholic Majesty and to his ministers, 'as they often express a wish to hear from him, and would take such an act very kindly.' 'For their jealousy,' continues Wogan, 'is a jealousy of love and real kindness, which only wants some demonstration and affection and confidence on your side to exert itself in your favour with all the eagerness and zeal that the circumstances of their whole troops being abroad and their Treasury being stinted at home, by the few returns from their Indies in this time of war with England, can afford. For I (that have many friends in this Court, and know but too well how their affairs stand) was surprised, I own it, at their liberality in sending your Royal Highness so great a sum.'[2]

Charles received this letter when about to retreat from Stirling, and the events that ensued appear to have rendered him unable to take the hint of Wogan. It was now, whilst idling away his time in Paris, that he bethought himself of journeying south, in the hopes that Madrid might grant what Versailles refused. But he was doomed to disappointment. Spain was no longer the first-rate power she had been under the sway of her first Charles and her second Philip, but a kingdom rapidly on the decline, and fully alive to the expediency of adopting a conciliatory state policy. The Prince crossed the Pyrenees in vain. Let us learn from his own lips the failure of his mission.[3]

'I believe your Majesty will be as much surprised as I am to find that, no sooner arrived, I was hurried away without so much as allowing me time to rest. I thought there was not such fools as the French court, but I find it here far beyond it. Your Majesty must forgive me if I speak here a little out of humour, for an angel would take the spleen on this occasion. Notwithstanding, you will find I behaved towards them with all the respect and civility imaginable, doing *à la lettre* whatever they required of me, to give them not the least reason of com-

[1] State Papers, Domestic. Madrid, Dec. 10, 1745, No. 76.

[2] This sum is variously estimated at 10,000*l.*, 6,000*l.*, and 5,000*l.*; but in the Domestic State Papers, Oct. 1745, No. 72, I have come across the exact amount sent by the King of Spain to Charles. It is as follows: 3,000 Spanish pistoles in gold, or 2,625*l.*; and 6,705 Spanish crown pieces in silver, or 1,676*l.* 2*s.* 4*d.*; making a total of 4,301*l.* 2*s.* 4*d.*

[3] Stuart Papers, Guadalaxara, March 12, 1747. Stanhope.

plaining of me, and by that putting them entirely *dans leur tort.* I shall now begin my narration of all that has passed since my arrival in this country.

'For, to arrive with the greater secrecy and diligence, so that this court should not hear of me until I let them know it, I took post at Perpignan, with Vaughan and Cameron, the rest not being able to ride, and not to be so many together. I arrived at Barcelona, and finding that, by the indiscretion of some of our own people (which the town happened then to be full of), it was immediately spread I was there; this hindered me to wait here for the rest of my people coming up, as I intended, and made me take the resolution to leave even those that had come there with me, for the greater blind and expedition, and to take along with me only Colonel Nagle, who had been with the Duke of Ormond.

'I arrived at Madrid the 2nd instant, and addressed myself immediately to Geraldine, Sir Charles Wogan being at his government; and it happened better so, for I find they are not well together, and Geraldine is all in all with the ministers. I gave him immediately a letter for Caravajal, which enclosed one for the king, of which I send here a copy; this was the channel he advised me to go by. Upon that I got an appointment with the said minister; and he carried me to him in his coach, with a great many ridiculous precautions, for I find all here like the pheasants, that it is enough to hide their heads to cover the rest of the body, as they think. After I made Caravajal many compliments, I asked him that I supposed he had delivered my letter to the king, and had received his orders what I should do? To which he said he had not, telling me it was better he should not give it, and that I should go back immediately; that he was very sorry the situation of affairs was such, that he advised me to do so. This he endeavoured to persuade me to by several very nonsensical reasons. I answered them all, so that he had nothing in the world to say, but that he would deliver my letter. I told him that my sudden resolution of coming here was upon one of my friends coming just before I parted from Paris to me, from the rest, assuring me that they were ready as much as ever, if they had the assistance necessary, to allow them time to come to a head; at the same time expressing what a conceit that nation had for the Spaniards' good inclinations, and how popular it would be for me to take a jaunt in that country, out of gratitude for all they had endeavoured to do for us; that I could be back

at any event for any expedition of effect, for that, with reason, none could be undertook till the month of April or May. I added to that my personal inclinations, which hit with theirs.

'I parted, after all compliments were over, and was never more surprised than when Caravajal himself came at the door of the *auberge* I was lodged in, at eleven at night and a half, to tell me that the king wanted to see me immediately. I went instantly, and saw the king and queen together, who made me a great many civilities, but at the same time desiring me to go back as soon as possible; that, unluckily, circumstances of affairs required so at present; that nothing in the world they desired more than to have the occasion of showing me proofs of their friendship and regard. (One finds in old histories, that the greatest proofs of showing such things are to help people in distress; but this, I find, is not now *à la mode*, according to French fashion.) I asked the king leave, in the first place, to see the queen dowager, and the rest of the royal family, to which he answered there was no need to do it. Upon my repeating, how mortifying it would be for me, at least, not to make my respects to the old queen, to thank her for her goodness towards us, he said I might speak of that to Caravajal. I found by that he had got his lesson, and was a weak man just put in motion like a clock-work. At last, after many respectful compliments, and that the chief motive of my coming was to thank his Majesty for all the services his royal family had done for ours, at the same time to desire the continuation of them; to which he said, if occasion offered he would even do more; after that I asked him, for not to trouble him longer, which was the minister he would leave me to speak to of my affairs, and of what I wanted? to which he said, that he had an entire confidence in Caravajal, and that to him alone I might speak as to himself. I spoke then, that Caravajal might hear, that there was nobody that could be more acceptable to me than him: says I, in laughing, he is half an Englishman, being called Lancaster. I parted; and who should I make out at the door but Farinelli, who took me by the hand with effrontery. I thought at first it was some grandee, or captain of the guards, that had seen me in Italy, and was never so much surprised as when he named himself, saying that he had seen me formerly, which he was sure I could not remember.

'From thence I went in the minister's apartment, and staid some time with him; but I perceived immediately that he *battait la campagne*, and concluded nothing to the purpose, but

pressing me ardently to go out of the town and away immediately. I told him, though I had made a long journey, notwithstanding, being young and strong, I would be ready to go away that very same night; but that, if he cared to assist me in the least, he must allow me a little time to explain and settle things with him; that, if he pleased, I would be next day with him again. He agreed to that, but that absolutely it was necessary, to do a pleasure to the King, I should part the day after. I went to him as agreed upon, and brought a note of what I was to speak to him about, which, after explaining, I gave to him a copy of, which I enclose here, along with the answer he made before me in writing, which seems to me not to say much. He pressed me again to part next day. I represented it was an impossibility, in a manner, for me to go before any of my people coming up. At last he agreed to send along with me Sir Thomas Geraldine, as far as Guadalaxara, where I might wait for my family. We parted, loading one another with compliments.'

Cold as the reception of the Prince had been, we learn that the visit was not entirely fruitless. 'One of my correspondents,' writes Sir Horace Mann to the Duke of Newcastle,[1] 'has seen a letter from the daughter of the Constable Colonna, who is married in Spain, by which she acquaints her father that the Pretender's eldest son had been there, but was very ill received at Court; that, however, his journey had not been totally fruitless, as he had obtained a promise from the King of Spain of the continuance of the yearly pension which that Court has long given to the Pretender, though at some times it has been very ill paid, and that the Court besides gave the young man a considerable sum of money for his journey.'

On the receipt of his son's letter James was seized with another of those fits of melancholy which the vigilant Walton was ever observing. Believing that his cause was now deserted both by France and Spain, he wished the Prince to take up his abode at Rome, and used all his influence with the Pope to obtain a settled allowance for Charles. But the Prince, much to the annoyance of his father, had no intention of returning to Italy: he thought the wiser course was to remain quietly at Paris, and seize every opportunity of pleading his cause to his most Christian Majesty. 'I thought it proper,' Charles writes to Lord Clancarty from Paris within a fortnight after his return from Madrid, 'to come back again to France;

[1] State Papers, Tuscany, April 18, 1747.

but intend to keep myself absolutely in private, as the season is now favourable to make another attempt and to bring these people here to reason if possible. On our side we must leave no stone unturned, and leave the rest to Providence.'[1]

But the Stuart cause was soon to receive a blow almost as severe as that dealt out to it on the sods of Culloden. The Duke of York had always been a devoted son of the Church; indeed, if we are to believe his contemporaries, he was bigoted to a degree, and as years rolled on he became more and more desirous of prominently identifying himself with her creed. At last this desire took a definite form. Unknown to his brother, he secretly quitted Paris and arrived at Rome late in the evening of the 25th of May. He gave out that his visit was merely to pay his respects to his father; but the gossips and spies at Rome were not to be deceived. 'The young Prince,' writes a correspondent to Mann,[2] 'seems very quiet at present, but he has certainly something in his head which will soon flash out.'

Nor had expectation long to wait. In a few days the Eternal City learnt that it was the intention of the supreme Pontiff to raise the Duke to the Cardinalate. The ceremony was conducted with a distinction which aroused not a little the jealousy of the Sacred College. On the day appointed—the third of July—a particular ceremonial was established for the occasion. The Duke was treated not only as a Prince of the Church but also as a Prince of the Blood Royal. He wore ermine on his upper cloak. He took rank next to Cardinal Ruflo, the Dean of the Sacred College, and received, without returning, the visits of ceremony from the different members of the Conclave. His arms were the Royal Arms of England, and 'there was a great dispute whether the Crown or the Hat should be uppermost.' In the Consistory the Pope made a speech on the occasion, which, writes Mann,[3] 'was extremely ridiculed at Rome.' And not without reason.

His Holiness began by saying that he had assembled his Holy Brethren together to inform them of his intention of creating Henry Benedict Clement, Duke of York, the second son of his Majesty King James the Third of Great Britain, a Cardinal Deacon. He forbore to enumerate the gallant deeds of the Cardinal elect's royal parent, for they were known to all. None could be ignorant of the fact that from his boyhood his Majesty was a king without a kingdom, and that he had ever

[1] Stuart Papers. [2] State Papers, Tuscany, 1747. [3] *Ibid.* July 11, 1747.

been undertaking expeditions to kingdoms and provinces estranged from the Catholic Church, not only with the object of restoring his exiled family to their throne, but also of restoring faith and religion to their ancient splendour. All his attempts had, alas! been unsuccessful; but still no reverse could break his Majesty's spirit or weaken his virtue; no labour or distress could detach him from Christian laws and institutions. And why? Because his Majesty not only professed the gospel but followed it during the whole course of his life. No one knew better than his Majesty that nothing profited a man if he gained the whole world and yet lost his own soul. And as a worthy companion to this life and conduct were the good actions and pious career of his Majesty's late consort, who was known and admired by the whole city, and at her death left behind her examples of all the virtues.

From these illustrious parents, continued his Holiness, was Henry, Duke of York, sprung. Though but twenty-three years of age, he was yet as old as Saint Charles Borromeo when he was enrolled among the Cardinals by Pius IV.; he was six years older than was Peter of Luxemburg when created Cardinal by Clement VII.; and ten years older than was Robert de Nobilibus whom Julius III. raised to a seat in the Sacred College. And yet all these, young though they were, sustained their dignity to the love and admiration of all. So did his Holiness expect that Henry, Duke of York, who, from his youth upwards, had ever taken piety as his guide and companion, would, in like manner, be an ornament to the Sacred Order. Should he be elected he would be of no slight assistance to religion, and reflect no dull glory upon the Apostolic seat. For of him might be said, in the words of St. Bernard, '*Moribus antiquavit dies, prævenit tempora meritis, et quod ætati deest, compensavit virtutibus*'; and, in the words of Holy Writ, '*Cani sunt sensus hominis, et ætas senectutis vita immaculata.*' Then, looking at his audience, the Pope asked, '*Quid vobis videtur?*' and no dissentient voice being raised, his Holiness lifted up his hands and said, '*Auctoritate Omnipotentis Dei, Sanctorum Apostolorum Petri et Pauli, ac nostrâ, creamus Sanctæ Romanæ Ecclesiæ Diaconum Cardinalem Henricum Benedictum Clementem Ducem Eboracensem, cum dispensationibus, derogationibus et clausulis necessariis et opportunis, et firma remanente reservatione duorum in pectore alias a nobis facta. In Nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti. Amen.*'[1]

[1] 'Speech of Pope Benedict XIV. to the Most Rev. and Eminent Lords the

Five days afterwards the creation was gazetted.

The elevation of the Duke of York did not apparently add much to his popularity. 'The Pretender's second son,' writes Mann,[1] 'makes himself very odious to the nobility of Rome since his being Cardinal. He pretends that the Roman Princes and Dukes should make him a visit in ceremony without a restitution of that visit, which the others insist upon. He has an assembly every Thursday evening in his apartment, to which the Duke Lanti lately went, but was told by a servant, after he was got up the stairs, that there was no place for him, so that he was obliged to return back extremely mortified; the same affront had been shown to many others, and particularly to the Duke of Caserta, who was formerly their great friend, and had for several years in the hunting season entertained both the Pretender's sons at his country house at a very great expense. The Duke Lanti is nephew to the Cardinal of that name, who is styled at Rome Protector of Scotland, and it is said he insists upon his nephews going in ceremony to the Pretender's second son to make excuses for not having made him a proper visit sooner, though it is thought that his example will not be followed by any others of the same rank.'

Utterly ignorant of his brother's resolution, the first intelligence that Charles received of the premeditated step was from his father.[2]

'I know not whether you will be surprised, my dearest Carluccio,' writes James, 'when I tell you that your brother will be made a Cardinal the first day of next month.[3] Naturally speaking, you should have been consulted about a resolution of that kind before it had been executed; but as the Duke and I were unalterably determined on the matter, and we foresaw that you might probably not approve of it, we thought it would be showing you more regard, and that it would even be more agreeable to you, that the thing should be done before your answer could come here, and to have it in your power to say it was done without your knowledge and approbation. It is very true, I did not expect to see the Duke here

Cardinals of the Holy Roman Church.' State Papers, Tuscany, July 11, 1747.

[1] State Papers, Tuscany, Dec. 5, 1747.

[2] Stuart Papers, Albano, June 13, 1747. Stanhope.

[3] This is wrong. Henry was created a cardinal on Monday, the 3r of July, and received the hat on the 8th inst. *See* Mann, State Papers Tuscany, July 11, 1747.

so soon, and that his tenderness and affection for me prompted him to undertake that journey; but, after I had seen him, I soon found that his chief motive for it was to discourse with me fully and freely on the vocation he had long had to embrace an ecclesiastical state, and which he had so long concealed from me and kept to himself, with a view, no doubt, of having it in his power of being of some use to you in the late conjunctures. But the case is now altered; and, as I am fully convinced of the sincerity and solidity of his vocation, I should think it a resisting the will of God, and acting directly against my conscience, if I should pretend to constrain him in a matter which so nearly concerns him.

'The maxims I have bred you up in, and have always followed, of not constraining others in matters of religion, did not a little help to determine me on the present occasion, since it would be a monstrous proposition that a king should be a father to his people and a tyrant to his children. After this, I will not conceal from you, my dearest Carluccio, that motives of conscience and equity have not alone determined me in this particular; and that, when I seriously consider all that has passed in relation to the Duke for some years bygone, had he not had the vocation he has, I should have used my best endeavours, and all arguments, to have induced him to embrace that state. If Providence has made you the elder brother, he is as much my son as you, and my paternal care and affection are equally to be extended to you and him; so that I should have thought I had greatly failed in both towards him, had I not endeavoured by all means to secure to him, as much as in me lay, that tranquillity and happiness which I was sensible it was impossible for him to enjoy in any other state.

'You will understand all that I mean, without my enlarging farther on this last so disagreeable article; and you cannot, I am sure, complain that I deprive you of any service the Duke might have been to you, since you must be sensible that, all things considered, he would have been useless to you remaining in the world. But let us look forward and not backward. The resolution is taken, and will be executed before your answer to this can come here. If you think proper to say you were ignorant of it, and do not approve it, I shall not take it amiss of you; but, for God's sake, let not a step, which naturally should secure peace and union to us for the rest of our days, become a subject of scandal and *éclat*, which would fall heavier upon you than upon us in our present situation, and

which a filial and brotherly conduct in you will easily prevent. Your silence towards your brother, and what you writ to me about him since he left Paris, would do you little honour if they were known, and are mortifications your brother did not deserve, but which cannot alter his sentiments towards you. He now writes to you a few lines himself, but I forbid him entering into any particulars, since it would be giving himself and you a useless trouble after all I have said about him here.

'You must be sensible that on many occasions I have had reason to complain of you, and that I have acted for this long while towards you more like a son than a father; but I can assure you, my dear child, nothing of all that sticks with me, and I forgive you the more sincerely and cordially all the trouble you have given me, that I am persuaded it was not your intention to fail towards me, and that I shall have reason to be pleased with you for the time to come, since all I request of you hereafter is your personal love and affection for me and your brother. Those who may have had their own views in endeavouring to remove us from your affairs, have compassed their end. We are satisfied, and you remain master; so that I see no bone of contention remaining, nor any possible obstacle to a perfect peace and union amongst us for the future. God bless my dearest Carluccio, whom I tenderly embrace.

'I am all yours,
'JAMES R.'

From this letter it is evident that Charles and Henry were not on the best of terms during latter residence together at Paris. What caused the estrangement is not quite clear, but from one or two sentences in the letters of the Prince to his father, it would appear that Henry disapproved of some of his brother's courtiers, and that his mind had been poisoned against him. 'I do nothing without consulting my dear brother,' writes Charles,[1] 'and when I happen to do contrary to his opinion, it is entirely of my own head, and not by anybody's else advice; for I can assure your Majesty I myself trust nobody more than I do him, as with reason I tell him everything I can; but I am afraid some people have given him a bad opinion of me, for I suppose I must own he does not open his heart to me. I shall always love him, and be united with him. Whatever he does to me, I will always tell

[1] Stuart Papers, Dec. 19, 1746; Jan. 16, 1747. Stanhope.

him face to face what I think for his good, let him take it well or ill. I know him to be a little lively, not much loving to be contradicted; but I also know and am sensible of his love and tenderness for me in particular beyond expression, and of his good heart in general. . . . Notwithstanding I offered to my dear brother, that anyone or all about me that he had a disgust for, I would dismiss to make him easy; to which he assured me he had no dislike for anybody, and did not want any such thing. He does not open his heart to me, and yet I perceive he is grieved, which must proceed from malicious people putting things in his head, and preventing him against me.'

Whatever the cause of this coldness, there is no doubt that the moment Charles heard of his brother having been created a Cardinal, the kindly feelings which once animated him altogether ceased. He broke off all correspondence with him, and for a time refused even to write to his father. Walton is full of gossip relating to this grave family feud. Here are a few extracts from his despatches.

'The Pretender has found himself *en grande disunion* with his eldest son, on account of the latter having never approved of the resolution adopted at Rome of making the Cardinal take Holy Orders, and thus preventing him ever marrying should occasion require it. They have written to him (Charles) explaining the necessity of such a proceeding, but without any effect; he has for some time shown openly his discontent towards his father, and among other things has not written to him for several posts. At this the Pretender is very much hurt, because of his two sons the elder has always been his favourite.'[1] 'Cardinal Valenti has written by the order of the Pope to the Pretender's eldest son, to convince him of the necessity he has been under of conferring priest's orders upon Cardinal Stuart, and has exhorted him to become reconciled with his father, who in all that he has done has only followed the persuasions of the Court of France and of the Vatican.'[2] 'Bishop Canillo has given himself a great deal of trouble in order to persuade the Pretender to write to his eldest son, but he has found it impossible to soften his temper, which is so irritable upon the subject that the dissension between the father and son continues to grow stronger and stronger, and offers very little hope of a reconciliation.'[3] 'The eldest son

State Papers, Tuscany, Sept. 3, 1748. [2] *Ibid.* Sept. 17, 1748.
[3] *Ibid.* Sept. 24, 1748.

still preserves his silence towards his father, and makes use of Bishop Canillo to conduct his affairs at the Vatican.'[1] 'No one ever mentions the name of the eldest son in the Palace of the Pretender, which shows that peace has not yet been effected between father and son.'[2] 'The Pretender has caused Cardinal Riviera to write to his eldest son, begging him in very pathetic terms to recommence their ordinary correspondence, which has now been interrupted for so many months.'[3] And then at last we read: 'Cardinal Corsini has received a letter from the Pretender's eldest son full of respect for his father, which makes one believe that a reconciliation will soon follow.'[4]

A kind of reconciliation *did* follow, but the affectionate feeling which had formerly subsisted between father and son never regained its place in the heart of the son. Instead of the long letters Charles had been in the habit of writing to Rome, a few curt lines signifying his future movements or his pecuniary necessities were all he henceforth vouchsafed. Throughout the correspondence of Walton, the information that the Pretender has received a letter from his eldest son *en peu de mots* is constantly occurring. On the side of James this coldness is never apparent; he speaks always affectionately of Charles; takes up the cudgels in his defence; is bitterly grieved at the life he leads; and uses every effort to induce him to come and take up his abode near Rome. But Charles, rendered stubborn and morose whenever he took offence, by that fatal habit of which he was fast becoming the slave, seems always to have declined to respond to this paternal interest and affection. Among the pet grievances he loved in after-life to dwell upon, Henry's acceptance of the Hat and priest's orders was perhaps the most prominent.

[1] State Papers, Tuscany, Oct. 8, 1748. [2] Oct. 22. [3] Nov. 13. [4] Nov. 26.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE TREATY OF AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.

Suppliant-like for alms depending
  On a false and foreign court;
Jostled by the flaunting nobles,
  Half their pity, half their sport.
Forced to hold a place in pageant
  Like a royal prize of war,
Walking with dejected features
  Close behind his victor's car;
Styled an equal—deemed a servant—
  Fed with future hopes of gain:
Worse by far is fancied freedom
  Than the captive's clanking chain!

WHILST Charles, still hoping against hope, was trying to make himself believe that France would one day cordially support his cause, the Court of Versailles was seriously thinking of peace. Of late the war, that was generally engrossing the attention of Europe, had pressed hardly upon Louis the Fifteenth. His fleets had been severely defeated by the English. His finances were well-nigh exhausted. In Italy his arms had not been so successful as he had anticipated. The elevation of the Grand Duke of Tuscany to the Imperial throne, and the peace that now subsisted between the Houses of Austria, Bavaria, and Brandenburg, had totally defeated his schemes in Germany. Though victorious in the Netherlands, the election of a Stadtholder so united the force of the States-General against him as to leave little hopes of future conquest in that quarter. Both Spain and Genoa were expensive allies. Influenced by these considerations, the ministers of the Most Christian King thought it advisable to make advances both at London and the Hague towards an accommodation. Plenipotentiaries met at Aix-la-Chapelle, and in the first week of the October of 1748 a definitive treaty of peace was signed, and hostilities ceased in all quarters.

With the various articles of this Treaty we have little to do: the only one that interests us is the clause relating to the treatment of Prince Charles and his family. Months before the Treaty was signed it became evident, as soon as the plenipotentiaries met together in council, that England would agree to no peace unless the King of France pledged himself

not to permit any member of the Stuart family to reside within his territory. Anxious for peace and yet desirous of preserving himself from the impression of being dictated to, Louis, though perfectly willing to agree to the wishes of England, preferred that the removal of Charles should appear to be a voluntary act on the young man's part. He sent for the Prince and offered him a residence at Fribourg in Switzerland, with the promise of a handsome pension. The Prince declined; he had been invited to France under the promise of active assistance, and he would not quit the country out of obedience to Hanoverian dictation. If France chose to break her word and obtain peace by ignoring his cause, that was her affair; he, however, would only submit to be exiled from the kingdom by force, and then all Europe should see how basely he had been deceived, and with what cowardice protected. In this extremity Versailles wrote to James, and begged him to use his influence and recall his son. But Charles was in no humour to pay attention to his father's wishes and entreaties, and curtly refused to return to Italy. Quarters might be prepared for him at Bologna or Ferrara, if his father so chose, but nothing would induce him to leave Paris. So hurt was James by this decided refusal, that he begged the Pope to remonstrate with the Prince on his obstinacy.[1]

At Paris Charles remained during the months the articles of the Treaty were being drawn up, and used every effort to win the Marquis de Puysieux over to his side. When the terms of the Treaty were made known to him, and he found that France had humbled herself to be dictated to by England, he issued the following indignant protest[2]:—

'No one is ignorant of the hereditary rights of our Royal House to the throne of Great Britain; it is needless to enter into a particular detail thereof. All Europe is acquainted with the troubles which have so often disturbed these kingdoms, and the wrongs we have suffered. She knows that length of time cannot alter the constitution of the state, nor ground a prescription against the fundamental laws. She cannot see without astonishment that we should remain silent while the powers in War are holding a treaty for a peace which may, without regarding the justice of our cause (in which all sovereigns are concerned), agree upon and stipulate

[1] State Papers, Tuscany, Dec. 3, 1748.

[2] Paris, July 16, 1748. I have to thank the Rev. Francis Hopkinson, LL.D., of Malvern Wells, for a copy of this document.

articles prejudicial to our interests and to those of the subjects of our most honoured Lord and Father.

'For these causes, authorised by the examples of our most honoured Grandfather, and our most honoured Lord and Father, We, as well in the name of our most honoured Lord and Father, who has given to us full powers by committing to us the regency of his kingdoms, as also in our own and proper name as natural heir to the Crown, Protest in the most solemn manner, and in the best form that may be done against all that may be said, done, or stipulated in the assembly now held at Aix-la-Chapelle, or in other assembly which, in consequence thereof, may be held in any other place to the prejudice or diminution of the lawful rights of our most honoured Lord and Father, of our own, or those of the Princes or Princesses of our Royal House that are or shall be born.

'We Protest in like manner against all conventions which may be stipulated in the Assembly aforesaid, which shall be contrary to the engagements before made with us: Declaring by these presents that we look upon, and shall ever look upon as null, void, and ineffectual all that may be agreed upon and stipulated which may tend to the diminution of our just rights, and the recognition of any other person whatsoever in quality of sovereign of the Realms of Great Britain other than the person of the most High and most excellent King James the Third, our most honoured Lord and Father, and in default of him to the person of his next heir conformably to the fundamental laws of Great Britain.

'We declare to all the subjects of our most honoured Lord and Father, and more particularly to those who have lately given us such strong proofs of their attachment to our Royal Family and the Ancient Constitution of the State, that nothing shall alter the warm and sincere love which our birth inspires us with for them, and that the just sense which we have of their fidelity, zeal, and courage will never be effaced from our hearts; that far from listening to any proposal which may tend to annul or weaken those indissoluble bands which unite us, we look upon ourselves, and shall always look upon ourselves, under the most intimate and indispensable obligation, to be constantly attentive to every thing that may contribute to their happiness, and that we shall be ever ready to spill even the last drop of our blood to deliver them from a foreign yoke.

'We Protest and declare that the defects which may be in

the present Protestation shall not hurt or prejudice our Royal House, and We reserve to ourselves all our rights and actions which remain safe and entire.'

Nor was the indignation of the Prince confined merely to his own personal treatment. It had been decided at the Congress that Cape Breton should be restored to France, and that hostages should be given for its restitution. The Earl of Sussex and Lord Cathcart, two noblemen of high rank, were fixed upon as the pledges to be sent to Paris for this purpose. No sooner did Charles hear of their arrival than he burst out, 'If ever I mount the throne of my ancestors, Europe shall see me use my utmost endeavours to force France in her turn to send hostages to England.'

Wounded at the conduct of France towards him, Charles held himself haughtily aloof from the circle at Versailles and Fontainebleau. When necessity compelled him to attend at Court, his visits were rendered as short as possible. Instead of seeking, as he had formerly done, private conferences with the King, he took every opportunity of avoiding his Majesty, and whenever conversation turned upon the late peace he paid no attention to what was said, 'but either sang or found some way of avoiding a reply.' At the same time, like many disappointed men, he gave himself up to dissipation. Of the drama he had always been fond, and seldom a night now passed without his presence being observed at the theatre or the opera. Indeed, in order that he might be nearer to his favourite places of amusement, he rented a handsome hotel on the Quai des Théatins. Walton says that the conduct of the Prince at this time caused his father much sorrow.

As if to show how little he prized the future friendship of France, Charles, in a fit of spite, caused a number of medals to be cast with his profile, and the inscription *Carolus Walliæ Princeps* on the obverse, and on the reverse Britannia surrounded by shipping, with the motto *Amor et spes Britanniæ.* As France had been reduced to the condition of being glad of a peace solely by the prowess of the English fleet, these medals, which were freely distributed among all classes, were regarded by many Frenchmen as a special insult to their country. Indeed the ministry were so much offended that they reported the matter to Louis, and begged him to take cognisance of the impertinence. The King, deeming it wise to ignore the whole affair, replied that 'the Prince doubtless had his reasons, but that whatever they were, as he could not be called to an

account, nothing should be said on the occasion.' The Prince de Conti, one of the proudest and wittiest of Frenchmen, was, however, of a different opinion, and thought that the insult should not be permitted to pass completely unnoticed. Meeting Charles one morning as he was taking the air in the gardens of the Luxembourg, he came up to him and said with a sneer that his Royal Highness was not very happy in selecting the device on his medals, as the past had shown that he and the English navy were not the very best of friends. 'That is true, Prince,' replied Charles, haughtily, 'but for all that I shall not the less always defend the British navy against all its enemies. The glory of England I shall always regard as my own, and the glory of England rests on her navy.' 'Unwilling to make a serious affair of it,' writes he who records the interview, 'the Prince de Conti made no reply, but left the Prince to join some other company, to whom it seems he related what had passed, not without inveighing with some heat against the ingratitude, as he termed it, of the young Chevalier.'[1]

Meanwhile the continued stay of Charles at Paris was becoming awkward to the French Ministry. It seemed as if the resolve of the Prince not to quit France unless by actual force would have to be carried out. In vain ministers and high officials called one after the other at the Castle of St. Antoine to persuade him to depart; the answer they received was always the same, a firm and decided refusal. Neither entreaty nor argument moved him. When mention was made of the painful necessity the King was under, owing to the late Treaty, of insisting on the departure of the Prince, Charles replied with warmth that 'there was a prior treaty between himself and his Most Christian Majesty from which he could not depart with honour.' On being asked to explain what he meant, the Prince coldly bade his visitors repeat his answer to their Master, who would know well enough what he meant. He was then asked if he would quit France only for a time, and that the Court would see that he speedily returned 'with a greater prospect of advantage than ever,' but this alternative was also rejected.

Charles, with true Stuart obstinacy, would not leave Paris. Four years ago he had been invited to France, he had been assured that come what might his cause should not be abandoned, he had been drawn into the position in which he now stood almost entirely by the faithless policy of Versailles, and

[1] *Lockhart Papers*, vol. ii. p. 571.

he declined to be made a cat's paw any longer. If every word in a treaty was to be binding, he had a prior treaty with France, in which his rank was duly acknowledged and his cause openly supported. He would abide by that treaty. What had he to do with the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle, and the clauses there framed? He had protested against the treaty, and refused to be bound by its articles. After being induced to visit the country by specific promises, he would not quietly submit to be dismissed at the dictation of a foe, without the fulfilment of a single one of those promises. Such was his answer, and he gave it frankly to the emissaries of the Court who argued with him.

Clearly this resistance of Charles was impolitic. He must have known that his opposition was not only fruitless but suicidal to his interests. The fortune of war, and the exhaustion of the treasury, made peace a necessity for France; but painful as it might be to her pride, peace could only be obtained by her definite promise to protect no longer the interests of the Stuarts. She had to decide between the continuation of a grievous war or the abandonment of a family from which she could now obtain but little advantage. She preferred the abandonment of the Stuarts. Had Charles been sensible he would have bowed to the force of circumstances. He would have said, 'It is true I have been most shamefully treated by France in the transaction of this peace, but what can I do? I have vented my wrongs, and satisfied my sense of self-respect, by publicly protesting against the treaty, but now that it is signed and ratified can I, alone, an exile, with no power at my back, attempt to resist its being carried out? Will not such resistance only embarrass the chief friend I have, the King of France, and alienate his ministry from my side? The course for me to adopt is to quit France with dignity, and to show the world how a great mind can bear adversity. A time may come when France, after a brief rest, will be able to cast this treaty to the winds, and then, mindful of the manner in which I have behaved in the hour of their extremity, she may resolutely support my cause, and lead me to the throne of my fathers. At all events, without the aid of France I can never, either now or in the future, hope to win England. Let me not then incense, from mere temper, the friend that must always be needful to me.' So would argue with himself the prudent, calculating mind. But Charles seldom listened to the voice of prudence—rash, hot-headed, and burning with indignation, he

faced the Court and Cabinet of Versailles, and braved, with the defiant spirit of a man who knows he has been deceived, the cold diplomacy of Europe.

'I cannot prophesy how this resistance of the Prince will end,' writes one of his adherents to a friend at Rome,[1] 'but I fear the worst. The reason of the Prince's obstinacy is an insoluble enigma to me and to all those who are here, and I regard it as the greatest misfortune that has ever happened to the family since the Revolution. . . . Still the Prince is in good health, and seems very gay, but his household is very sad, and with good reason, for the future is far from bright.'

And yet the Prince did not lack admirers. The clause in the treaty compelling France to treat with such inhospitality the man who was their guest, and who but a few months before had been received with such public favour at Versailles, was very distasteful to many Frenchmen—the more so as the treatment had been dictated by England. The resistance of Charles was therefore looked upon as a sign of proper spirit, and 'for one that blamed his conduct in this respect,' writes the chronicler in the Lockhart Papers, 'there were more than a hundred that applauded it.' The Prince, always a favourite in Paris, now became the hero of the hour. When he walked about the streets or gardens of the gay capital, his steps were followed by an admiring crowd, 'as if impelled by irresistible attraction.' No sooner did he take his seat in his box at the opera or the theatre than 'the attention of the audience was fixed upon him, regardless of what was presented on the stage.' Fair ladies so ardently espoused his cause that one of their order, the beautiful Princess Talmont, was forbidden the Court. Nor was the Princess alone in her punishment, for we are assured by our authority that 'several other great personages were highly in disgrace on the same account.' In short, the Prince, what with the embarrassment he was causing the French ministers, and the favour that was being shown to his resistance by Parisian society, was becoming daily more and more dangerous.

Louis, who, in spite of the neglect of the past, was personally not indisposed to the Prince, determined to make yet another effort to conquer the young man's obstinacy. He commissioned for the fourth time the Duc de Gesvres, the Governor of Paris, to visit Charles, and insist upon his departure. Irritated at these frequent orders, to which he had always returned the same answer, the Prince replied with some asperity

[1] State Papers, Tuscany. Inclosed in Sir H. Mann's, Dec. 6, 1748.

that 'though he should always treat with respect any one who came to him from the King, yet he was sorry to find that the Duke had the trouble of so often repeating a message to which he could give no ear without hearing it from the King himself.'

'But,' answered the Duke, 'since your Royal Highness does not go to Court, how can such a message ever be delivered? It cannot be expected that his Majesty is to visit you in person at the Quai des Théatins.'

'Very well then, Monsieur le Duc,' exclaimed Charles, 'I have nothing more to say on the matter than I have already said. Excuse me, I have some business to attend to.' And with these words he quitted the room, leaving the Duke in the greatest consternation.

Anxious to get rid of his tenacious visitor, and yet loth to proceed to extremities, the King now wrote him a letter with his own hand, and sent it with a blank order to be filled up by the Prince for what yearly sum he pleased. Charles read the letter twice over, and then, after a brief pause, threw the order from him with disdain, saying that he neither wanted nor would receive any favours of that kind from his Most Christian Majesty, and that as for the rest what was required of him was not consistent with honour. 'Whether,' says our narrator, 'he meant his own honour or that of the King is uncertain, but he would explain himself no further, and this was all that the King's condescension produced.'[1]

Another step was now taken. Perplexed, and not a little irritated, the King called a council of his ministers, and it was then resolved that Count de Maurepas, who had always been very friendly with the Prince, should see Charles, expostulate with him, and not leave him till he had received a distinct promise of departure. But the Count was no more successful than his predecessors. He informed the Prince that it was absolutely necessary that he should quit Paris, and that if he 'did not conform to the present necessity of affairs by leaving the kingdom with a good grace, the ministers would be forced to compel him to it, in order to fulfil their engagements with Great Britain.'

'The ministers! the ministers!' cried Charles, in hot scorn. 'If you wish to do me a favour, Monsieur le Comte, have the goodness to tell the King your master that I am born to defeat all the designs of his ministers!'

The obstinacy of the young man was now becoming very

[1] Lockhart Papers, vol. ii. p. 577.

serious. England, through her hostages, Lords Cathcart and Sussex, was complaining that the continued residence of the Prince within French territory was a violation of the late treaty, and could no longer be permitted. The Ministry felt they had no alternative but to have recourse to strong measures. Every scheme which courtesy and honour could suggest had been adopted in order to get rid of the intruder, but in vain. The King had written to him; his own father had written to him; the Pope through his Cardinals had remonstrated with him; minister after minister had expostulated with him—commands, entreaties, arguments had all been useless. Since fair means had failed in their purpose, recourse must be had to foul. The King was pressed to give orders for the arrest of the Prince, and for his expulsion from the kingdom by force. After a brief hesitation, Louis consented. As he signed the order he muttered, 'Poor Prince! how hard it is for a King to be a true friend!'

In a gossiping town like Paris the news that an order had been drawn up for the arrest of the Prince was soon an open secret. Charles himself was made aware of the decree through an anonymous letter, but, either from disbelief or indifference, declined to trouble himself about the matter. The spot chosen for his capture was a passage leading to the opera house. In the evening of the day—the 10th of December—on which the order had been signed, Charles, according to his custom, drove to the opera. As his carriage passed along the Rue St. Honoré a voice cried out, 'Prince, return, they are going to arrest you, the Palais Royal is beset!' To this warning he paid no attention, but drove on to the doors of the theatre.

Here every precaution had been taken to carry out the royal instructions. The opera house was surrounded by twelve hundred men under the command of the Duc de Biron, Colonel of the French Guards. At all the avenues the guards were doubled, and the sentinels at the doors had received orders to let no one pass out of the theatre. In the neighbouring streets armed police were stationed. To prevent Charles from taking refuge in an adjoining house, scaling-ladders were prepared and locksmiths in readiness to force open doors and windows. So careful were all the arrangements that three surgeons and a physician were in attendance to dress the wounded in case of accident.

The moment the Prince's carriage was in sight, Major de Vaudreuil, of the French Guards, accompanied by a staff of non-commissioned officers in plain clothes, stationed himself at the

doorway of the theatre. The carriage drove up and Charles alighted. No sooner had he set foot to the ground than at a preconcerted signal two sergeants seized him by the arms behind, two confined his hands, one clasped him round the middle, whilst the sixth seized his legs. Thus secured, he was carried through a long passage into an alley near the theatre, where de Vaudreuil came up to him and said, 'I arrest you in the name of the King my master.'

'The manner is a little too violent,' replied the Prince quietly, and without the least change in his countenance.

He was then taken to a room on the ground floor and ordered to give up his arms.

'I shall not deliver them to you, but you may take them,' said he.

They then searched his person, and took his sword, a knife with two blades, and a brace of pistols.

'You must not be surprised,' said Charles, 'at seeing me with pistols, having constantly carried them with me since I returned from Scotland.'

De Vaudreuil now came up and begged the Prince not to make any attempt upon his own life, or that of any other person.

'I will not,' curtly answered Charles.

A brief delay ensued. Vaudreuil, not knowing exactly how to act, went up to the Duc de Biron, who was seated in his coach in the courtyard of the theatre, and informed him that the Prince had been made prisoner and had allowed himself to be disarmed without resistance.

'Have you had him bound?' asked the Duc.

Vaudreuil replied in the negative. It was then thought that for greater security Charles should be bound. Ten ells of crimson silk cord had been procured for that special purpose.

Vaudreuil returned to his prisoner and apologised for the act he was about to perform by assuring the Prince that these precautions were taken out of regard to his person, and solely to prevent him from making any attempt upon himself.

'I am not used to such proceedings,' said the Prince, as the men began to secure him, 'and I shall not say whether they are justifiable or not. But the disgrace cannot affect me, it can only affect your Master.'

Again Vaudreuil apologised, and assured the Prince how chagrined he felt at having to execute such a commission.

'It must be very mortifying for an officer,' said Charles, drily.

Thus swathed like an infant, as Colonel Power puts it, the

Prince was lifted into a coach by four men, and Vaudreuil placed himself by his side. Guarded by a military escort, the coach then drove off for the prison at Vincennes. At St. Antoine horses were changed, and the Prince in bitter jest asked if they were going to take him to Hanover.

'No, sir,' answered Vaudreuil, 'we change horses in order not to be too long on the road.'

The Prince declined to ask where he was being conducted.

As the carriage rolled under the gateway of the Château de Vincennes, the Marquis de Chatelet, the prison governor, who was well known to Charles, and highly respected by him, came forward.

'I should be glad to embrace you,' said Charles; 'come to me, my friend—you see I cannot go to you.'

Horror-stricken at the brutality with which the capture of the Prince had been effected, the Marquis at once gave orders for the crimson cords to be unbound, and conducted his illustrious prisoner to his cell. It was a small white-washed room, lacking all furniture save a rush chair and a wretched camp bed.

'This is not very magnificent,' said the Prince with a smile, and looking round him.

A larger room was adjoining, and the Marquis was about to say that if the Prince would give his word, when Charles haughtily interrupted him.

'I shall not give my word,' said he. 'I have given it once already, and it was not taken. I shall therefore give it no more.'

'I am undone,' cried the Marquis, falling at the feet of the Prince. 'Monseigneur, this is the most unfortunate day of my whole life!'

Charles bent forward, extended his hand, and raised up the prostrate penitent.

'I know your friendship for me,' said he, kindly; 'I shall never confound the friend with the governor—do the duties of your office.'

No sooner did the governor leave his prisoner to himself than the acted impassiveness of the last few hours gave way, and the Prince burst into a flood of tears. 'After Culloden he had been hunted down like a wild beast,' he said, 'but like a wild beast, he had at least ground to range over.' The memory of this indignity was never effaced. Forty years afterwards he accidentally met at Rome the son of Major Vaudreuil, and the associations that the young man's presence called up were so strong that Charles straightway fainted.

The morning after the arrest of the Prince, the Marquis de Puysieux begged the Lords Sussex and Cathcart to wait upon him. As soon as the two peers were ushered into his chamber, he said that the King his master had been throughout most anxious to fulfil all the engagements he had entered into with the Court of Great Britain, but that he had delayed the execution of the article relating to the Pretender's son longer than he intended, in the hopes of effecting his purpose with the delicacy and gentleness he thought proper to employ on such an occasion. His Majesty, said the Marquis, had now found that, as all gentler measures had been used in vain, it was necessary to have recourse to force, and, therefore, last night the young man had been seized and conducted to Vincennes, where he would remain in close confinement for a few days, until it was thought proper to convey him out of the French dominions.

'It is not easy to explain to your Grace,' write the Lords Sussex and Cathcart to the Duke of Newcastle,[1] 'to what point the unaccountable headstrongness of the Pretender's son has exasperated the French ministry. He did not satisfy himself with refusing to comply with the King's reiterated instances, which were conveyed to him in the gentlest manner by persons of rank, but at last declared he would shoot the first man who brought him any message on that subject, and affected in several circumstances a contempt for the Court, and an indecent ostentation of gaiety at all public places. The most sensible of his adherents left him day by day.'

When the circumstances which attended the arrest of the Prince became fully known, all Paris was loud in expressions of sympathy and indignation. The day that followed was described as one of general mourning. 'The Prince,' says Colonel Power, 'was beloved by the people, and they sympathised with his unhappy fate. He had been invited to France, and the French people had felt that he was worthy of their protection. There seemed to be scarcely a house in which an air of sadness did not prevail, in which indignation was not loudly expressed, in which it was not felt that a blot had been cast on the glory of the King of France, and of every individual Frenchman.'

But the act was not to pass unpunished. The whole army of pamphleteers, always hostile to the errors of a government, discharged their broadsheets, bitterly railing at the Ministers for their humiliating compliance with the orders of *le fier*

[1] State Papers, France, Dec. 11, 1748, No. 39.

Anglais, and at the manner in which all the laws of hospitality had been flagrantly violated. The press teemed with sneers and invectives against Louis, who was so taken up with his mistresses as to be indifferent to the honour of his country, and against the Duc de Biron, Vaudreuil, and the minions who had given a harsh obedience to disgraceful behests. In the Parisian *salons* the wits invented each day a fresh epigram on the Marquis de Puysieux and the members of his Cabinet. Not a Frenchman who respected himself or his country but felt the clause dictated by England in the late treaty a personal insult. The poets burst forth into verse and indignantly denounced their King, *flétri par sa faiblesse*, and sleeping, *dans le sein de la honte*, whilst they sang the praises of *Edouard captif et sans couronne*. Dufresnoy awoke his muse, and his ringing sarcasms eclipsed the efforts of his feebler brethren.

Peuple jadis si fier, aujourd'hui si servile,
Des Princes malheureux vous n'êtes plus l'asile.
. . . . . , .
Hélas! auriez-vous donc couru tant de hasards
Pour voir . . . . .
. . le fils de Stuart, par vous-même appelé,
Aux frayeurs de Brunswick lâchement immolé!
Et toi que tes flatteurs ont paré d'un vain titre,
De l'Europe en ce jour te diras-tu l'arbitre,
Lorsque dans tes états tu ne peux conserver
Un héros que le sort n'est pas las d'éprouver?
Mais qui, dans les horreurs d'une vie agitée,
Au sein de l'Angleterre à sa perte excitée,
Abandonné des siens, fugitif, mis à prix,
Se vit toujours du moins plus libre qu'à Paris?
De l'amitié des rois exemple mémorable,
Et de leurs intérêts victime déplorable,
Tu triomphes, cher prince, au milieu de tes fers;
Sur toi dans ce moment tous les yeux sont ouverts.
Un peuple généreux et juge du mérite,
Va révoquer l'arrêt d'une race proscrite.
Tes malheurs ont changé les esprits prévenus,
Dans les cœurs des Anglais tous tes droits sont connus,
Plus flatteurs et plus sûrs que ceux de ta naissance,
Ces droits vont doublement affermir ta puissance,' &c.

But perhaps the bitterest critic on this occasion was the Dauphin, then the hope of his country. On the morning after the arrest he boldly expressed his views to the King at a levée that was being held. He said he was grieved and surprised that his Majesty had been prevailed upon to sanction an act which fixed an indelible stain on the glory of France—that all Europe would despise the policy of a Court which showed no regard either to its own engagements or to the blood and

virtues of the person thus ill dealt with—that the ministers who yielded to the insertion of such an article in the treaty, and supported its execution, were the betrayers of his Majesty's honour and traitors to their country; and that in making these remarks he spoke not only his own opinions, but those of the whole nation. The King, though not a little irritated at this freedom of speech, contented himself with remarking to the courtiers around him that the Dauphin was but a lad, and his judgment on such matters could be of little value. Stung by this remark, the Dauphin renewed his criticisms with a candour more frank and acid than before, and we are told that the conversation between father and son at last became so animated that the courtiers around the throne deemed it prudent to withdraw from the royal presence, and not 'to witness a dispute in which none could interpose.'

So universal was the indignation at the manner in which the Prince had been arrested, that the Government thought it wise to exonerate itself at the expense of truth. A report was therefore circulated that after the Prince had pledged his word of honour to surrender all the arms in his possession, a pistol was found secreted about his person, and that it was only after this discovery had been made that the orders were given to bind him. But this not very cleverly concocted story came too late. The officers engaged in the arrest could not now contradict facts which they themselves had publicly related; and indeed their sense of honour was such that they refused to be parties to the foul lie. With the exception of one or two guardsmen who cared more for ministerial favour than for veracity, all 'refused obedience to this order, and continued to speak with admiration of the young Chevalier.'

For seven days and nights Charles remained a close prisoner at Vincennes. On December 17 he was escorted to Beauvoisin, a small French town on the borders of Savoy, by M. de Parrusis, the only officer he desired should accompany him. Here M. de Parrusis bade the Prince farewell, saying that he had no orders to escort him any further, and begged to know whether he could do anything for him in Paris. Charles tendered his thanks to the officer for the trouble he had been at, and said that he supposed the French King would soon expect to hear of his arrival at Constantinople, 'since he had not thought proper to procure an honourable retreat for him in France or any other place.' To this M. de Parrusis made no reply, and took his departure.

Charles now disguised himself as a Spanish soldier, and rode post to a place called Monmeillian. Here he halted for a time, and then hired a chaise and drove to Avignon, arriving at the Papal city on the 27th inst., late at night. After a few moments rest at an inn called La Ville de St. Omer, he ordered a chair and went immediately to the house of Lady Inverness. As soon as his arrival was made known, he was waited upon with all ceremony by the Vice-Legate and the Archbishop, and accommodation at once prepared for him.[1]

CHAPTER XVII.

UNDER A CLOUD.

Love may die, and hatred slumber,
And their memory will decay,
As the watered garden recks not
Of the drought of yesterday;
But the dream of power once broken,
What shall give repose again?

SHORTLY after the establishment of his headquarters at Bannockburn, Charles had made the acquaintance of a young lady, whose history and fortunes were for a time to be closely connected with his own. Of Miss Walkenshaw we know but little. We are told[2] that she was the daughter of John Walkenshaw, Baron of Barronsfield, a staunch adherent of the Stuarts, and that at her birth she bore, by special permission of the Consort of James, the names of Clementine Marie Sophie. Whilst the siege of Stirling was being slowly carried on, Miss Walkenshaw was a guest at Bannockburn House, and the Prince, taking up his abode under the same roof, the two had frequent opportunities of becoming acquainted. Charles flirted with the tall dark girl, who was somewhat about his own age, and promised her an appointment at his future Court. Miss Walkenshaw does not appear to have discouraged the attentions of the Prince, and her virtue not being proof against the fascinations of royalty, she consented at the end of a few days to share his fortunes, 'whatever the issue of his enterprise might be.'

After the battle of Culloden, Miss Walkenshaw remained

[1] State Papers, Tuscany. Sir H. Mann to the Duke of Bedford, Jan. 24, 1749.

[2] *Œuvres de St. Simon*, tom. xii. p. 144.

quietly in Scotland, and it was not till Charles became settled in Paris that she crossed the Channel and rejoined him. '*Depuis le moment de sa réunion avec le Prince*,' writes the Duc de St. Simon, '*elle fut toujours traitée et regardée dans le public comme son épouse portant la même nom que le Prince et faisant les honneurs de sa maison.*' Indeed there were some who believed that the tie had been sanctioned by Holy Mother Church, and that the couple were man and wife. No sooner had the Prince reached Avignon than he informed his mistress of his arrival, and Miss Walkenshaw hastened to follow him. 'The Pretender,' writes Walton,[1] 'has learnt with much vexation that the same Dulcinea who has so greatly disturbed the mind of his son, and was the cause of all his wildness at Paris, has joined him at Avignon, where she lives as his mistress with much publicity.'

The Prince had hoped to find the Papal city a trusty place of refuge, but he was soon mistaken. The Court of Saint James's was incessant in its representations to the Court of Versailles to request the Vatican to have the Prince *chassé* from French territory. The Ministers of Louis, however, were disinclined to meddle further with the matter. *La ville sonnante*, though in France, was yet under another jurisdiction, and they felt that, should active steps again be taken to expel the Prince, Europe would accuse them of persecution. 'The Marquis de Puysieux,' writes Colonel Yorke to the Duke of Bedford,[2] 'personally hates and despises the Pretender's son, and cannot forbear expressing his dislike to him whenever his name is mentioned, in the strongest manner. He would be only too glad to get rid of the young man, but that the fact of the late arrest had been so commented upon that he did not think it prudent to continue the same violent measures immediately, besides the noise it would make in Europe if France should send troops into the Pope's territory to drive him out from thence.' 'We have already,' added the Marquis to Colonel Yorke in conversation, 'been violently reproached for our conduct towards the Pretender's son, even from Courts most intimately connected with your own Court.'

But the English Government was not in a mood to accept any such excuses, and for several weeks a rather angry correspondence ensued between London and Paris on the subject, England requesting that the Prince should take up his abode

[1] State Papers, Tuscany, Feb. 6, 1749.
[2] *Ibid.* France, March 15, 1749, No. 442.

in Italy or in Switzerland, and France trying to beg the question by assuring the Court of St. James's that the young man could do no harm at Avignon, and that the moment he put foot within French soil he should be instantly ordered to depart.

During the carrying on of this correspondence the Prince was trying to amuse himself as best he could in the Papal city. The Archbishop of Avignon had received him with every mark of respect and attention, and the prelate's nephew having one of the best houses in the town, it was assigned to Charles. But a quarrel soon ensued between the courteous Metropolitan and the Prince. Charles, from the days when he was a lad at Albano, had been very fond of boxing, and the feats of the English prize ring were topics on which he always loved to descant. To enliven the respectable dulness of Avignon, he bethought himself of introducing boxing matches and prize fights into the city. The Archbishop, however, objected to the innovation, as such sports were specially forbidden by an edict of Sixtus the Fifth. A hot dispute arose between the two, and at last the matter was referred to the arbitration of the Pope, when his Holiness, as might be expected, decided in favour of the ruling of the Archbishop, and cordially approved of his opposition.[1] In a huff at this decision, Charles withdrew himself from the society of the Archbishop; nor does the prelate appear to have been distressed at the retirement.

Among the distinguished guests then staying in the Papal city was the Infante Don Philip, who was on his way to the Duchy of Parma, which had been assigned him by a clause in the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle. Both the young men were anxious to make each other's acquaintance, and were only prevented by the cold rules of etiquette. The Infante, from his superior rank, could not make the first advances; whilst Charles, still smarting under his recent insult from the House of Bourbon, declined to take any step which might look as if he were appearing to court one of the family. At last the ingenuity of the Vice-Legate and Colonel Power successfully got over the difficulty. A masked ball was given at the house of the Vice-Legate, and both the Princes were invited. During the entertainment it was so arranged that the two should be brought, as 'if by accident, into the same room, where an introduction could not fail to take place.' The result of the little plot was crowned with success. The Prince and the Infante cordially greeted each other, laid aside their masks, and remained in

[1] State Papers, Tuscany. Walton ,Feb 28 ,1749.

close conversation for some time. The acquaintance thus begun ended in the two seeing each other constantly during the time of their brief stay.

But Charles and his associations with Avignon were soon to be rudely severed. The English Government had determined to be thwarted no longer in its wish that the Prince should quit Avignon. A communication was accordingly made to the Vatican, that unless his Holiness compelled the son of the Pretender to withdraw from the Papal city, the English fleet would bombard Civita Vecchia. This threat was effectual. The Vice-Legate of Avignon, Monsignor Acquaviva, was told to represent the case to the Prince, and to insist upon his instant departure. Those who had expected that the opposition Charles had maintained before quitting Paris would be repeated on this occasion were disappointed. Charles, without a murmur, acquiesced in the decision of the Supreme Pontiff. On the night of February 28 he took his departure, but so dexterously did he wrap his movements in mystery that none knew whither he had bent his flight. At first it was not believed that he had quitted Avignon. His house was as open as if its master still resided there, nothing was packed up, and the servants still remained in charge. To keep the public off the scent of his whereabouts, the Prince, before taking his departure, desired his servants not to mention the fact of his having left Avignon, but to give out that he was indisposed and ordered to keep his room. The better to carry out the farce, the Prince's physician called every day as if in attendance upon the invalid. For a short time the ruse was successful. Charles was supposed to be at Avignon, but laid up with an illness which required him to remain in rigid seclusion. At the end of a few days, however, some curious people ascertained, by climbing to the top of a house opposite to the one in which the Prince lived, that there was no fire in his room, and the trick was suspected. Within a few hours of this discovery all Avignon knew that their guest had quitted the city.[1]

But where had he fled to? We can only conjecture, for we are now entering upon a period when ample information fails us, and we have to connect the chain of biography by links forged out of snatches of gossip and correspondence that have to be carefully tested. What was the object of Charles after he quitted Avignon in enveloping his movements in so close a secrecy as to defy all inquiry we cannot tell. It may be that

[1] State Papers, France. Yorke to Duke of Bedford, March 1, 1749, No. 442.

he was piqued with the world after the circumstances of his late arrest, or that he was anxious for quiet and rest after the excitement of the last four years, or that he was actuated by that mild form of insanity which loves to make a mystery simply for the sake of mystery; but whatever his purpose was, he managed to keep his residence during the next few years a secret unrevealed. On leaving Avignon he wrote to his father informing him of his intention to quit the city and reside elsewhere, but at the same time carefully avoided mentioning either the town or the country he proposed to make his abode.[1] From time to time, as months rolled on, James received an epistle from his son, but never a hint where the wanderer was to be found. In vain did the anxious father, in vain did his brother, in vain did vigilant diplomatists try to track him to his lair. Rumour, as was to be expected, was busy with her tongue; but on investigation the report always turned out unworthy of credit. Now it was that the Prince had taken up his abode in the neighbourhood of Metz, and was about to visit the fortifications of Strasbourg; then that he had passed through Leipzig *en route* for Poland, where he was to claim certain property belonging to his mother; a third report declared that he had been invited over to Sweden, and a palace assigned him at Stockholm; then he was reported to be living in Venice unknown to the Pope; then he was said to be somewhere in Lorraine, enjoying the society of one of his Parisian mistresses; then that he was at Fribourg, at Bologna, at Paris, still at Avignon, and last of all it was suggested that he had returned to Scotland. Walton informs us that many people at Rome, not hearing anything from him, gave out that he was dead.[2]

All these conflicting statements, however, only show how cleverly the Prince preserved the secret of his residence, and in spite of the curiosity of Europe escaped detection. 'It has given me,' writes Sir Horace Mann from Florence,[3] 'great concern that notwithstanding the utmost diligence and infinite pains I have taken to discover where the Pretender's eldest son conceals himself, I have not been able to get any information about him, all my correspondents at Rome persisting in the same story, that the Pretender himself nor any of his adherents there knew anything of him. I wrote to Cardinal Albani very lately on the same subject, who, by the last post, acquainted me

[1] State Papers, Tuscany. Walton, March 21, 1749.
[2] *Ibid.* Letters of Walton and Mann, 1749–1753.
[3] *Ibid.* Aug. 28, 1750.

that it was certain that nobody there knew anything of him, and that in an interview which he himself had a few days before with the Pretender's second son, the Cardinal, the latter inquired with great earnestness about his brother, and desired Cardinal Albani, as a particular favour, to try by the means of his friends and correspondents to discover where he resides. He owned to him that the Pretender, his father, now and then received a letter from him, sometimes by one and sometimes by another, with news of his health only; but that those letters were never dated nor any mention made of the place whence they came, adding that the father was quite in despair. Cardinal Albani assures me that he was fully persuaded there was no mystery or deceit in the young Cardinal's discourse, and concludes by saying that if his father and the Pope (who is equally curious to be informed of him) cannot succeed, it is no wonder that other people cannot discover where he is.' The tenor of this conversation is borne out by the frequent letters of Walton, who would certainly have known, if any one knew at Rome, whether James was in the secret of his son's hiding-place. But from the pages of his correspondence we are assured that, though the father occasionally received intelligence of his son, he was in utter ignorance of his abode, and remained so for many years.[1] Indeed History has hitherto been content to regard this period of the Prince's biography as a blank, and it is only from the casual gleanings of State Papers, and from the scanty notice of contemporaries, that we are able to bridge over the gap.

In spite of the assurances to the contrary made by the Marquis de Puysieux to both Lord Albemarle and Colonel Yorke, the probability is that Charles, shortly after his departure from Avignon, managed to secrete himself in the neighbourhood of Paris. Writing from the gay capital, Colonel Yorke states[2] that within the last few days letters had been received from the young Prince by his friends in Paris, 'in which he desires his friends not to be uneasy about him, that he was in perfect health, and would write to them soon again. But the particular thing in the letter which struck me was, that he desired Waters the banker, and General Buckley, to whom he wrote, to send him back the man who delivered them the letter, because he had immediate occasion for him. That alone seems to destroy the notion of his being in Poland,

[1] State Papers, Tuscany. Walton's Letters, 1749–1755.
[2] State Papers, France, June 4, 1749.

because it is not probable that he should send a man so far with a letter, and I own gives me some suspicion that he is not far from this quarter.' A year later we find it again suggested that he was still in the neighbourhood of Paris. Lord Albemarle in writing home [1] says that an express was received yesterday by Sullivan, to the effect that 'the Pretender's son had been at the point of death for many days, but was declared by his physician to be out of danger no longer ago than Wednesday last; which proves that he cannot be at a great distance from hence.'

When the report that the Prince was living in France was brought before the Court of Versailles, Louis indignantly said that 'if he were caught he gave his word that he should not be honoured a second time with a detachment of the household troops, but should be driven across the frontier by the *maréchaussée*,' whilst the Marquis de Puysieux assured the English ambassador that the ministers 'had not played a double game in this affair,' that the Court knew nothing of his hiding-place, and that 'they are doing all they can to find him, and are determined to send him immediately to Marseilles and embark him for Civita Vecchia.' [2] These assurances certainly strike one as not being quite in good faith. It seems strange that if France had really been in earnest about apprehending the Prince, she should have been so singularly unfortunate in her attempts. Here was a man able to communicate with his friends, to obtain money from his banker, and to send for his physician, and yet we are told to believe that what an ordinary detective could have discovered in a few hours was sufficient to baffle the vigilance of a whole cabinet. To make the matter still more like a farce, M. D'Argenson, who was charged with the discovery of the Prince, on hearing that Charles had sent for money from his banker, examined Waters. With all due solemnity the minister threatened the man of commerce that, unless he confessed where his client lay concealed, he would be sentenced to capital punishment. In spite of this terrible alternative, Mr. Waters 'positively to the last denied his knowing where he was hid.' [3] We do not hear that the banker was beheaded.

The probability is that the French ministers, somewhat ashamed of their ready compliance with the treaty of Aix-la-

[1] State Papers, France, Aug. 12, 1750.

[2] *Decline of the Last Stuarts.* Extracts from the despatches of British Envoys to the Secretary of State, by Earl Stanhope. Roxburgh Club.

[3] State Papers, France, June 4, 1749.

Chapelle, and still more ashamed of the manner in which the arrest had been conducted, winked at the Prince's lying *perdu* within their midst, and were willing, so long as he behaved himself quietly and moderately, to assist in the preservation of his secret. Without their assistance it seems impossible that Charles should have baffled for many months the curiosity of Europe. It was owing to the assurance of France that the Prince was not in her territory, and to Charles knowing how to keep himself from the public eye, that so many conflicting rumours anent his haunts arose to puzzle the diplomatic world.

Notwithstanding the grave illness mentioned by Lord Albemarle which had brought the Prince well-nigh to the grave, we find him a few weeks after his recovery visiting London for the first time in his life. The English Jacobites had of late been extremely active, and Charles, accompanied by his friend Colonel Brett, crossed the Channel to ascertain how far the schemes that were then being agitated for a new rebellion were practicable. Dr. King, then at the head of the Church of England Jacobites, received the distinguished visitor as his guest; but after a stay of a few days the Prince saw that the country was not ripe for rebellion, and that the scheme which had been set on foot could not be carried out. However, he wandered about the London streets with Brett, picking up such information as he thought might be useful. He visited the Tower, carefully examined its walls, and came to the conclusion that one of its gates could be beaten down with a petard. A secret meeting of his friends was held at Pall Mall, where were present, among others, the Duke of Beaufort and the Earl of Westmoreland. The Prince on this occasion said that if only 4,000 men could be raised he would publicly put himself at the head of them. After a brief stay—King says a week, Charles in a subsequent conversation with Chevalier de Tours gives it as a fortnight [1]—the Prince and Colonel Brett returned to France, the English Government not having been the least cognisant of their visit.

In thus thrusting himself into the very jaws of the enemy Charles was guilty of no little daring. Some busts had been made of him at Paris, when he was the hero of the hour, and

[1] State Papers, Tuscany, Dec. 6, 1783. From some jottings of the Prince among the Stuart Papers at Windsor, a week appears to have been the extent of the visit. Charles writes, '*arrived in London Sept.* 5, 1750; *returned to Paris, Sept.* 13.' *See* the letter of the late Librarian to the Queen to the *Times*, Dec. 27, 1864.

these were freely sold in London. Dr. King states that one evening, after the Prince had been drinking tea with him, his servant, on the departure of his guest, remarked that 'he thought my new visitor very like Prince Charles.' 'Why,' asked the Doctor; 'have you ever seen Prince Charles?' 'No, sir,' replied the man, 'but this gentleman, whoever he may be, exactly resembles the busts sold in Red Lion Street, and are said to be busts of Prince Charles.' It seems strange that the Prince, notwithstanding the vigilance of the English Government, should have been able to walk about the town, visit its public places, and call upon his friends, without the fact being brought to the knowledge of the ministry. And yet there can be no doubt, both from the evidence of contemporaries and from the statement made in after-years at Florence by Charles himself,[1] that the visit was actually paid, and that in spite of the open manner in which it was conducted it remained a secret to the English Government. The remark of Mann,[2] that 'something extraordinary has happened,' and the statement of Cardinal Albani that the Pretender had received intelligence from his son that nothing could be more discouraging than the position of affairs, doubtless refer to this visit and its consequences.

It was during this brief stay in London that an event occurred the truth of which has been as often asserted as disputed, but which recent investigation has removed out of the region of doubt and dispute. Believing that the faith of his ancestors was the chief obstacle to his gaining adherents, and the one great reason which prejudiced his cause in the eyes of the English people, Charles, when in London, formally renounced his profession of the Roman Catholic religion, and attached himself to the Anglican Communion. 'I find,' writes Hume the historian to his friend Sir John Pringle,[3] 'that the Pretender's visit in England in the year 1753 was known to all the Jacobites; and some of them have assured me that he took the opportunity of formally renouncing the Roman Catholic religion, under his own name of Charles Stuart, in the New Church in the Strand, and that is the reason of the bad treatment he met with at the Court of Rome. I own that I am a sceptic with regard to the last particulars.' In spite of the doubt which Hume throws on the subject, it is

[1] *Decline of the Last Stuarts.* State Papers, Tuscany, Dec. 6, 1783.
[2] State Papers, Tuscany, Jan. 15, 1751.
[3] *Nichol's Literary Anecdotes of the 18th Century*, vol. ix. p. 401.

now certain that the Prince embraced Protestantism for a time. The fact is placed beyond dispute by the Prince's own words. Among the Stuart Papers is the following memorandum, written by Charles himself, 'To mention my religion (which is) of the Church of England as by law established, *as I have declared myself when in London the year* 1750.'[1] This statement is not only conclusive as to the Prince's change of religion, but specifies the exact period, hitherto disputed, when the event took place. Hume, as we have seen, says it was reported to have occurred in the year 1753. Lord Elcho puts it at a later date, for he writes that it was whilst residing in Switzerland that the Prince became a Protestant.[2] We now learn from evidence which cannot be called in question that it was in the September of 1750 that Charles deemed it expedient to sacrifice what he was pleased to term his religion for his political good.

That the Prince was suspected of lukewarmness towards Rome at this time is plain from contemporary gossip. In the summer of 1752 Cardinal Tencin wrote to the Pope that he was informed that the eldest son of his Majesty James the Third had strayed from the fold and become a Protestant.[3] Where the Cardinal obtained his information we know not, but it is certain that during the latter part of the year 1752 the conversion or perversion of the Prince was the common talk of the coffee-houses of Florence and Rome. Cardinal Albani himself mentioned the subject in conversation to Sir Horace Mann, though he took the precaution at the same time to add 'that he had not been able to learn what foundation there was for it.' The careful envoy was not long before he communicated the matter to the authorities at home, and stated that, whether the news was false or true, he had heard that an unaccountable consternation had on a sudden been observed among the Pretender's people and adherents, and that they appeared dejected and very mysterious whenever questioned upon the subject. Protestantism cannot however be credited with the doubtful compliment of the Prince's adherence for any length of time. Whatever creed Charles pretended to profess during the years of his mysterious seclusion, it is certain that on his return to Italy he lived and died as one

[1] Discoveries among the Stuart Papers by the late Librarian to the Queen, and communicated to the *Times*, Dec. 27, 1864.
[2] Journal MS.
[3] State Papers, Tuscany, August 18 and 22, 1752.

who at all events outwardly belonged to the Roman Communion.

It is now supposed that the Prince became the guest of his friend the Duc de Bouillon, and amused himself in hunting the boars and wolves of the Ardennes. Still gossip did not permit his name to rest in peace. That a young man of his birth and handsome bearing, and over whose life hung the halo of romance, should so long remain unmarried was a mystery to the social and diplomatic *quidnuncs* of Europe. Accordingly rumour was ever busy with the alliances that the Prince was about to contract. To give the names of these imaginary brides is to mention half the royal and high-born spinsters of the period. Now it is his old flame, the dark-eyed daughter of Louis, then a daughter of the House of Prussia, then 'a lady whose name is not given,' then the sister of his host Madame de Bouillon, then 'a Madame Radtzvill,' then a Princess of the Ducal House of Massa, then 'an opulent dame who has a splendid palace at Bologna,' and so on.[1] Indeed, the damsels rumour credits him with intending to marry are as numerous as the different places it reports that he had selected for his residence. But Charles was evidently not in favour of the ties of wedlock: the two gravest obstacles to such a state prevented him—he was still living with Miss Walkenshaw, and he was daily becoming more and more a slave to the hateful passion of drink.

In spite of the romance that the name of Prince Charles will ever call up, in spite of the loyalty with which Scotland cherishes his memory, in spite of much that was excellent and commendable in his character, it is impossible to number the Prince among the heroes of biography whose lives bear inspection to the end. He lived too long for his reputation. Had he died when a lad at Albano, or had he perished on the moor at Culloden, History would have handed his name down to posterity as one of those brave, generous hearts so beloved by the gods that they are snatched away ere promise has had time to ripen into fulfilment. The picture of a mere boy gallantly fighting for what he deems his own, achieving success in the face of overwhelming odds, displaying on every occasion a tender humanity and a noble consideration, then enduring with courage and dignity the bitterest privations of adversity, is one not lightly to be despised. But unhappily there is a reverse side to the portrait. Instead of the youth so chivalrous

[1] State Papers, Tuscany. Walton's Letters, 1751, 1752.

in his deeds, so gallant in his bearing, so generous in his sympathies, we meet with a manhood debased by vice, a temper rendered querulous and suspicious by disease, no refinement, no delicacy, nothing but humanity's coarsest grain. In dwelling upon the events of the Prince's earlier life, and in recording those of his later days, one with difficulty imagines that both relate to the same man. It is like reading two distinct biographies, in which the virtues of the one are intended to bring out all the more in relief the baser points of the other. Between the bright, manly lad at Gaeta, the dignified Prince Regent in the old halls of Holyrood, the victor at Gladsmuir and at Falkirk, the hardy mountaineer of Skye, and the shattered creature that afterwards comes on the scene, with his bloated features and palsied energies, who quarrels with every one, ill-treats his mistress, ill-treats his wife, and never appears in public without being miserably in his cups, what possible connection can there be? As well compare a Spartan chieftain with his helot! And yet each of the two descriptions belongs to the same Prince Charles, and a very few years have effected the awful contrast.

We saw that Charles, during the months he was being hunted down by the English in Scotland, began to accustom himself to drams of whisky, the better to bear up against the privations and fatigue it fell to his lot to endure. The habit thus formed took such a firm hold of him that he was unable to quit it. After his return to Paris, though the age was one of immoderate drinking—the self-indulgence of the Prince was commented upon, and the fact that his Confessor was a 'notorious drunkard,' and then much in his society, did not tend to improve matters.[1] Still worse did the vice become after his connection with Miss Walkenshaw, who—whether taught by the Prince or from natural inclination—was herself addicted to it. Thus the habit—which it is said is the most difficult of all to abandon when youth falls under its yoke—had within a few years acquired a complete mastery over the Prince. The letters of Mann and Walton are full of allusions to the subject, and we learn, without much surprise, that when anything unusually vexatious occurred he drank harder than usual.

Perhaps the most charitable construction—one not incompatible with the views of modern psychology—that can be put upon the actions of the Prince, which we are about to record, is to regard them as the results of an unsound mind. The

[1] Stuart Papers, April 15, 1747 Stanhope.

medical teaching of the present day proves that the habitual drunkard is a victim to the same mental disorders as the lunatic. His whole moral nature undergoes a complete change, his character is the antithesis of what it was before disease affected him, and in all that he does he is actuated by the same motives as the insane. Morose, suspicious, obstinate, fitfully happy and fitfully violent, Science has christened him by the name of dipso-*maniac*, and in France he is subject to the same restraints as the unsound. A dipsomaniac Charles was, if ever man deserved the name. And if, as the medical world maintains, drink is so terrible a poison that when once it has enslaved its votary it renders him the exact opposite of what he was before his bondage, then the contrast between the Charles of the '45 and the driveller at Florence is at once accounted for. Never did character undergo so complete a transformation. His bold daring degenerated into the most childish cowardice; his sensitive humanity, that was always loth to shed blood, changed into the worst kind of brutality—cruelty towards woman; generous so far as his means had allowed him, he became selfish and meanly avaricious; his courtly manners, which had won the admiration of all who met him, were now changed to an uneasy swagger and the coarse hilarity of a tavern haunter; from being a dandy he became a sloven. Peevish, suspicious, easily offended yet always offending, we are not surprised to learn from more than one envoy that he was considered no gentleman, and shunned even by those who wished to be loyal to him. Biography scarcely records a dawn more brilliant, a sunset more clouded.

CHAPTER XVIII.

STILL IN SECLUSION.

> What is life to such as me,
> With my very heart as palsied
> As a wasted cripple's knee!

NOTWITHSTANDING the failure of the visit of the Prince to London in the autumn of 1750, and the then hopeless state of Jacobite machinations, a scheme for another insurrection was shortly afterwards planned. Early in the year of 1752 Alexander Murray, a brother of Lord Elibank, happening to

be at Paris, the question of making another attempt to place the Prince upon the throne was again mooted. The feasibility of the scheme was discussed, and the plotting went so far as to arrange the order of proceedings. Macdonald of Lochgarry and Dr. Archibald Cameron, the brother of Lochiel, who was then chief surgeon to a French regiment, were to repair to Scotland to raise the Highlanders. Murray, with some of the officers of Ogilvie's regiment, was to go to London, where he said he was sure of forming a company of at least one hundred men. The Prince was to remain *perdu* in London until his opportunity arrived. When matters were ripe, Murray, with his followers, was to march into St. James's Palace, make the royal family prisoners, and then Charles was to issue from his hiding-place, proclaim himself to the people, and all would be well.[1]

Impracticable as this plot appears, it was seriously entertained. Macdonald and Dr. Cameron went over to Scotland to stir up revolt. The Prince was in London incognito at Lady Primrose's. All that was wanted to begin operations was the assistance of Murray. But at the last moment the courage of the chief agent failed him. Murray arrived in town with the officers he had pledged himself to bring; but when he began to reflect upon the step he was about to take, he was seized with timidity, and hastily returned to Paris.[2]

With regard to the truth of this second visit of the Prince to London, some doubt has been expressed. It has been regarded as one of those historical facts which might have occurred, but concerning which no proof exists. But we have proof. Lord Elcho, and I see no reason to doubt his veracity in a statement of this nature, says in so many words, 'At the end of the year (1752) Murray put his scheme into action; the Prince was in London incognito at Lady Primrose's.' We have, however, another authority for this visit. Hume, the historian, writing to Sir John Pringle, states 'That the present Pretender was in London in the year 1753,[3] I know with the greatest certainty, because I had it from Lord Marischal, who said it consisted with his certain knowledge. Two or three days after his lordship gave me this information, he told me that the evening before he had learned several curious particulars from a lady (whom I imagined to be Lady Primrose), though my lord refused to name her. The Pretender came to

[1] MS. Journal of Lord Elcho. [2] *Ibid.*

[3] Dec. 1752 to Jan. 1753 is more probably the exact date of the Prince's visit.

her house in the evening, without giving her any preparatory information, and entered the room when she had a pretty large company with her, and was herself playing at cards. He was announced by the servant under another name; she thought the cards would have dropped from her hands on seeing him; but she had presence enough of mind to call him by the name he assumed, to ask him when he came to England, and how long he intended to stay there. After he and all the company went away, the servants remarked how wonderfully like the strange gentleman was to the Prince's picture which hung on the chimney-piece in the very room in which he entered. My lord added (I think from the authority of the same lady), that he used so little precaution, that he went abroad openly in daylight in his own dress, only laying aside his blue riband and star; walked once through St. James's and took a turn in the Mall. About five years ago, I told this story to Lord Holdernesse, who was Secretary of State in the year 1753, and I added that I supposed this piece of intelligence had at that time escaped his lordship. "By no means," said he; "and who do you think first told it me? It was the King himself; who subjoined, 'And what do you think, my lord, I should do with him?'" Lord Holdernesse owned that he was puzzled how to reply; for, if he declared his real sentiments, they might savour of indifference to the royal family. The King perceived his embarrassment, and extricated him from it by adding, "My lord, I shall just do nothing at all; and when he is tired of England he will go abroad again." I think this story, for the honour of the late King, ought to be more generally known.'[1]

If the King were really as indifferent to the presence and the actions of Prince Charles as he professed to be, it is somewhat strange why his Majesty should have so strongly objected to the Prince's stay at Avignon, and why his envoys in every Court in Europe were so anxious to communicate any intelligence touching the Pretender's family that came to their knowledge.[2]

[1] *Nichol's Literary Anecdotes of the 18th Century*, vol. ix. p. 401.

[2] The existence of two medals of the dates 1750 and 1752 shows the activity of the Jacobites at this period. The one was struck in silver and bronze, bearing the bust of Charles on the obverse, and on the reverse a withered tree, from which a vigorous young branch is shooting forth, with the legend *Revirescet*, and the date MDCCL. The other medal, struck in silver, bears likewise the bust of Charles, with the legend *Redeat magnus ille genius Britanniae.* On the reverse, Britannia is seen looking with anxious desire at some approaching vessels. His connection with the plot of 1752, as is well known, led to the execution of Dr. Cameron.

On the conspiracy proving abortive, the Prince crossed the Channel. He was observed by the watchful Lord Albemarle to pass through Paris, 'after making a stay in it of two days, but from whence he came [thus the Prince's visit to England was a secret to the ambassador], or to what parts he was going, it was not possible to know.'[1] On this occasion it was said that he walked through the streets, 'so disguised as to make it extremely difficult to know him, having painted his face with red, and coloured his eyebrows with the deepest black, and keeping a handkerchief to his face as if to keep off the cold.'[2] We shall find that this habit of wearing disguise was one which he frequently adopted during these mysterious years of his seclusion.

In all probability the Prince again took up his abode at Navarre, the seat of the Duc de Bouillon, near Evreux, for we read that his marriage with Mdme. de Bouillon was still on the *tapis*. The following year he was again seen at Paris. This time Miss Walkenshaw accompanied him, and, if we are to credit Lord Elcho,[3] the two were seen drinking together at a low restaurant. As the wine began to make its presence felt, a quarrel ensued. A coarse wooden table intervened between the couple; Charles leant his arms upon it, bent forward, and said, '*Vous êtes une coquine!*' to which remark his mistress politely replied, 'Your Royal Highness is unworthy to bear the name of a gentleman.' After much mutual abuse, says Elcho, they both began to fight, but what was the issue of the battle he does not proceed to relate. We are also told that Colonel Goring was so tired of living with the Prince that he was anxious to exchange for foreign service. 'He spoke worse of the Prince than I ever did,' adds the chronicler, with considerable self-satisfaction, winding up this part of his narrative.

It is said that in the May of 1754 the Prince managed to cross over to England and pay a third visit. Lord Albemarle, the ambassador at Paris, writing to Sir Thomas Robinson, the

[1] *Decline of the Last Stuarts.* State Papers, France, Jan. 10, 1753.
[2] *Ibid.*
[3] MS. Journal. Though Lord Elcho had formed one of the suite on the occasion of the Prince's visit of ceremony to Louis, the two were still strangers to each other. On the arrival of Charles at Paris, Lord Elcho refused to call upon him; but this rudeness being resented by the Scotch there, he was pressed to pay his respects. He agreed to do so, but, on his name being sent up to the Prince, Charles refused to see him, saying that as he had written home for his pardon Lord Elcho was no partisan of his (Journal).

Secretary of State in the Duke of Newcastle's administration, says:[1] 'It has been positively asserted to me by a person of some note, who is strongly attached to the Young Pretender, but dissatisfied with his conduct, that he (the Pretender's son) had actually been in England in a great disguise, as may be imagined, no longer ago than about three months; that he did not know how far he had gone, nor how long he had been there, but that he had stayed till the time above mentioned, when word was brought him at Nottingham by one of his friends that there was reason to apprehend that he was discovered, or in the greatest danger of being so, and that he ought therefore to lose no time in leaving England, which he accordingly did directly. The person from whom I have this is as likely to have been informed of it as anybody of the party, and could have no particular reason to have imposed such a story upon me, which could serve no purpose.'

This statement is corroborated by Philip Thicknesse in his Memoirs. 'That this unfortunate man,' writes Thicknesse, 'was in London about the year 1754, I can positively assert. He came hither contrary to the opinions of his friends abroad; but he was determined, he said, to see the capital of that kingdom over which he thought himself to reign. After being a few days at a lady's house in Essex Street, in the Strand, he was met by one who knew his person in Hyde Park, and who made an attempt to kneel to him. This circumstance so alarmed the lady at whose house he resided that a boat was procured the same night, and he returned instantly to France. Monsieur Massac, late Secretary to the Duc de Noailles, told me he was sent to treat with the Prince, relative to a subsequent attempt to invade England. M. Massac dined with him, and had much conversation on the subject; but observed, that he was rather a weak man, bigoted to his religion, and unable to refrain from the bottle, the only benefit, he said, he had acquired by his expedition among his countrymen in Scotland. Mr. Segrave, an Irish officer with only one arm, formerly well known at the *Café de Condé*, at Paris, assured me that he had been with the Prince in England between the years 1745 and 1756, and that they had laid a plan of seizing the person of the King (George the Second), as he returned from the play, by a body of Irish chairmen, who were to knock the servants from behind his coach, extinguish the lights, and create a confusion while a party carried the King to the water-side, and

[1] Lansdowne MSS., Aug. 21, 1754, vol. xxxvi.

hurried him away to France. It is certain that the late King often returned from the theatres in so private a manner that such an attempt was not impracticable; for what could not a hundred or two desperate villains effect, at eleven o'clock at night, in any of the public streets of London? Ten minutes' start would do it; and they could not have failed of a much greater length of time. He also told me that they had more than fifteen hundred chairmen, or that class of people, who were to assemble opposite the Duke of Newcastle's house in Lincoln's Inn Fields the instant they heard any particular news relative to the Pretender. I cannot vouch for the truth of this story; but it may be right to relate it, to prevent such an attempt, should any other Pretender start up; for I have the best authority to say such a thing is practicable, and that a person was taken off in broad daylight, and in the middle of a large city, though under the protection of an English major, and seven old French women: and that, too, by an individual. There are many people now living at Southampton who remember that transaction. It was not a king, it is true, who was taken off, nor was it a man; but before the surprise of the major and his female party was over, the lady was far out of their reach.'

Early in the year 1755, M. Ruvigny De Cosne, who was doing temporary duty at Paris, on the death of Lord Albemarle, writes [1] to the Secretary of State that he has been informed that the Pretender's son has been passing three weeks at Avignon dressed as an abbé, that he then visited Lyons, and that he believes he is now in Paris or its neighbourhood. 'I will do all I can to find out if it is so,' concludes De Cosne, 'though it will be very difficult to know it in so large a city as this, and in the continual and different disguises he uses.' It is not improbable that the Prince was in Paris at this time, for political reasons rendered his presence there advisable. War was again about to break out between England and France, and Charles hoped that the occasion might be favourable to his cause. He was, however, again disappointed. In spite of the remonstrances of his friend, Count De Lally, who was ever assuring the Cabinet of Versailles that now was the time to land the Prince with an army in England, and thus embarrass the action of Great Britain in the ensuing hostilities, the French Government refused to listen to the voice of the charmer, and another favourable opportunity was thus allowed to pass away.

[1] *Decline of the Last Stuarts.* State Papers, France, April 9, 1755.

Still the Prince, buoyed up by false expectations, had repaired to his friend at Navarre, and afterwards held several interviews with King Stanislaus at Nancy. It was not till some weeks had been spent in fruitless negotiation that he learnt definitely from De Lally that France refused to support his cause by her arms.

Whilst these dark clouds were gathering in the horizon, the English Jacobites, aware of the relationship that existed between Charles and Miss Walkenshaw, despatched one of their order to Paris to remonstrate with the Prince upon the connection. The principles of severe morality had little to do with their representations, but it so happened that the sister of Miss Walkenshaw had been appointed housekeeper in the household of the Princess Dowager of Wales, and the English Jacobites not unnaturally feared that through the medium of the two sisters the English Government might obtain access to the private correspondence of Charles with his adherents. The person appointed to undertake this delicate mission was a Mr. Macnamara, who being a staunch Jacobite, and a man of good sense, it was hoped might succeed in his purpose. But Mr. Macnamara pleaded in vain. Though the eloquent Irishman used all the arts of persuasion to induce the Prince to put away his mistress, and even went so far as to state that unless Charles severed his connection with Miss Walkenshaw he would at once lose all his powerful friends across the Channel, the Prince, with true Stuart obstinacy, remained inflexible. Well-nigh a week did Macnamara spend in endeavouring to reason the Prince into a better temper, but without effect. Charles frankly declared that he was not attached to Miss Walkenshaw, or indeed entertained any particular regard for her; he could see her removed from him without any concern, but what he would not permit was that those who called themselves his adherents should presume to interfere with his private conduct, and dictate to him their directions. Finding that all persuasions of his were powerless to change the resolve of the Prince, Macnamara rose up to take his leave; but as he quitted the room there issued from his lips this indignant query, 'What has your family done, Sir, thus to draw down the vengeance of Heaven on every branch of it through so many ages?'[1] We know not the reply the Prince made.

When this resolution of Charles was brought to London,

[1] Dr. King's *Anecdotes*, p. 207.

his adherents saw at once the kind of man they had to deal with. Since their Prince could not be persuaded to serve himself, and preferred to endanger the lives of his faithful followers rather than part with a woman whom he openly admitted that he 'neither honoured nor esteemed,' no blame could rest upon those who withdrew from their allegiance. The conduct of Charles on this occasion—so like the sullen obstinacy of a madman, who, rather than yield to the advice of others, will prefer to imperil his own position by maintaining his object though he hold that object but lightly—lost him many a loyal adherent. Had the Prince, when asked to dismiss his mistress, replied to Mr. Macnamara thus: 'You are deputed by my subjects at home to ask me to discard Miss Walkenshaw. I regret I cannot comply with your request. I do not deny you may have grounds for deeming her connection with me dangerous, in a political point of view. As for me, I have not the slightest suspicion of her acting treacherously; for from the time she consented to occupy this left-handed position, I have found her my best and truest friend. We have a daughter. You therefore ask me to disown the woman who yielded up her honour to me on the strength of my protection, and to throw an additional stigma upon her and her child by letting her appear as my cast-off mistress, simply because you suspect her of political infidelity. Before I act so harshly, and according to my lights so basely to her, I must have some stronger proof than the mere suspicions of my subjects. Give me proofs and then my conduct will be different. For me now to sever my connection with Miss Walkenshaw may be, in your eyes, an act of political expediency, but in mine it would be a cruel and unmanly desertion. I must decline, even at the risk of damaging my cause, to commit a grave personal injustice against one who deserves far different treatment. Tell those who have sent you on this mission that I cannot separate myself from ties which have wound themselves round my heart for so empty a cause as proofless suspicions, or for so cold an object as political expediency. I would rather lose my chances of a crown than do wrong to the woman who has loved me for many years, and who has now only my protection to depend upon. If any of my subjects feel hurt at this decision, tell them I release them from their adherence.'

Had the Prince answered in some such form he would have behaved, if not like a king who ought to sacrifice all

personal feelings for the political good, at least like a man who did not wish to purchase his own advantage at the expense of what he deemed dishonour. But Charles acted neither like a king nor a gentleman. What he said practically amounted to this: 'You ask me to quit Miss Walkenshaw. I refuse to do so, not because I am attached to my mistress, for I neither honour nor esteem her, but because you have dared to interfere with my private concerns. You think because you have risked your lives and your fortunes for my house that you have a right to advise me, believing that both our interests are identical. You have no right, and I will just show you how little I care for endangering your safety—for Miss Walkenshaw may write to her sister at Leicester House if she pleases—and how cheaply I hold your adherence, because I prefer to both the society of a woman of low tastes, of no elegance of manners, and for whom I have not a particle of affection. I am not to be dictated to or advised by any one, let me tell you!' Well might Dr. King, when commenting upon this conduct of Charles, ejaculate, '*Quos Jupiter vult perdere prius dementat.*'

Finding that France now virtually refused to trouble herself about his fortunes, Charles, accompanied by Miss Walkenshaw and the daughter that had been born some three years before, took up his abode at Basel in Switzerland. Here he passed himself off as a Dr. Thompson, an English doctor, anxious to recruit the health of himself and his wife and child by the mountain air.[1]

The following letter from the English envoy at Berne, now for the first time brought to the light, is full of interest[2]:—

'*Very Secret.* 'BERN, the 28th *May*, 1756.

'Sir,—I have within these few days had an interview at a place four or five leagues distant from this town with a particular friend of mine who is of Neuchatel, and whom I have already mentioned in some of my former letters; I had observed that there was something in that part of his correspondence which related to the young Pretender, that was affectedly obscure, and which he seemed unwilling to trust in plainer terms to paper; I therefore agreed to a rendezvous, where we met, at the hour appointed, and spent the best part of the day together. The lights I have gained by this conversation with him are of so extraordinary a nature, that I think it my duty

[1] Lord Elcho's Journal, MS. [2] State Papers, Switzerland, No. 30.

to lay the substance of them before you, though they may possibly contain nothing but what you are apprised of, from other hands. The person above mentioned has lived in the greatest intimacy with the Governor of Neuchatel [1] ever since his coming thither, insomuch that there are few subjects and circumstances of his life which he has not very openly and frankly let him into. By this means, my friend has been able to explain what he had often hinted to me, in his letters, of the young Pretender's not being at so great a distance from this part of the world as I imagine, by acquainting me, that he had lived, for some time past, at, or in the neighbourhood of Basel, under the name of Thompson, as a private English gentleman, retired thither with his family, which consisted of a lady, who passed for his wife, and went under the same name, and by her he has a daughter, an elderly gentleman in the figure of a near relation, who is charged with a kind of inspecting over his conduct, and two other attendants, who, though men of birth, appear in public in no better light than that of ordinary servants. My friend could not give me a more particular account as to the men, but, with regard to the woman, he informed me she was a niece of General Paterson's, who formerly commanded the King of Sardinia's galleys, and is now Governor of Villa Francha; he further assured me that, though the young Chevalier was often backward and forward, Basel was still his abode, and that his family continued there at this time. Upon my inquiring into the young Pretender's connection and correspondence with the Governor of Neuchatel, I was told very positively they had none whatever; that the Pretender's eldest son had never been at Neuchatel, as was reported; that indeed, he had offered to make the Governor a visit there very privately, but the latter had declined it, and wrote him word, in very plain terms, that he would acquaint the King of Prussia therewith, and immediately make the thing public, upon which it was dropped. And, farther, that the governor never mentioned him but with the utmost horror and detestation, and in the most opprobrious terms; having told him more than once that his conduct, from his setting out from Rome on his last expedition in Scotland to this day, had been one continued scene of falsehood, ingratitude, and villany; and that the father's was little better. This misunderstanding

[1] Lord Marischal, who had been appointed to this post by the King of Prussia. On the death of William III. of England, Neuchatel passed to his nephew, Frederick I. of Prussia.

between them, my friend says, has subsisted ever since the Pretender's expedition into Scotland, which he had previously assured his friends in that kingdom to have been concerted with, and approved by the Governor of Neuchatel, though this last in reality had dissuaded and was entirely against it, which he afterwards wrote over to his friends there, declaring, in so many words, that what the young Chevalier had advanced on this head was false. With regard to his character, my friend tells me that the several particulars which the governor had given him of it had likewise been confirmed to him by Lord Elcho, who held him in no great esteem, and who had confessed to him, more than once, that, before he had known him twenty-four hours, he had heartily repented of his folly and rashness in coming over to him; and had added, farther, that all the people about him were in the same case, and cursed the hour they came into his service, which most of them continued in from no other motive but the fear to want bread; that the gentleman who is now with him as a kind of a governor, though he was but lately entered upon that office, was as heartily tired of it as his predecessor, one Goring, formerly an officer in the Imperial Service, who could hold out no longer, and had quitted him, and being lately dead in the King of Prussia's service, where he was universally regretted as a man of superior merit and distinguished ability as a soldier. In support of these several particulars my friend mentioned one circumstance more, which deserves to be related. He says that a person of note was sent over, last year, on a private commission to the young Pretender, by the principal men of his party in Scotland, and that this person, agreeable to his instructions (which directed him to Neuchatel, on his way to consult with the governor on the whole matter committed to his charge), had been there to pay him a visit, and had spent some days with him; that when he opened his commission to him he found the governor so totally alienated from the Pretender, of whom he gave the most odious character, that he said it was unnecessary he should go any farther, and was for returning to Scotland directly, but that the governor had opposed this, and advised him to proceed as he was directed, to see the Pretender, and not to frame his notions on the report of others, but to trust to his own senses and judgment. That this person accordingly had continued his journey to Basel, and been several days there, with the Pretender, from whence, being returned to Neuchatel, he

declared that he had found things exactly as he had been told, and that the governor, in the account he had given him, had not been influenced by resentment or passion, or deviated from the truth in any one instance; having further insinuated to my friend, in private discourse, that he had hitherto been a strenuous promoter of Jacobitism, but that, on his return to Great Britain, he would preach quite another doctrine, and turn his whole endeavours towards undeceiving and converting as many as he could of his friends and acquaintance, who were under the same infatuation. . . .

'I beg pardon for being so very particular, and taking up so much of your time, for which I dare promise myself the precise orders, signified to me last year by Sir Thomas Robinson, on the 18th of April, will entitle me to some indulgence. I will add but one observation upon the whole; namely, that to my certain knowledge, there has been, for several months past, such a person at Basel as a Mr. Thompson with his family, as described above, and that they live there very decently, as persons of easy fortune, but without the least affectation of show or magnificence. I would, at present, have endeavoured to get farther light into this matter by some other channel, had I not been cautioned against it by the person from whom I had the intelligence above, who observed, that this young spark was extremely shy, and would move his quarters upon the least suspicion of his being discovered, and that as my Court (which must be supposed to know something of his being in Switzerland) had taken no notice of it, it was to be inferred from that very circumstance that they had rather he should be there than anywhere else.

'I have the honour to remain, with infinite respect, Sir,

'Your most obedient and most devoted

'Humble Servant,

'ARTHUR VILLETTES.'

The remark contained in this letter of Arthur Villettes, that the relations between the Prince and the Lord Marischal were now anything but cordial, is corroborated by Hume in his correspondence with Sir John Pringle already quoted. 'Lord Marischal,' writes Hume, 'had a very bad opinion of this unfortunate Prince, and thought there was no vice so mean or atrocious of which he was not capable, of which he gave me several instances . . . with all this strange character he was no bigot, but rather had learned from the philosophers of Paris

to affect a contempt of all religion.' Walton more than once admits that the Prince showed in his after-life very little evidence of the Catholic teaching of his youth—deterioration is written all over the later days of Charles. By a strange fatality, as Dr. King expressed it, he alienated the affections of his best friends, and put an absolute barrier to all his own hopes.

For the next few years little of moment occurred in the life of the Prince, and we can gather but the scantiest details as to his movements. During the Carnival he generally managed to visit Paris, and kept up his acquaintance with his friend at Navarre. For some time we learn he lived near Liège, where he passed himself off as a Mr. Smith. He did not desert Switzerland—indeed he seems to have settled never for long at any one place, but always to have been on the move under different names and in different disguises.[1]

A just punishment had now fallen upon him for his behaviour towards Miss Walkenshaw. That unhappy dame had at last resolved to tolerate the treatment she was in the habit of receiving from the Prince no longer. Their illicit union had been a most unhappy one, and it is probable Miss Walkenshaw only endured it for the sake of her child, and because she was at a loss how to maintain herself apart from her protector. That Charles incessantly quarrelled with her, frequently beat her, and otherwise maltreated her, are facts that cannot be disputed. Provoked by this bad usage one night—July 22, 1760—when they were staying at Bouillon, she fled with her child from her lover and took refuge in a convent. Charles at once wrote to the King of France desiring that orders should be given compelling his mistress to return to him. To this request his Most Christian Majesty replied that 'he could not force the inclination of anybody in that situation.'[2]

The convent that Miss Walkenshaw and her little daughter ultimately repaired to was the Abbey at Meaux, and thither, at the request of the unhappy fugitive, Lord Elcho paid a visit. Miss Walkenshaw appears not to have been reticent about herself, if we are to credit the author of the Journal. She told him all her history—how miserable she had been during the whole time she lived with the Prince; how he often gave her as many as fifty thrashings with a stick during the day; how madly jealous he was of her, and how 'he invariably surrounded

[1] *Decline of the Last Stuarts.*
[2] *Ibid.* State Papers, Tuscany, Oct. 3, 1761.

their bed with chairs placed on tables, and on the chairs little bells, so that if any one approached during the night, the bells would be set a-ringing.'[1]

Charles, with an indifference which does him little credit, appears to have taken no further trouble about the woman who had lived so long as his mistress, or ever meditated making a settlement upon her. It was his brother, the Cardinal, who saw that she and her child were decently provided for.

On the departure of Miss Walkenshaw, Charles took to drinking harder than ever. His habits were now so gross that he had forfeited the esteem and respect of all. 'I hear,' writes Mr. Stanley,[2] 'that the Pretender's eldest son is drunk as soon as he rises, and is always senselessly so at night, when his servants carry him to bed. . . . He is not thought of even by the exiles.' This even is expressive. Grave indeed must have been his misconduct to alienate the affections of those who were still plotting and scheming for the restoration of his family, and who had lost their rights as subjects for his cause. Not a few now reflected for the first time whether it was a wise thing to struggle to place such a degraded object on the throne, and whether England was not happier under her present dynasty. Such reflections changed many a Jacobite into a loyal Hanoverian, and as years rolled on Charles had only himself to thank that the list of his adherents numbered so scanty a following.

On the coronation of George the Third, it is said that the Prince was among the spectators in Westminster Abbey. The only authority for this statement is the letter already alluded to, of Hume to Sir John Pringle. 'But what will surprise you more,' writes Hume, 'Lord Marischal, a few days after the coronation of the present king, told me that he believed the young Pretender was at that time in London, or at least had been so very lately, and had come over to see the show of the coronation, and had actually seen it. I asked my lord the reason for this strange fact. "Why," says he, "a gentleman told me so who saw him there; and that he even spoke to him, and whispered in his ears these words: 'Your Royal Highness is the last of all mortals whom I should expect to see here.' 'It was curiosity that led me,' said the other; 'but I assure you,' added he, 'that the person who is the object of all this pomp and magnificence is the man I envy the least.'" You see this story is so near traced from the fountain-head as to wear a great face

[1] Journal, MS. [2] State Papers, France, June 8, 1761.

of probability. Query: What if the Pretender had taken up Dymock's gauntlet?'[1]

Lord Elcho, whose statements respecting the movements of the Prince at the time are generally accurate and corroborated by State Paper evidence, makes no mention of this visit of Charles to England.

We now enter upon a period when information presents itself in a more connected form.

CHAPTER XIX.

A TITULAR KING.

Better to be born a peasant
Than to live an exiled king!

THE Chevalier de St. George had long been ailing, and those who carefully watched his movements in and about the Eternal City felt that his end was not far distant. During the last few years his constitution had shown more than one symptom of breaking up. He was easily worried; his nerves were shattered; he was a martyr to dyspepsia; and he had aged considerably in appearance. 'The Pope,' writes Mann some ten years before the Chevalier's decease,[2] 'has lately granted a privilege to the Pretender of an uncommon nature in the Roman Church, though very trifling in itself, to drink either broth or chocolate before he communicates, on account of his habitual indisposition of stomach which prevents him from fasting so long as their Church prescribes before that ceremony.' We learn that this indulgence had been granted to Charles the Fifth, after his abdication, by Julius the Third, and Benedict XIV. therefore felt that, when making James the recipient of this favour, he was justified by precedent. Four years after this remark upon the Chevalier's state, Mann again alludes to the subject. 'The Pretender's health has suffered very little alteration of late, though he is so emaciated and so weak that it is not natural to suppose that he can hold out long. He seems of late totally indifferent to all affairs both of a public

[1] The reader will doubtless remember the episode of the Champion's gage in *Redgauntlet*.

[2] *Decline of the Last Stuarts*. State Papers, Tuscany, April 24, 1756.

or a domestic nature.'[1] With the exception of a rigid compliance with all the rites and ceremonies enjoined by his Church, he led the last few years before his death a life of complete inactivity. Save to attend daily mass, or on special occasions to visit the Pope, he kept himself a close prisoner in his room. A few of his intimate friends came now and then to see him, but they remained with him only a short time, as talking soon fatigued him. Gradually even these occasional visits were too much for his delicate state of health, and he was then left in perfect quiet, undisturbed by all except by those whose presence was necessary to watch the invalid. The management of his affairs was intrusted to his son, the Cardinal, and to a Mr. Graham, the titular Lord Alford, who, on the death of O'Brien, had been appointed Secretary of State to the Court of the Chevalier. No one was surprised when the news came that he had passed away.

At nine o'clock of the night of the first of January, 1766, he died, in the 79th year of his age. It was said that the fortune he left behind him, in money, jewels, and plate, amounted to some 250,000*l.*[2] This sum was doubtless very much exaggerated.

'The funeral obsequies of the Chevalier were performed with regal honours. After lying in state for five days, his body was carried to the Church of the Apostles, dressed in royal robes, with the crown of England upon his head, and the sceptre in his hand, and upon his breast the arms of Great Britain, wrought in jewels and gold. The procession was attended by the members of the Pope's household, as well as by the members of almost every order and fraternity, religious as well as secular, in Rome; a thousand wax-tapers were borne by as many attendants, and twenty Cardinals supported the pall. On reaching the church, the body was placed on a magnificent bed of state, the drapery of which consisted of purple silk, with stripes of gold lace. Above him was a throne suspended from the ceiling, on the top of which were the figures of four angels holding a crown and sceptre, and at each corner the figure of Death looking down. Over the bed was the inscription, 'JACOBUS, MAGNÆ BRITANNIÆ REX, ANNO MDCCLXVI,' with a number of medallions representing the several orders of chivalry in Great Britain, and the three crowns of England,

[1] *Decline of the Last Stuarts.* State Papers, Tuscany, Nov. 8, 1760.
[2] *Ibid.* Jan. 10, 1766.

Scotland, and Ireland; to which were added the royal insignia, —the purple robe lined with ermine, the velvet tunic ornamented with gold, the globe, the crown, the sceptre, and the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew. Cardinal Alberoni officiated in his pontificalia at the requiem, which was sung by the choir from the Apostolic palace; while the church was illuminated by a number of chandeliers, besides wax-tapers held by skeletons. The body remained in this state for three days, when it was removed to, and interred with similar solemnity and magnificence in, the great church of St. Peter's.'[1]

When it became evident that James was sinking, and beyond the hope of recovery, Charles, who was then staying at Bouillon, expressed a wish to return to Rome. A correspondence ensued between the Prince and the Vatican, the nature of which is disclosed by the following letter of Cardinal Albani to Sir Horace Mann.

'ROME, *Nov.* 6, 1765.

'SIR,—Though at the present moment what I am about to communicate to you is perhaps no longer a secret, I must still beg of you to keep it to yourself, and never to admit that it has been disclosed by me. It is reported that the eldest son of the Pretender, after having been so long in such hidden retirement as to cause many people to think him dead, is desirous of returning to Rome. He asks to be treated with the same honours that he enjoyed before his departure, to succeed on the death of his father to the pensions received by his parent from the Apostolic Chamber, and to be recognised after his father's decease as King.

'To these requests his Holiness has replied that he will see him again with much pleasure, that he will be treated in accordance with his distinguished rank, and that he can reckon, after his father's death, upon the revenues which have already been settled for the Cardinal his brother. But with regard to his being recognised as King, the Pope neither can nor will take upon himself the responsibility of admitting such a claim; his Holiness will act in this respect as the other sovereigns. I do not know if he will agree to the terms of this reply, but whatever may result from it, I shall take care to inform you.

'ALBANI.'[2]

The Court of St. James was not slow to observe the issues

[1] *The Pretenders and their Adherents*, by J. H. Jesse, p. 53.
[2] *Decline of the Last Stuarts.* State Papers, Tuscany.

that hung upon the demise of the Pretender, and the possible recognition of his son as King of Great Britain by certain of the European Powers. The Duke of Grafton at once, when the news of the Pretender's serious condition arrived in London, desired Lord Stormont, who was then Ambassador at the Court of Vienna, to ascertain the views of Austria at this critical moment. His Grace did not think the Courts of France and Spain would give their sanction to the exploded claims of the Stuarts, still it would be well if his lordship could draw out in casual conversation what was the course the Austrian Cabinet would adopt supposing France and Spain were to recognise the Prince. 'They must not, however, suspect you have any instructions on this head,' writes the Duke of Grafton. 'You will assure the Austrian Ministers of the King's desire to cultivate the esteem and friendship of the Court of Vienna. The King's title founded upon law and the love of his people cannot be affected by the pretensions of a stranger; yet it is an insult to his Majesty, and therefore the Court of Vienna ought to discourage such claims.' [1]

Not many days elapsed before his Grace of Grafton received his reply. Lord Stormont had dined with Prince Kaunitz, and had incidentally referred to the death of the Pretender, and the claims of his son. The Austrian Minister did not think that the Young Pretender would apply to Vienna for support, 'as they never had any intercourse with his father.' Should, however, he do so, 'they would have nothing to say to him, and let him understand so.' Neither did the Prince think that the Courts of France or Spain would act in the matter contrary to their protestations, but should they do so, 'their friends who wish for public tranquillity would give them good advice.' [2]

Prince Kaunitz had judged rightly. No sooner had James breathed his last than Cardinal York craved an immediate interview with the Pope. His request was granted. With the utmost warmth the Cardinal begged his Holiness to acknowledge Charles as King of England. The Pope refused. The French Ambassador at Rome, a Monsieur D'Aubeterre, now chimed in with the prayer of the Cardinal. The Supreme Pontiff, believing that the diplomatist had received instructions from his country to support the claims of the Prince, hesitated before giving a direct answer. He promised that he would summon

[1] Lansdowne MSS., vol. vii., Vienna, Dec. 26, 1765.
[2] *Ibid.* Jan. 14, 1766.

a congregation of Cardinals, and ask their advice on this important matter. With this answer the petitioners were satisfied, and left the Vatican.

And now it was rumoured in London that France had resolved to recognise the title of the Young Pretender, and that her ambassador at Rome had been ordered to advocate his claims at the Vatican. With some indignation the Secretary of State wrote to the Duke of Richmond at Paris for confirmation or contradiction of the report. 'In my note of the 3rd December,' says Mr. Conway,[1] 'I just mentioned the resolution which I understand the Pope has taken to make the conduct of the Courts of France and Spain the rule of his own in regard to the manner of treating the Pretender's son upon the event which was expected of the Pretender's death. These pretensions, equally repugnant to the laws of Great Britain and to the inclination of the people, are in themselves too idle to deserve any serious attention, as his Majesty's right cannot be affected thereby; but though his right cannot be affected, his dignity cannot but be touched if any Court whatever shall presume to give the least sanction to the claims, however absurd, of a pretender to the throne. The absurdity, indeed, of the claim aggravates the affront, and his Majesty will find his honour engaged to resent such an indignity. I must desire your Grace to represent this to the French Court in the strongest terms, as I have received accounts that the French Ambassador at Rome has so far forgot himself as to use his endeavours to dissuade the Court of Rome from the prudent resolution she has taken. You will observe to the French Ministry that they are not only bound by the general respect due to every Power in alliance with the French King, but that they are absolutely bound by treaty, as guarantees of the succession, to support his Majesty's right. . . . If the French, forgetful of the common respect reciprocally due to Powers in peace, and also forgetful of particular treaties by which they are bound, shall not take every opportunity which the times afford to discountenance claims which, while they cannot hurt, are still an affront to this country, I cannot suppose they expect a great confidence to be given to the professions they make of wishing to continue upon good terms with his Majesty, and it is we and not they who have a right to complain and say that *this conduct looks hostile.*'

[1] State Papers, France, Jan. 31, 1766, No. 505.

On the receipt of this communication the Duke of Richmond had an interview with the French Minister, M. de Praslin, and strongly complained of the conduct of M. D'Aubeterre in interesting himself in the affair, and endeavouring to bring about the decision of the Cardinals in favour of the Pretender! The reply of M. de Praslin was most satisfactory. He said 'that the king, his master, knew but one king of England, who was his present Majesty, with whom he was in peace and friendship; that he did not acknowledge the late Pretender, and certainly should not the present one; that what M. D'Aubeterre had done was without instructions from his Court, and merely proceeded from a private regard for Cardinal Stuart, who had solicited him on the occasion, but that a letter was already sent to M. D'Aubeterre to disapprove of what he had done, and orders were given him not to meddle any more in the matter, as his Most Christian Majesty was determined not to take any part in the affair.'[1]

This rebuff to the French Ambassador at Rome showed the Vatican what course to adopt. The congregation of Cardinals was assembled, as the Pope had promised Cardinal York, but when the question was put whether Charles should be acknowledged as King of Great Britain, it was unanimously answered in the negative. Perhaps this decided expression of opinion was also in some measure due to the remonstrances of Sir Horace Mann, who wrote to Cardinal Albani informing him of 'the inconveniences that the Pope might expose himself to, by complying with the instances that have been made to him.'[2] It was evident that the Vatican had no intention of embroiling itself with European Courts in the support of so 'exploded a claim' as that of the Stuarts.

'I have now the satisfaction to inform your Grace,' writes Sir Horace Mann to the Duke of Richmond,[3] 'that the consultation whether it was expedient for the Pope to acknowledge the present Pretender under the title which his father usurped, was held the 13th, and the result was that the Pope could not *per ora* grant what was demanded. This sentence has greatly displeased Cardinal Stuart and his friends, among the most zealous and active of whom were the public ministers whom I mentioned in my last letter, and who I should think would not

[1] State Papers, France, Jan. 29, 1766, No. 505.
[2] *Decline of the Last Stuarts.* State Papers, Tuscany, Jan. 10 and 21, 1766.
[3] State Papers, France, Jan. 24, 1766, No. 505.

be able to justify their conduct to their own Courts if it was taken notice of.'

The approaching dissolution of the father had reconciled the brothers. From the hour that Henry accepted the Cardinal's hat, the Prince had regarded him as a stranger. His name never passed his lips; in his letters he never once inquired after him; and between the two a dead silence had reigned. As the last moments of the Chevalier, however, drew nigh, whether at the wish of the father, or because Charles deemed it politic to be on good terms with one who might now be a powerful ally, the estrangement between the brothers ceased. The coldness that had formerly subsisted was replaced by a feeling, if not of affection at least of apparent cordiality.

Charles was at Bouillon when the Cardinal informed him of the death of his father. With all haste he made his preparations for departure, and wished, as he wrote to his brother, that he had wings to reach Rome sooner. A few days' sharp travelling brought him to the Eternal City. He had expected to be received with the distinction due to royalty, to be visited by the Cardinals as became a monarch, and to reign in his little Court as his father had reigned before him. His expectations were disappointed. His entry into the town was marked by no more outward display than if he had been the most private of individuals. No escort of troops attended upon him, no Cardinals came in their carriages to greet him, the Pope sent no representative to receive him at the City gates, he was met by his brother alone, and drove with him to his palace.

As had been the reception, so was the after-treatment. The Prince was simply regarded—save by a few Irish parasites of his father's Court—as the brother of Cardinal York, and treated with no higher honours than were accorded to the Roman aristocracy around him. Deeply chagrined at this want of loyalty to his house, he shut himself up within his palace, and showed his pique by giving out that he only wanted to be recognised as plain John Douglas, 'with a view, it is supposed,' writes Mann, 'of exempting himself from all ceremony with regard to the Pope and the College of Cardinals, with whom he is most extremely dissatisfied.' Once more Cardinal York tried to persuade the Pope to reconsider his decision, but his Holiness, we learn, was so indignant at the repetition of the request that he turned on his heel and vouchsafed no answer.[1]

[1] *Decline of the Last Stuarts.* State Papers, Tuscany, Feb. 1, 1763.

According to Mann, this decided antagonism of the Vatican to the claims of the Stuarts was a significant proof of the power of the House of Hanover. 'I must beg leave to observe to you, Sir,' he writes to the Secretary of State,[1] 'that the decision of the Court of Rome on this occasion, so contrary to their maxims and to the practice of so many preceding Popes, is looked upon in these parts as the strongest and the most public proof of the respect which the greatness of his Majesty's name and the apprehension of offending him could produce.'

This deference, however, to the 'greatness of his Majesty's name' was anything but pleasing to the royal brothers, and they took little pains to conceal their displeasure. In the most ostentatious manner possible Cardinal York drove through the streets of Rome in his state carriage, with his brother seated on his right hand—a distinction which no Cardinal should accord to any but a crowned head.[2] Though the Prince shunned the gaieties of Roman society and kept himself aloof from the world, he was always ready to receive those who came to the palace to do him homage. In spite of the title of plain John Douglas he affected, his presence was never denied to those who acknowledged his title as Sovereign of England. But his courtiers were very few in number, nor did they represent social or political strength. A few English of doubtful fortunes, a few Irish in the French service, hungering after the crumbs that might fall from their master's table, a few—very few—stern Scotch Jacobites who, in spite of the past, still regarded him as their King, and refused obedience to 'the Elector'; these were the men who swelled his ranks and did obeisance to him at his levées.

Higher folk had, however, sought to pay him homage, but had been reprimanded for their temerity. Cardinal Orsini, the Minister of Naples, the Grand Priors of the Order of Malta, Altieri, and Fiano, and the Rectors of the English, Scotch, and Irish Colleges at Rome had entered his *salons*, paid him the state due to royalty, and acknowledged the titles he assumed 'in the most solemn manner that could depend upon them.'[3] But the news of this recognition, in defiance of all Papal orders, soon reached the Vatican. A gentleman was sent round by the Supreme Pontiff to all the Cardinals and the Heads of the Religious Orders, 'to acquaint them that the Santa Sede

[1] *Decline of the Last Stuarts.* State Papers, Tuscany, Feb. 1, 1766.
[2] Sir H. Mann, Feb. 11, 1766.
[3] *Decline of the Last Stuarts.* State Papers, Tuscany, April 15, 1766

does not acknowledge the Prince Stuart as King, and that it was expected they should conform themselves in their behaviour to him agreeable to that declaration.' For this piece of flagrant disobedience the Rectors of the English, Scotch, and Irish Colleges, not being sufficiently exalted to escape only with a reprimand, were banished from Rome. At the same time the royal arms of England, which the late Chevalier St. George had placed over the door of his palace, were taken down by directions from the Pope.

The conduct of the Prince tended not a little to increase the indifference with which he was now treated. He refused to visit the Pope, and thus widened the estrangement between him and the Holy See. He avoided the whole College of Cardinals. He sought to make no friends in Roman society. His manner, except to those who acknowledged his rank, was cold and offensive. Much of his time he spent, during the sporting season, between Albano and Frascati, in hunting and shooting, when his friends were his keepers and attendants. But his worst offence of all was his accursed thraldom to drink. He was always in his cups. 'Last week,' writes Mann,[1] 'he committed some great outrage against some of his own people, in a drunken fit, by drawing his sword and pursuing them, so that they narrowly escaped being killed.'

On this unhappy failing the Cardinal writes,[2] 'I have very little to say, except to deplore the continuance of the bottle; that, I own to you, makes me despair of everything, and I am of opinion that it is impossible for my brother to live if he continues in this strain: you say he ought to be sensible of all I have endeavoured to do for his good; whether he is or not, is more than I can tell, for he never has said anything of that kind to me; what is certain is, that he has singular tenderness and regard for me, and all regards myself, and as singular an inflexibility and disregard for everything that regards his own good. I am seriously afflicted on his account when I reflect on the dismal situation he puts himself under, which is a thousand times worse than the situation his enemies have endeavoured to place him, but there is no remedy except a miracle, which may be kept at last for his eternal salvation, but surely nothing else.'

'I am persuaded we should gain ground,' again writes the

[1] Sir H. Mann, Nov. 29, 1766.

[2] Autograph letters from Cardinal York, but without the address, in the possession of John Webster, Esq., of Aberdeen. Hist. MSS. Report.

Cardinal, on the same subject,[1] 'as to everything, were it not for the nasty bottle, that goes on but too much, and certainly must at last kill him. Stafford is in desolation about it, but has no sway, as, in reality, no living body has with him.' So degraded had the Prince become by this vice, that, when his visitors came to know him a little better, 'they treated him without any ceremony.'

At the close of this year Lord Elcho arrived in Rome. The object of his visit was not to swell the thin ranks of Charles's courtiers, but to see if it were possible to regain possession of that fifteen hundred pounds he had lent the Prince at Gray's Mill. More than once he had applied for the sum, but as yet without effect. He now hoped that, as the Prince had succeeded to his father's property, there might be some chance of its being refunded. Well aware that there was little love lost between himself and the titular monarch, Lord Elcho thought it more prudent to make his application indirectly. He intrusted the matter to the hands of Cardinal Torrigiani. At the end of a few days the Cardinal informed Lord Elcho that the Prince fully admitted the debt, that he had no intention of shirking his obligations, and that he would pay the sum—when he succeeded to the throne. With pardonable scepticism Lord Elcho replied that, as he looked upon that event as too far distant, he must decline to be content with such an answer.

'What course will you pursue, then?' inquired the Cardinal. 'Will you prosecute your Sovereign?'

'I do not look upon him as my Sovereign,' replied his lordship; 'and if I would not compromise myself I would prosecute him.'

'We shall not prevent you,' said the Cardinal, blandly, 'but you must not be surprised if you find the Prince protected here, because he is so zealous for our religion.'

'Why, only a little while ago,' said Lord Elcho, indignantly, 'he abjured your religion at Basle!'

'I have heard that, but at present he is a good Catholic,' replied the Cardinal, who was evidently a man not very difficult to please.

Finding that the employment of the Cardinal was not so effective for his purpose as he had anticipated, Lord Elcho now turned his thoughts to the brother of his debtor, the Cardinal York. He wrote a letter stating the nature of the loan and

[1] Letters in the possession of the Rev. F. Hopkinson, LL.D., of Malvern Wells.

how it had been contracted, and begged his Eminence to help him in the matter. He received no reply. Not to be debarred from his just rights, Lord Elcho wrote again, and this time he received an answer from the Cardinal's secretary, desiring him not to trouble his Royal Highness any further. In his extremity he now applied to the Pope for redress, but his Holiness replied that he could not interfere in the matter, and even if he consented, his interference would prove of little value, as the Prince was very indignant with the Vatican at not being recognised as King of England.[1] Thus foiled on all sides, Lord Elcho had to bide his time, and learn by practical experience the error of putting his trust in princes.

The loss of this sum was no slight inconvenience to the exile. Lord Elcho was almost dependent upon a small pension he received from the French Court, and at one time he had written to James begging him to use his influence with the ministers of Louis to have the pension increased. The Chevalier had, however, declined, on the ground of the little interest he now possessed at Versailles. Though far from wealthy, Charles, what with the sums he had inherited from his father's death, and the allowance he received from his brother, was fully in a position to pay, if not all his debt, at least so much of it as would satisfy his creditor for a time. That he neglected to do so, seems to justify the strong accusation of Dr. King, that the Prince at this time was both mean and stingy. 'But the most odious part of his character,' writes the Doctor in his Anecdotes of his Own Times, 'is his love of money, a vice which I do not remember to have been imputed by our historians to any of his ancestors, and is the certain index of a base and little mind. I know it may be urged in his vindication, that a prince in exile ought to be an economist. And so he ought; nevertheless, his purse should be always open, as long as there is anything in it to relieve the necessities of his friends and adherents. King Charles the Second, during his banishment, would have shared the last pistole in his pocket with his little family. But I have known this gentleman with two thousand louis-d'ors in his strong box, pretend he was in great distress, and borrow money from a lady in Paris, who was not in affluent circumstances. His most faithful servants, who had closely attended him in all his difficulties, were ill rewarded.'

Certainly the manner in which he ignored his debt to Lord Elcho, and, what is still more discreditable, all obligations for

[1] Journal, MS.

making a suitable provision for Miss Walkenshaw on her separation from him—leaving it for his brother to settle an allowance upon one who had been his companion for years, and was the mother of his child—shows a bluntness of feeling and an absence of generosity which his earlier career had not led men to expect. That he was angered with his mistress for abruptly quitting him is no excuse for an indifference to her future welfare, which, considering the relationship that had existed, was as mean as it was brutal. Men who refuse to accept any higher standard of morality than the world's code of honour must be judged by it. Charles never professed to follow any higher standard, and yet his conduct on this occasion was in such defiance of its principles that men of the world will condemn him the most.

The following letter from the English envoy at Naples to Lord Shelburne contains a sketch of the Prince at this time which will repay perusal.

'NAPLES, *May* 12, 1767.

'MY LORD,—Although I imagine that any account of the Pretender can at present be very little interesting at home, yet in obedience to my instructions, I shall have the honour of acquainting your Lordship with the following particulars, which I have from good authority.

'The Pretender is hardly thought of even at Rome; the life he leads is now very regular and sober,[1] his chief occupation is shooting in the environs of Rome, and the only people he can see or converse with are his few attendants, Messrs. Lumsden, Montgomery, &c. The pension his father had of 1,200*l.* a year from the Court of Rome, is now granted to the Cardinal, but as he was not in the least want of any addition to his income, he gives it to the present Pretender, and it is said, allows him 1,800*l.* a year more out of his own income. The Cardinal's ecclesiastical benefices in the Roman State and in France, are said to amount to 18,000*l.* a year, with which he does much good, being extremely generous. Besides the 3,000*l.* he allows the Pretender, he is supposed to give at least 2,000*l.* more in private donations to support poor families at Rome. The Father still left a considerable quantity of jewels to the present Pretender, which still remain untouched.

'To give your Lordship a strong picture of this unfortunate man, I will finish my despatch with transcribing part of a

[1] This statement is at variance with all that we hear of the Prince at this time.

letter from an English lady (this English lady has not been in England these thirty years) who has been always attached to that family, and was personally acquainted with the Pretender several years ago; it is from Rome and of a very fresh date:—

'"I have at last seen —— in his own house; as for his person it is rather handsome, his face ruddy and full of pimples. He looks good-natured, and was overjoyed to see me—nothing could be more affectionately gracious. I cannot answer for his cleverness, for he appeared to me to be absorbed in melancholy thoughts, a good deal of distraction in his conversation and frequent brown studies. I had time to examine him, for he kept me near two hours. He has all the reason in the world to be melancholy, for there is not a soul goes near him, not knowing what to call him. He told me time lay heavy upon him. I said I supposed he read a good deal. He made no answer. He depends entirely for his subsistence upon his brother, whom he never loved, much less now, he having brought him into the scrape. I am to dine with the brother in a day or two, for he says he longs to see me, and by next post shall let you know something of him."

'Nothing but the desire of fulfilling every point in my instructions could justify my having taken up so much of your Lordship's time upon this subject.

'I have, &c.,

'WM. HAMILTON.[1]

'Earl of Shelburne.'

For some time past the Prince had gradually been coming to the conclusion that this isolation from the world around him was a mistake. He was getting bored with the monotony of his own society and that of his parasites. His brother was always impressing upon him how suicidal to his own interests was his opposition to the power of the Vatican. The few real friends he possessed bade him pay his respects to his Holiness and abandon, until a more favourable opportunity, the title to which he now so tenaciously clung. It was better to be Count Albany—the *bien venu* of Roman Society—than a titular monarch whom no one ventured to recognise, and whom, therefore, all were forced to neglect. Why keep up, out of pique, this rigid seclusion, which did himself no good, and alienated friends from his cause? However much the Holy See might wish to recognise his claims, other causes had to be considered.

[1] Lansdowne MSS., Europe, vol. xxix. p. 459.

In the present position of England such an act would be resented with a high hand by the House of Hanover, and unless France or Spain upheld his title the support of Rome would be only injurious to itself and of no benefit to his cause. As yet neither France nor Spain had interested herself on his behalf —fear of England had prevented them—and he could not expect the Vatican to venture where these powerful nations had refused to lead the way. A time might come when it would be expedient for his title to be officially recognised, but till that time arrived it was better for him to render his adversity as bearable as possible, and not pursue a course which neither advanced his interests nor was personally agreeable to himself. These and such like arguments at last carried the day. Charles craved audience of his Holiness.

'The young Pretender,' writes Cardinal Albani to Sir Horace Mann,[1] 'being tired of living in the midst of the town like a hermit, or rather like one infected with the plague, for everybody made it a duty to avoid him, he has at last come down from his high pretensions and has asked, before entering society, to see the Pope. This evening the Cardinal, his brother, will usher him into the presence, but secretly, so as to escape all publicity. He will be received without the slightest ceremony, and will have to make his appearance in plain dress. This reception has been regarded by some as an affair of great importance, and when made public cannot fail to create attention. It is for this reason that I have thought proper to inform you of the fact, so that you may not be taken by surprise, and know exactly how matters stand. Nay, I may even say that I have been instructed to inform you of the fact.'

Nothing could have been more deferential to the wishes of the Court of St. James's than the conduct of the Vatican on this occasion. The Papal Nuncio, at Florence, was expressly instructed to sound Sir Horace Mann on the point, and to ascertain if it would be really so displeasing to the English Government if his Holiness were to acknowledge the Prince, on his presentation, by the titles which Rome had always accorded to the late Chevalier. In reply, Sir Horace expressed himself very frankly upon the subject, and said that any such recognition would be strongly resented by his Court, and deeply offend his Majesty. His Holiness, so far from being irritated at this remonstrance on the part of the English envoy, desired the Nuncio to thank Sir Horace, 'in the Pope's name,

[1] Lansdowne MSS. vol. xxix., Europe, p. 479, May 1767.

for having prevented him from taking a step, in compliance with the strong solicitations that were made to him, that might have offended the King.'[1]

On the evening appointed for the reception, Cardinal York drove his brother to the Vatican. In accordance with the privilege to which his rank entitled him, the Cardinal was at once ushered into the Pope's private room. Charles was escorted to the ante-room, and desired to wait. Here he remained some little time, 'when he was called for by the name of the brother of the Cardinal York.' On entering the papal apartment, Charles knelt down to kiss the hand extended to him, and remained on his knees till his Holiness bade him rise. He then stood up, and remained in conversation with the Pope for a full quarter of an hour, standing the whole of the time, though his brother remained seated.[2]

'God be praised,' writes the Cardinal,[3] 'last Saturday evening, after a good deal of battleying upon very trifling circumstances, I carried my brother to the Pope's privately, as a private nobleman, by which means he certainly has derogated nothing of his just pretensions, and has at the same time fulfilled with an indispensable duty owing to the Head of the Church. The visit went much better than I expected, the Pope was extremely well satisfied, and my brother seemed well enough content, though I asked him very few questions, and so I hope to draw from it a great deal of good, provided my brother does not obstruct all by his indocility, and most singular way of thinking and arguing, which indeed passes anybody's comprehension.'

After having thus broken the ice of seclusion, Charles entered freely into the pleasures of Roman life. He became a frequent guest at the Vatican, and was treated kindly by Clement, who on one occasion told him that 'he had formerly served his father as chaplain, and that he always had the greatest regard for his family, and regretted that political considerations prevented him giving such proofs of it as he would wish.'[4] There can be no doubt that political considerations alone prevented the Holy See from recognising the claim of the Prince to the throne of England. When the sporting season

[1] Lansdowne MSS., vol. xxix., Europe, p. 475. Sir H. Mann to Lord Shelburne, May 19, 1767.

[2] Sir H. Mann, May 19, 1767.

[3] Autograph letters from Cardinal York, May 12, 1767, but without the address, in possession of John Webster, Esq., Advocate, Aberdeen.

[4] Sir H. Mann, June 22, 1769.

began Charles spent much of his time hunting and shooting amid the scenes of his boyhood around Albano. He did not care about making close personal friendships as the Cardinal was in the habit of doing, preferring the society of fresh acquaintances whom he could drop or cultivate as he chose. Intimacies he was averse to, but he liked to come in contact with new people, to talk or listen as he felt inclined, and then to go away careless whether he ever met them again. Music he always loved, and his great pleasure was to attend the concerts that were frequently given. He seemed indifferent to everything that gave him much trouble, sport excepted, but he enjoyed being a passive spectator of society—driving about the streets, seldom going out to dinner, but dropping in at balls and *réunions*, when he would sit alone and watch the company, always being present where good music was to be heard, and if any strolling company of players gave a representation at Albano or Frascati, he seldom failed to make one of their audience. Then when the humour came upon him, he would retire to the solitude of his palace, and shut himself up from the world. It was on these occasions, I fear, that many a bottle of his favourite Cyprus wine was uncorked and summoned to drive away the fits of depression that seized upon him.

In spite of the remark of the English Envoy at Naples, that the life of the Prince was 'sober and regular,' he still drank deeply. For a little time after his entrance into society, he had put a check upon himself so far as to pay a certain amount of deference to the *convenances* of life, and was not seen in his cups on all occasions, as had been his custom heretofore. He had also taken to drink irregularly; for days the temptation would quit him, and he would be almost temperate in his habits; then the craving would come back upon him with renewed force after its temporary absence, and he would be sottishness itself.

'The Pretender,' writes one who was an eye witness of his habits at this time,[1] 'is naturally above the middle size, but stoops excessively; he appears bloated and red in the face; his countenance heavy and sleepy, which is attributed to his having given in to excess of drinking; but when a young man he must have been esteemed handsome. His complexion is of the fair tint, his eyes blue, his hair light brown, and the contour of his face a long oval; he is by no means thin, has a noble person, and a

[1] *Letters of an Englishwoman*, vol. ii. p. 198; quoted from Earl Stanhope's *Forty-Five*, pp. 140, 141.

graceful manner. His dress was scarlet, laced with broad gold lace; he wears the blue riband outside of his coat, from which depends a cameo antique, as large as the palm of my hand; and he wears the same garter and motto as those of the noble order of St. George in England. Upon the whole, he has a melancholy, mortified appearance. Two gentlemen constantly attend him; they are of Irish extraction, and Roman Catholics, you may be sure. . . . At Princess Palestrina's, he asked me if I understood the game of *Tarrochi*, which they were about to play at. I answered in the negative; upon which, taking the pack in his hands, he desired to know if I had ever seen such odd cards? I replied that they were very odd indeed. He then, displaying them, said, "There is everything in the world to be found in these cards—the sun, the moon, the stars; and here," says he, throwing me a card, "is the Pope; here is the devil; and," added he, "there is but one of the trio wanting, and you know who that should be!" I was so amazed, so astonished, though he spoke this last in a laughing good humoured manner, that I did not know which way to look; and as to reply I made none.'

As the summer of 1770 approached, his physicians ordered Charles to quit Rome, and take the baths of Pisa. Dissipation was beginning to do its work of destruction upon his frame, and it was considered advisable to arrest its progress. To Pisa therefore Charles went, but on his way he passed through Florence; and as the fair city had always been full of attraction to him, he halted there for a few days. It soon became known that Count Albany—for so he called himself—was in the place. The Grand Duke and his ministers ignored the arrival of the illustrious visitor, but not so the *élite* of the Florentine aristocracy, who called upon him, and showed him every attention. Seated in state in his rooms, with 'the Garter under his coat, and the badge of St. Andrew at the button-hole of his waistcoat,' he held his *levées*. Banquets were spread in his honour; concerts were given; he was invited to balls; but in spite of all this attention, the one distinction he coveted was withheld. No one treated him with royal honours: not one was found who gave him the title of King of England.[1]

From Florence he travelled to Pisa, where he remained several weeks, and derived, it is said, great benefit from the baths. Here he touched 'two or three very low people' afflicted with scrofula, who applied to him for the cure that

[1] Sir H. Mann, Aug. 17, 1770.

the royal hand was believed to effect.[1] On leaving Pisa, Charles returned to Florence with the intention of remaining there some little time, as he had been so pleased with the welcome lately shown him. But the Grand Duke, on learning the fuss the Florentines had made in receiving the Prince, was anything but delighted with the news, and, fearing the strong arm of England, gave orders that should the Prince pay the city a second visit, no notice was to be taken of his arrival. Accordingly, instead of the flattering attentions he had expected to receive, Charles was treated with studied coldness.

The contrast was so marked that it was not long before the Prince ascertained its true cause. When he learnt that his presence was disagreeable to the Grand Duke, and dreaded by the Ministers, the old obstinacy that loved opposition simply for the sake of opposition was aroused within him, and he determined to take up his abode in Florence. He was advised semi-officially to quit the city; he refused. His friends, fearful 'that his violent temper, heated by the wine he was always taking, might induce him to commit some great irregularity in public of which the Government would be obliged to take notice,' used all their efforts to change his resolve.[2] In vain; Charles said he preferred Florence to Rome, and nothing would drive him forth. At last so continued was his opposition that it became necessary for his brother to interfere, and threaten him with his severe displeasure unless he instantly removed his quarters. As the Cardinal held the purse-strings, Charles thought it more prudent to retire from Florence than incur the risk of having his allowance diminished by arousing the animosity of his brother. He returned to Pisa, where he rented a villa, and again went through a course of the baths. Here we are told that he led 'the same irregular life as at Rome, being totally addicted to drinking.'[3] Suddenly he took his departure in a most mysterious manner, assumed the name of Smith, and arrived at Paris late in the winter of 1771.

[1] Sir H. Mann, Sept. 8, 1770. [2] *Ibid.* Oct. 6, 1770. [3] *Ibid.* April 2, 1771.

CHAPTER XX.

MARRIAGE.

Was ever woman in this humour wooed?
Was ever woman in this humour won?
I'll have her.
Here is a mother now
Will truck her daughter for a foreign venture.

SOME few years before his death the Chevalier de St. George had wished to see his eldest son married. He may have hoped that the charms of domesticity would have caused Charles to abandon the irregular life he was leading, and wean him from the thraldom of the detestable vice then enslaving him. The anxiety of James to see the Prince settled is evident from the gossip in the latter portion of Walton's correspondence, but all the matrimonial negotiations which had for their object the happiness of Charles seem to have fallen through. The son was averse to the holy state. Early in the year 1754 he had been urged by his father to take a wife, but he replied that 'the unworthy behaviour of certain ministers (the 10th of December, 1748) has put it out of my power to settle anywhere without honour or interest being at stake; and were it even possible for me to find a place of abode, I think our family have had sufferings enough, which will always hinder me to marry, so long as in misfortune, for that would only conduce to increase misery, or subject any of the family that should have the spirit of their father, to be tied neck and heel rather than yield to a vile ministry.'[1] But political reasons—we are hardly justified in saying a personal inclination—were now to change this resolve.

In the opinion of the Bourbon government, it was considered unwise that the race of the Stuarts should be extinguished. The younger brother was a priest: the future hopes of the House were therefore centred in the elder. Dissipated, degraded, a wreck both in mind and body, Charles, let him only perpetuate his line, might yet serve as a thorn in the side of the House of Hanover. The money question settled satisfactorily to himself, all knew there would be no difficulty either in persuading the Prince to marry, or in finding some fair girl

[1] Stuart Papers, March 24, 1754. Stanhope.

ready to accept his hand and his quasi-royal honours. Instructed by the French Court, the Duc de Fitzjames wrote to the Prince at Pisa offering him a handsome pension provided he would marry the woman chosen for him. Charles hurried to Paris and readily closed with the proposal.

The victim selected to carry out this political arrangement was a young pretty woman of good birth but slender fortune. Her father, Gustavus Adolphus, Prince of Stolberg-Gedern, came of an ancient and distinguished family, which had lately been raised to princely rank. Her mother, a daughter of the illustrious House of Horn, was naturally allied to the Bruces in Scotland, the Montmorencys and Créquis in France, the De Croys and De Lignes in the Low Countries, the Colonnas and Orsinis in Italy, and the Gonzagas and Medinas in Spain. Thus, in the veins of the fair Louise, Princess of Stolberg, there ran blood blue enough to satisfy the most inquisitive of heralds. But, as not unfrequently happens where the pedigree is illustrious, the circumstances of her family were in an inverse ratio to their splendour of descent. The House of Stolberg was impoverished. Her husband, a lieutenant-general in the Austrian service, having been killed in the bloody victory of Frederick the Great over Marshal Daun, at Leuthen, the mother of Louisa had been left a widow at an early age, with four daughters to provide for: the future titular Queen of England being then in her sixth year. The brave Empress Maria Theresa now came to the aid of the afflicted family: the mother had a pension assigned her, and the daughters received the Imperial protection.

There then existed in the Austrian Netherlands various well-endowed Chapters exclusively reserved for such of the female aristocracy as could prove the requisite number of quarterings. The Chapter of Mons was the most distinguished, and the first stall that fell vacant was placed at the disposal of the widowed mother, who nominated her eldest daughter. For the first few years Louisa was busy with her education in a convent, then, when she had reached the age of seventeen, for there was little of an ecclesiastical character about these Chapters beyond the name, she entered upon her full rights as canoness. For three years she enjoyed the refined society of her order, leading a life of graceful repose and cultivated intercourse, till the cold calculating eye of politics spied her in her calm retreat and took her forth to mate with an exhausted *viveur* of fifty-two.

In spite of the teaching of the convent, and the religious

title she bore, the fair blue-eyed young *chanoinesse* was as practically worldly as if she had been trained by the typical Belgravian mother. She weighed the offer made to her in the most mundane of scales, and found that the advantages made the disadvantages kick the beam. Of the love that she had read in romances she knew there could be none: her husband was twice her years, worn out, seldom seen but in his cups, a man now degraded, unworthy, and vile. But Cupid is not the only deity that presides over the altar of Hymen: high rank, wealth, and a superior order of social surroundings often usurp his authority and use his influence only to mask a calculating policy. 'For the young canoness of Mons,' writes Herr Von Reumont,[1] 'this marriage might have attractions. It was a crown that was offered her—a crown without true significance, but wreathed by the splendour which is lent by centuries of legitimacy and great events—a crown which had once belonged to the glorious race of Robert Bruce, whose blood flowed in her veins—a crown set in rich pearls by the truth of a people, by the sanctity of misfortune, by ready courage in danger, by cheerfulness in self-sacrifice. *Dieu et mon droit*, and the Scottish *Nemo me impune lacessit*, found an echo in the device of the Stolberg's *Spes nescia falli*, in the *Fuimus* of the Bruces.' Who could tell, in the fluctuations of European politics, whether the crown now on the brows of the feeble toper would always be shadowy and 'without true significance'? The black clouds of adversity, which had so long enveloped the fortunes of his race, might be dispelled, and the exile yet wield the splendid power of the sceptre. Paris, said Henry IV., was well worth a mass, and to be a future Queen of England was, in the deep blue eyes of the Princess Stolberg, well worth a sacrifice of the affections.

As soon as Lord Harcourt, the English Ambassador at Paris, heard of the arrival of the Prince, he at once put himself in communication with the French Government. Colonel Blaquière, the Secretary to the Embassy, called upon the Duc d'Aiguillon, and begged to know whether there was any truth in the report of the Pretender being in Paris. In reply, the Minister said it was perfectly true that the Pretender had been staying in Paris, and that he had been *en ville* several days. 'But,' added the Duc, with diplomatic innocence, 'the very

[1] *Die Gräfin von Albany.* My quotation is from Mr. Hayward's most interesting review of Von Reumont's work in his *Biographical and Critical Essays*, vol. ii. p. 198.

instant I was informed of it, I sent to him to know his business —what brought him hither? He returned for answer that he was come to marry a rich heiress, a woman in Germany, and that he wished to stay at Paris that he might be more at hand to transact the matter. This wish we refused to comply with, and ordered him to quit the kingdom immediately, and to wait the issue of his adventures elsewhere. Pray inform his Excellency that our orders have been strictly carried out. We desired the Duc de Fitzjames to see the Pretender safe across the Alps, and by this time the two must have arrived in Italy.'—'Then it was only a question of marriage?' asked the colonel; 'we had heard he was meditating designs upon Poland, and feared that his mission was to demand French aid.' The Duc assured the Secretary that the visit of the Pretender had nothing whatever to do with politics, that it related simply to his marrying some one, a German lady, he believed, and that his Excellency might be assured that his Most Christian Majesty would never dream of disturbing the *entente cordiale* that existed between England and France by encouraging, in any manner, one whose pretensions were so out of date and so offensive to his august ally.[1]

Satisfied that this visit of the Prince had nothing whatever to do with an attempt to obtain the Polish kingdom, now on the eve of dismemberment, for himself, the English Government took but scant interest in the story of his marriage. When the ceremony occurred, Colonel Blaquière simply mentioned the fact in his despatches, and then passed on to matters of greater importance.[2] The French Ministry seem also to have regarded the affair somewhat nonchalantly, and to have treated Charles not a little cavalierly. He had consented to the arrangement, and that was all that was now required of him. There was no reason why he should remain in Paris—a stay of any length would simply give rise to rumours and gossip that had better be avoided. The marriage would not take place for some little time, and if it was thought advisable to have it celebrated at Paris, the ceremony could easily be performed by proxy. It was, all things considered, desirable that the Prince should return at once to Italy, and, as it was known that he was somewhat erratic when travelling, Fitzjames would be sent to accompany him on his journey. Thus there were some grains

[1] State Papers, France. Lord Harcourt, Oct. 1, 1771. No. 525.
[2] *Ibid.* March 29, 1772.

of truth in the statement made by the Duc to the Secretary of Embassy.

Much to his surprise, therefore, Charles had no sooner signified his assent to the bargain than he was ordered to take his departure. It did not suit him to refuse. He had been bought, and was bound to comply with the wishes of his purchasers. But, added to the conduct of the Ministers on that hated tenth of December, added also to the fact that he was incessantly putting himself under obligations—obligations which a manlier nature would have rejected—to this detested France, it only made him abhor Frenchmen the more. To his dying hour he never spoke of a Frenchman but with contempt. Perhaps one of the reasons why the Duc and his colleagues were so anxious for the speedy departure of the Prince was, as d'Aiguillon admitted, that he was drunk and besotted during the whole time of his stay, and that 'it was impossible to account for every act of folly and absurdity that might enter into such a head.'[1] Among these acts of 'folly and absurdity' might be the admission that France, in spite of her esteem for her august ally of Great Britain, had bribed the Prince to marry, and had even selected as his bride the 'German lady' so vaguely spoken of by the Duc d'Aiguillon.

The marriage took place secretly at Paris, March 28, 1772, by proxy, the mother of the bride hastening the ceremony for fear that the Empress Maria Theresa might oppose the proceedings. The Duc de Fitzjames represented Charles and signed the contract. The ceremony over, the Princess and her mother started at once for Venice, and then took ship at Trieste for Ancona. Thanks to the courtesy of an Italian noble, who offered his château at Macerata for the purpose, the marriage ceremony was again performed. The day chosen was somewhat ominous; it was April 17, which fell on a Good Friday. In after-life the Countess of Albany, when commenting upon the unhappiness of her union with the Prince, was wont to say that it was only what could be expected 'from a marriage solemnised on the lamentation day of Christendom.'

After spending a couple of days at Macerata, the newly married pair left for Terni, where they were received by Count Spada, whose brother had been long attached to the Court of the Stuarts. The ladies of the house were charmed with the grace and animation of the bride, but not unnaturally seem to have been astonished that so beautiful a girl, whose complexion

[1] State Papers, France. Oct. 20, 1771. No. 525.

was certainly not in want of any of the appliances of art, should have worn rouge. The Princess, however, not only defended her use of the meretricious article, but strongly recommended it to the Countess Spada, who was among the freshest of Tuscan beauties. The Countess, preferring the bloom of nature, failed to be convinced.

On April 22, Charles entered Rome with his wife. By the exertions of the Cardinal, an appearance of royal pomp was given to their arrival. Four couriers rode in front; then followed the travelling carriage of the Prince; then that of the Princess, drawn by six horses, in which were the bride and bridegroom; then two other carriages containing the suite, and last of all the carriages of the Cardinal York. Shortly after their arrival the Cardinal called upon the Princess and presented her with a rich snuff-box set in diamonds containing a draft for forty thousand crowns. Charles, as soon as he had taken up his abode at the Palace Muti, informed Cardinal Pallavicini, the Secretary of State, of the arrival of the 'King and Queen of England.' No notice was, however, taken of this formal announcement; the Vatican had been too well tutored to recognise the title.

But with the single exception of refusing to acknowledge their royal rank, the Eternal City was quite willing to prove itself most agreeable to the lately wedded pair. Everywhere the Prince and Princess were treated with the utmost courtesy and consideration. The Pope and the Sacred College showed them attention. They were freely invited to dinners and balls by the greatest among the Roman aristocracy. When they issued cards for a reception, their *salons* were crowded. The ladies permitted the Princess to assume airs and a disregard for social rules to which she was not strictly entitled. She received visitors, but she did not return visits, and on all occasions she arrogated to herself rights which none but the very loyally disposed were disposed at last to concede. The Prince, proud of his beautiful wife, was always by her side, and took far more kindly than had been his custom to the pleasures of society. He was generally to be seen driving about the city during the day, and in the evenings listening to concerts unless specially invited elsewhere. Thus passed the winter of 1772.

'The Queen of Hearts,' says Bonsetten, the accomplished patrician of Berne,[1] 'as the Queen of England was called, was

[1] Von Reumont. *Hayward's Review*, p. 200.

of the middle height, blonde, with deep-blue eyes, a nose slightly turned up, the complexion dazzlingly fair, like that of an Englishwoman. Her expression was maliciously gay, but naturally not without a dash of raillery; her nature more French than German. She seemed made to turn everybody's head. The Pretender was large, lean, of a kindly disposition, talkative. He delighted to speak English, and spoke much and willingly of his adventures, interesting enough for a stranger, whilst those about him might possibly have been obliged to listen to them a hundred times. His young wife laughed heartily at the history of his having been disguised in woman's clothes, considering his mien and stature.'

Hopes were entertained that the Prince was now becoming a reformed character. He had abandoned his habits of excessive drinking, and it seemed as if the society of his bright and pretty wife sufficiently compensated him for the diminution of stimulants. If somewhat jealous, he was a most devoted husband, and, proud of the wit and beauty of the Princess, danced incessant attendance upon her. Conscious of the admiration she excited, he regarded it as a tribute to himself, and gay company accordingly became all the more agreeable to him. Those who had known him during 'the Forty Five,' and were aware of the change that had come over him subsequently, believed that the dissipation of the past would never be repeated.

But the reform was only temporary; the demon had departed for a while, but was soon to return with renewed vigour. As novelty wore off, and the leaven of satiety began to work its bitter way, the Prince gradually fell into his old habits. Before the year 1773 had come to a close, he was more a victim of intoxication than ever. 'For some time after his marriage,' writes Sir Horace Mann,[1] 'he abstained from any great excess in wine, but of late he has given into it again as much as ever, so that he is seldom quite sober, and frequently commits the greatest disorders in his family.' His peevishness and spite and brooding grievances, which comparative sobriety had dispelled, now came back to him. He found fault with Rome, and with the equivocal position he occupied. He began to hold aloof from the company he had once gladly frequented. He desired to be treated with royal honours. He intrigued with the Cardinals, and once more laid his case before the Pope. During the earlier part of his stay, when the nervous system was not irritated by constant intoxication, he had been

[1] Dec. 11, 1773.

content to forego these embarrassing demands, and was perfectly happy in the sympathy and consideration everywhere shown him. But now nothing could satisfy him but that he should enjoy the rank his father enjoyed, and be the mimic King of a mimic Court. The Pope refused to alter the former verdict of the Sacred College, and declined to receive him as a crowned head. In a huff Charles quitted Rome, and vowed that he never would enter its gates again.

For a few weeks he sojourned at Leghorn, but, disliking the thriving port, he rented a villa at Sienna. This time and place are the starting-point of a curious tale that has been told. It is said that, whilst staying at this dreariest of all Italian cities, the Princess was unexpectedly confined of a son. Dreading the designs of the House of Hanover, the parents consigned the child to one Admiral Allan, whose frigate was lying at anchor off the coast. The admiral accepted the charge, returned to England, and brought up the infant as his own son. Years passed on, the royal lad, the secret of whose birth was still kept, took to the sea, acquitted himself with great gallantry in several affairs with smugglers, married an English lady, and had issue two sons, whose descendants are now living. If this story be true, the Stuart dynasty is not extinct in its direct line, and it still has amongst us representatives who can put the claims of the House of Modena to be the last of the race completely in the shade.

But a clumsier story, delusion, or imposture was never conceived. If we may believe anything, we may believe that the Countess of Albany was a childless wife. We know how, in our own time, when a royal dame becomes *enceinte*, the fact, though devoid of all political interest, is, thanks to the inquisitive eye of gossip, an open secret to the world at large. Royalty occupies so exalted a position that it cannot escape comment on these delicate occasions. And in the case of the Stuarts the concealment of such an event, however much the parents may have desired it, would have been almost impossible.

From the letters of Walton, Mann, and the other less important envoys, we see how minutely the actions of the Stuarts were criticised. The father and mother of Charles could do nothing without Walton noting it down and reporting it to his Government. He knew, weeks before the birth of Charles, that the Princess Clementine was in an interesting condition; and he was similarly informed before the birth of Henry.

Charles and Louisa in their turn had to undergo the same espionage. The titular King and Queen of England could not attend mass, could not drive out, could not receive friends, could not order new liveries—nay, could hardly talk in private together, without an inquisitive envoy becoming informed of the matter. It made no difference whether they resided at Rome, Leghorn, Sienna, Pisa, or whatever city they for the moment affected, within a few hours of their arrival everything relating to them was being commented upon by an attentive Secretary of Legation.

Sir Horace Mann—one of the ablest of the diplomatists of his day—was especially vigilant respecting the actions and movements of the royal couple: his own words are, 'I have most authentic means of being informed of everything that goes on in the Pretender's house.' It was known that France had married the Prince with the one object of perpetuating the line of the Stuarts; nor was there any reason why the Princess should not become a mother. The attention of the envoy was therefore naturally directed to the probabilities of such an event taking place. What does he say? 'As I have lately observed an article in the English newspapers which asserts that Cardinal York was dead and that his sister-in law is with child, I think it my duty to acquaint your lordship that both these circumstances are false.'[1] Can we imagine that, with a keen man like Mann spying upon her every action, the Princess could have become *enceinte* without his being made aware of a fact which would be well known to almost every dame at an Italian Court? Or supposing that he had been in ignorance of the condition of the Princess, is it likely that she could bring a child into the world without his becoming, sooner or later, acquainted with the event? However carefully the secret might be preserved, it would be known to too many persons — doctors, nurses, and the like—not to leak out.

But to proceed with this ingenious story. After the birth of the child, and to escape the murderous designs of the House of Hanover, we are told that the infant was delivered into the hands of Admiral Allan. It seems strange that such a charge should be consigned, not to a staunch Tory, not to a trusty Jacobite, but to a zealous Whig, such as Allan was known to be, and it seems still more strange that the admiral should die in apparent ignorance, as his will proves, that the younger

[1] Sept. 22, 1772.

of the two children he was accustomed to regard as his sons was of royal blood. We might also comment upon the somewhat unusual occurrence of a gallant naval officer returning home with a forlorn babe—who nursed it?—as a secret member of his crew. Would not such an addition to the ship's company have soon been discovered by the sailors, been freely talked about, and made the subject of mess-room jokes? But the strongest evidence against the story has yet to be urged. We know that, shortly after the Countess of Albany eloped with her lover, Charles sent for his natural daughter by Miss Walkenshaw, treated her with every kindness, created her Duchesse d'Albanie, and at his death left her everything he possessed. Never do we hear of his alluding, during the latter years of his life, to any other child, and we can scarcely believe that, if he had a legitimate son, who, at the time of his death, must have been some nineteen years of age, he would never mention his name, never make any attempt to discover where he was concealed, but act up to the time of his death as if in utter ignorance that an heir had ever been born unto him. We know how Charles, to his dying day, buoyed himself up with the hope of ascending the throne of England, we know how sensitive he was about his ancient House becoming blotted out among the royal families of Europe, we know that his quarrel with his brother for taking priest's orders was simply due to the fact that, if anything happened to the elder son, the younger was now rendered unable to perpetuate the line; and, knowing all this, is it not ridiculous to suppose that if Charles had a lawful heir to his name he would have rejected him in favour of a bastard daughter, and not have been only too eager to acknowledge him?

Again, the Countess of Albany was certainly a woman of very doubtful reputation, but it does not follow that, because a wife has been faithless to her husband, she should necessarily be callous to the strongest feeling that animates human nature—the affection of a mother. The Countess of Albany lived for many years—she did not die till 1824—and yet we never hear from her lover Alfieri, or from his successor, the painter Fabre, that she ever mentioned having had a son. Surely we are wronging the dead in supposing that the wife of Prince Charles, frivolous though she was, could yet have been so deaf to all the promptings of her kind as never to think of or inquire after the son she had borne in the early days of her marriage—the only

child, too, that she had ever brought into the world? Whatever estimate we form of the *carissima donna* of Alfieri, there is nothing to show that she was destitute of affection: on the contrary, her affections, though ill-regulated, were warm and impulsive. Characters like hers have little of the unnatural coldness of the mother of Savage in their composition.

We have one other point to raise. Some little time before his death Charles was on the best of terms with the Cardinal. He confessed to his brother everything; told him of the conduct of the Countess and of the *liaison* that had existed, unknown to his Eminence, between her and Alfieri; spoke to him of his daughter and desired him to watch over her welfare; and left in his hands the management of the Jacobite party. Had this child been born as alleged, we may safely conclude that at this time, if never before, he would have mentioned the matter to his brother. That he did not is evident from the subsequent conduct of the Cardinal, who styled himself Henry IX., King of England, on the death of Charles, and ever regarded himself as the last in direct line of the royal House of Stuart. Having thus disposed of this improbable fable, still credited in some parts of Scotland (but who, after a recent trial, can be surprised at the eccentricities of human credulity?), it is as clear as proof can make anything clear that no child was ever borne by the wife of Prince Charles. The story is but an ill-digested tale from beginning to end, and has only to be read to bring with it its own refutation.[1]

The fair capital of Tuscany had always been a favourite city with the Prince, and towards the end of October 1774 he quitted Sienna and took up his abode at Florence. The Grand Duke Peter Leopold, second son of Maria Theresa, desirous of maintaining good relations with England, declined, however, to recognise his arrival, and gave orders that no official notice should be taken of him. Still, as at Rome, society was willing to receive him with every courtesy and attention. In spite of the Grand Ducal instructions, several members of the Government called upon him, and their example was followed by the different foreign ministers stationed at the Tuscan capital. The fair Florentines paid their visits of ceremony to the Princess, and, so far as social hospitalities were concerned, the distinguished couple had little cause for discontent. But Charles, piqued at the conduct of the Grand Duke, as he had

[1] For a full and unanswerable *exposé* of this sorry romance, see the article by Lockhart in the *Quarterly Review*, vol. lxxxi. p. 57.

been at that of the Vatican, coldly held himself aloof. He preferred the pleasures the city offered him outside its gay *salons.* He loved to wander about its exquisite gardens, to explore the treasures of its palaces, to examine the tombs and the bronzes of its churches, and to take his favourite walk along the banks of the Arno. Nor was his wife a whit more amiably disposed towards the society of the place. In her own eyes she was Queen of England, and was even more royal in her ideas than her husband. She received the visits of the Florentine dames with all due grace and urbanity, but, as at Rome, she refused to return their visits. The haughty ladies of the Tuscan Court declined to be treated in this cavalier fashion, and, unlike their Roman sisters, refused to accept her hospitalities or enter her house.[1] Society would receive her on a footing of equality, but such reception the wife of Charles III. haughtily objected to. Thus the two, owing to their exclusive airs, were left much to themselves.

The Prince, as if to show how little he cared for the refusal of the Grand Duke to recognise his claims, and how lightly he regarded such claims, gave out that he wished himself and his wife to be styled merely the Count and Countess Albany; nor would he permit the few people who visited him to call him by any other title.[2] But such a request, instead of displaying indifference, only proved how sore was the wound. There can be no doubt that Charles was galled to the quick by having the distinction he claimed, and his father had received, withheld from him. All his acts showed it. He seldom entered the well-winnowed circles of Florentine society, but he loved to lounge about the rooms whenever a public ball took place. Thus it not unfrequently happened that he and his wife, in the pursuit of the gaieties they affected, came across the path of the Grand Duke and Duchess, who invariably refused to recognise them.[3] Charles, who had been regarded as an equal by potentates like Louis XV., felt keenly, in spite of his assumed nonchalance, this snubbing by a petty Italian sovereign. The following anecdote testifies how keenly. The Duke of Ostrogothia was then incognito at Florence as Count d'Oeland. Calling upon the Prince, whom he had known in former days, he was asked to dinner, and accepted the invitation. Charles, delighted with his distinguished guest, grasped his hand as they sat at table, and said with effusion, '*Ah, Monsieur le*

[1] Sir H. Mann, Sept. 26, 1775. [2] *Ibid.* [3] *Ibid.* Feb. 6, 1776.

Comte, quelle consolation pour moi de dîner avec un de mes égaux!'[1]

The theatre had always been a favourite amusement of the Prince, and, now that he was left much to himself, hardly a night passed without his occupying his box. He did not take any special interest in the performance, for at that time of the evening he had evidently, to put it kindly, 'dined,' and was not in a condition to appreciate the intricacies of a plot or the charms of an aria. But he liked the lights and the crowd, and could drowse away, if he so chose, perfectly undisturbed.[2] Not unfrequently, on these occasions he would draw forth from the recesses of his *loge* a bottle of his favourite Cyprus wine, and beguile the tedium of the 'waits' by libations which soon rendered him occasionally disorderly and always incapable. It was when in this state that the melancholy scenes ensued which made his name a byword and a reproach throughout Europe. When very drunk, the middle-class Florentines who patronised the drama had the pleasure of seeing the heir of an ancient house, the titular monarch of Great Britain and a defender of the faith, a man who in his youth had done brave deeds and been filled with generous impulses, carried to his carriage by his servants, his head hanging on his breast, his legs trailing along the staircase, and the lips, if the brain was not completely stupefied, breathing forth curse and menace. One evening when his favourite Cyprus wine was strong within him, he roundly abused a French officer who was standing in the corridor close to his box. Indignant at such conduct, the son of Gaul drew himself haughtily up, and said that he supposed Monsieur le Comte was unaware to whom he was addressing such injurious language. But Charles, who was drunk enough to be quarrelsome, and not enough to be stupid, was perfectly conscious of the insults he was offering. 'I know you to be a Frenchman,' said he, with a sneer, 'and that is sufficient.'[3]

As might be expected, it was not long before this incessant intoxication began to do its work of destruction upon his frame. The fatigues of the '45, and the anxieties of later years, had greatly impaired his once robust constitution. He had now arrived at a time of life when excess quickly reaps as it sows. Unlike many of the great topers of his age, who worked off the heavy potations of the previous night by hard exercise, or severe intellectual excitement, on the following day, the Prince did nothing save amuse himself in a manner that aggravated the

[1] Sir H. Mann, Sept. 21, 1776. [2] *Ibid.* Sept. 5, 1775. [3] *Ibid.* Nov. 29, 1774.

craving for drink. He would saunter along the Arno, or idle about galleries, already half stupid with the wine he had taken to quench his dry thirst at breakfast and with the whisky he drank at his midday meal. Or else he would drive in the gardens, bored and discontented with himself, and longing for the evening, when he could take his fill of the vintage he loved, and then, excited or stupefied as the case might be, huddle himself in his box at the theatre, or watch the women dancing at a masked ball. But, toward the end of 1776 nature gave him a warning. His legs began to swell, and caused him great pain. He suffered much from colic, and was a victim to constant sickness. He was advised to abstain from ardent spirits, and to take care of himself. But, with the reckless obstinacy of the habitual sot, he would allow nothing to interfere with the full gratification of his favourite vice. He drank even harder than ever to drown reflection, and as usual went every evening to the theatre, 'though the sickness at his stomach often obliged him to retire in a hurry into the public passage, where two of his servants attended to give him assistance.' [1]

At last alarming complications ensued. A dropsy formed in his breast; he lost his appetite, and was attacked by a severe cough. It was now absolutely necessary for him to be more temperate. He drank less during the day, but in the evening he fully compensated for this privation, and we read that in his nightly visits to the theatre he was supported by his servants from his coach to his box, and then, extended on a couch, would watch the stage, sipping the while the Cyprus he always brought with him. A more degrading exhibition of the loss of self-control and the utter annihilation of self-respect we cannot conceive.

But Nemesis was already on his track. Of all the vices none, it is said, falls with more severity upon the innocent, whom circumstances force into contact with it, than habitual intoxication. The home life of the drunkard is perhaps the most painful picture that crime and misery have ever depicted. Everything becomes neglected; domestic happiness is ruined at its very foundation; the man is brutalised; the wife is unsexed, the children are as if they were not; the flashes of peace which arise from the morbid sulks of remorse are as trying to bear as the occasional fits of delight that ring with the echo of the maniac. In how many cases has the drunken woman met her fate at the hands of an exasperated husband?

[1] Sir H. Mann, Sept. 28, 1776.

In how many cases has the drunken husband but paved the way for the elopement of an insulted wife?

More than once must the quondam young canoness have regretted the quiet and refinement of Mons when she compared the charms of its past with the storms and anxieties of the present. Little had she gained by the marriage, whose false brilliancy had allured her. She was a queen, but none acknowledged her rank, and a fiend rather than a divinity hedged the privileges which she claimed, but none accorded. She had raised herself out of her own order, but a superior sphere had not admitted her. She hovered between two social worlds, and belonged to neither. Alone, unrecognised, conscious of her beauty and of her powers to please and conquer, she had for her constant companion one whose society was a degradation and a loathsome bondage. She was ill-treated by her husband, as he had formerly been accustomed to ill-treat the woman he lived with. He vented his spite upon her, and abused her when his fits of depression required a butt. Jealous of her beauty, and conscious of her rising scorn for him, he always shackled her with his companionship. She was never left alone, and was incessantly subject to the annoyances that a coarse and irritable mind loves to inflict upon a woman—in its power. Gradually the hatred of Mary for Darnley stole over her. Her health, Mann tells us, began to suffer. Among the Florentine dames she had made no intimacies, and could not seek that consolation which the heavily laden finds in confession to a sympathetic hearer. She pined for friendship and intellectual companionship. A more dangerous situation for a young, pretty, and neglected woman, surrounded by the lax examples of Tuscan morality, there could scarcely be.

Thus matters stood when an event occurred which was to change the weary monotony of her life.

CHAPTER XXI.

UNO CAVALIERE SERVENTE.

O Lancelot, get thee hence to thine own land,
For if thou tarry, we shall meet again,
And if we meet again, some evil chance
Will make the smouldering scandal break and blaze
Before the people and our lord the king.
And Lancelot ever promised, but remained,
And still they met and met.

THE winter season of the year 1777 had barely begun to attract its usual crowd of visitors within the gay capital of Tuscany, when there arrived a tall, pale visaged, red-haired young man, whose accent proclaimed him to be a native of Piedmont. He was unknown, and, when men said his name was Vittorio Alfieri, few were any the wiser. After a life of wandering dissipation, the future dramatist had resolved to settle quietly down at Florence, there to master the beautiful language of the Grand Duchy, and there to give shape to the glowing images which his fertile brain was ever conceiving. Conscious of the genius that worked within him, his whole soul was now inspired by the ambition of bursting upon the world as the greatest poet of his day. He knew that the talent he possessed belonged to that high order which is born and cannot be made, but which hitherto he had taken little pains to polish by culture. As a lad he had left Turin but half educated to wander through Europe, spending his time in its different capitals by entering into intrigue after intrigue. Of noble birth, good fortune, an agreeable presence, and great natural gifts, it had fallen to his lot to be loved not wisely but too well by those whom his subtle charms ensnared. In his autobiography he records, with much frankness, these adventures, and the sufferings they entailed.

And yet, *orageuse* as had been his youth, his busy brain was throughout watching, working, and maturing. What he had lost by the careful training of education, he believed he had made up by the experiences that vice had opened out to him. The vicissitudes of his own career were a mine of wealth for his genius to draw upon. He felt that he was a poet, and his one aspiration was to turn his powers into the channel of the drama. Book learning he deemed of little advantage by itself; it was

only valuable when the man who was a severe student was also a keen man of the world. A man of the world Alfieri knew himself to be. He had seen much of society; he had keenly watched human nature; he had dissected, from the opportunities the sex had accorded him, more than one woman; he had a profound knowledge of character. The time had now arrived for him to exchange the *viveur* for the student. But three things he resolved to attend to. He would take Bacon's advice and read much, not many subjects. He would make himself master of the pure Tuscan dialect. And he must be under the influence of a grand passion. What Laura was to Petrarch, what Beatrice was to Dante, what Vittoria Colonna was to Michael Angelo, his ideal mistress must be to him. Residence at Florence he hoped would satisfy his requirements. There he knew he could study, could learn Italian, and there he hoped that 'worthy love' would bind him for ever. He arrived at the Tuscan city; read hard; rapidly acquired its language; and became enamoured.

The object of his passion was Louisa, Countess of Albany, and he thus introduces her: 'At the end of the preceding summer, which I passed at Florence, I had often,' he writes in his autobiography,[1] 'without seeking her, met a charming and beautiful lady, who, from her being also a foreigner and of distinction, it was impossible not to see and observe; and still more impossible that, seen and observed, she should not please every one in the highest degree. . . . A soft flame in the darkest of eyes, coupled (which rarely happens) with the whitest of skins and light hair, gave her beauty an attraction from which it was no easy matter to escape unwounded or unsubdued. Twenty-five years of age, much tendency to the fine arts and literature, a disposition all gold, and, notwithstanding her position, painful, disagreeable, domestic circumstances that seldom left her happy and contented as she should have been. These were too many charms to be rashly encountered.

'In this autumn, then, an acquaintance having often proposed to take me to her house, thinking myself strong enough, I summoned up courage to wait upon her; nor had I gone many times before I found myself, as it were, unconsciously caught. But the approach of this, my fourth and last fever of the heart, was fortunately manifested by symptoms different enough from the three first. In those I never found myself

[1] *Vita da Vittoria Alfieri da Asti.* Quoted from Mr. Hayward's Essay on the 'Countess of Albany and Alfieri.'

agitated by a passion of the mind, which, counterbalancing and mingling with that of the heart, formed (to speak with the poet) an unknown, indistinct combination, the more profound and lasting in proportion as it was less impetuous and fervent. Such was the flame which little by little got the upper hand of my every thought and feeling, and will never be extinguished in me but with life. Becoming aware in two months that my true lady was this one, since, instead of finding in her, as in all ordinary women, an obstacle to literary glory, a disturbance to useful occupation, and a hovering of thought, I found in her a spur, a comfort, and an example towards every good work, and recognising and appreciating so rare a treasure, I gave myself up to her beyond recall.' This last admission must bear no false construction. Whatever was the intimacy that afterwards existed between Alfieri and the Countess, the relationship at this time, so far as outward purity was concerned, was innocent. Circumstances compelled it to be Platonic.

The poet, inspired by the society and encouragement of his love, devoted himself with renewed vigour to his studies. He admitted the Countess into his intellectual confidence, and never meditated a work or composed a scene without asking her opinion and appealing to her judgment. To the young wife, who had a natural taste for culture and whose wit was keen, this companionship with genius was delightful. She took no pains to hide from the poet how agreeable she thought his society; she warmly sympathised with all his conceptions, and passed judgment upon them with the careful thought of an appreciative mind; all that he did interested her, and she showed her interest. In their frequent but limited interviews she spoke to him of her past, nor did she hesitate to excite his compassion by alluding to the miseries of the present. Two causes, however, prevented this dangerous intimacy from developing. Charles was furiously jealous, and in spite of his Italian associations had no intention that his place should be occupied by any *cavaliere servente.* He could not well banish the amorous poet from his presence, but he watched him closely and prevented opportunity. Though he did not treat his wife a whit more kindly than heretofore, he was now more than ever her constant companion. Shattered and stupefied as were his senses, he knew that danger was lurking near his threshold, and was Englishman enough to protect his name from dishonour. A stranger, on seeing the Countess always attended by her husband—when she drove out, or walked in the gal-

leries, or went to the theatre, or entered society—would have imagined them the most devoted of couples. But it was espionage on his part, a forced compliance on hers—not affection.

The poet, made on every occasion unpleasantly conscious of this marital vigilance, felt that the Fates were against him, and that his love must be *degno amore* and nothing more. He worked at his plays and poems with passionate energy in order to mitigate his ill-regulated disappointment. Sometimes he had five or six works on the stocks at once. 'Maria Stuarda,' 'Rosmunda,' 'Ottavia,' 'Timoleone,' were born during these feverish hours of frustrated guilt. This excessive occupation, as in the case of his brother bard Lord Byron, served its end, and, had he not known that his *carissima donna* was unhappy, his mind would have been at peace. 'My days,' he writes, referring to this period, 'passed in a kind of perfect calm; and it would have been unbroken if I had not frequently been pained to see my adored one teased by continual domestic annoyances brought about by her querulous, unreasonable, and constantly intoxicated old husband. Her sorrows were mine; and I have successively suffered the pangs of death from them. I could only see her in the evening, and sometimes at dinner at her house; *but with the spouse always present, or at best in the next room.* Not indeed that he took umbrage at me more than at others, but such was his system; and in nine years and more that this pair lived together, never, oh! never has he gone out without her, nor she without him: a cohesion which would end by becoming wearisome to two people who were ever so much in love with each other.

'The whole day, then, I remained at home studying, after riding on a hired horse for a couple of hours for mere health. In the evening I had the solace of seeing her; but too much embittered by finding her almost always afflicted and oppressed. If I had not most tenaciously adhered to study, I should have been unable to submit to see her so little and in such a manner. But, on the other hand, if I had not had that solitary solace of her most charming aspect for counterpoison to the bitterness of my solitude, I should never have been able to bear up against a study so continuous, and so (I might say) phrenzied.'

But matters were soon to assume a less innocent phase. Habitual intoxication had rendered Charles a complete brute. He treated his wife 'in the most indecent and cruel manner.'[1] He beat her as he had beaten Miss Walkenshaw. His

[1] Sir H. Mann, Dec. 12, 1780.

language towards her, always harsh and uncouth, now became coarse and abusive to a degree. He insulted her on every occasion, and cared not who were his witnesses. Aware of her regard for Alfieri, he reproached her with the sin she had not committed, but which, now in the hour of her bitter domestic misery, temptation had never made more alluring. How she must have contrasted the raving, unmanly monster who was her lawful lord and master, with the dark-eyed poet whose attentions had been so seductive, whose genius she honoured, and whose whole affections she knew she possessed! Between the lawful and the illicit how entirely every advantage was on the side of the latter!

It was one of those terrible moments in the life of woman when release, no matter at what a cost, is worth the purchase. She wrote to Cardinal York, who had always been her friend, and said that the conduct of his brother was past endurance, and begged him to advise her. He replied that she had his fullest sympathy, but exhorted her to bear with her husband's behaviour as long as she could. Should she be obliged to leave him, he promised her, however, his assistance and protection. His promise was soon called upon for fulfilment.

St. Andrew's Day had arrived, and the occasion was always celebrated by the Prince in drinking rather more than usual. Unhappy as had been the scenes that passed between husband and wife, the one that was now to ensue was the most painful. Mad with the liquor burning within him, Charles entered his nuptial chamber, and vented upon his wife abuse of the most outrageous character. Fierce recriminations then followed; but the husband was in no humour to listen to retorts. He seized the wretched woman, beat her, committed foul acts upon her, and then ended by attempting to choke her in bed. Her screams roused the whole house, and the interference of the servants prevented the maniac from adding the crime of the assassin to the base list of charges against him. From that moment the insulted wife resolved to sever the hated tie that bound her to the despicable creature. She knew not how to act, and, whilst meditating what course to pursue, Charles again brutally ill-treated her. Believing that her life was now in danger, she planned a flight. She informed the Grand Duke of her case, and begged his protection. Then, aided by Alfieri, whose advice she solicited, the following plot was concocted. The Countess was to invite a friend of hers, a lady, to breakfast with her husband, as she was often in the habit of doing.

After breakfast, Charles, as was his custom on these occasions, would invite the ladies to take the air in his coach. The invitation would be accepted; but instead of driving in the gardens or along the Arno, they were to pay a visit to a convent under the Grand Duchess's protection. Arrived at the convent, the ladies would enter, the door would be barred against the husband, and Alfieri, who was to be in waiting near the convent, was to be at hand to prevent the Prince, who always carried pistols in his pockets, from committing any acts of violence.

All was carried out as agreed upon. The Lady Superior of the convent was apprised of the intended visit, the coach of the Prince rolled up to the gateway on the morning fixed upon, the ladies alighted, Alfieri handing out the Countess, and entered the convent. On the Prince attempting to follow he was repulsed by Alfieri, and the door was immediately shut and barred. Half beside himself with rage, Charles thundered at the grating, and demanded his wife. A lady of the Tuscan Court, who assumed the direction of the convent in the name of the Grand Duchess, now came forward and said that 'the Countess Albanie had put herself under the direction of the Grand Duke, and that being in danger of her life had resolutely determined never to cohabit with him any more.' Upon this the Prince returned home, vowing the deadliest revenge, and offering one thousand sequins to anybody who would kill Alfieri.[1]

The poet treated with the supremest scorn the imputations gossip levelled at him for rescuing the Countess. The charges were so beneath contempt that he would not condescend to vindicate himself. 'Suffice it to say,' he writes, 'that I saved my lady from the tyranny of an irrational and constantly drunken master, without *her honour being in any way whatever compromised*, nor the proprieties in the least transgressed.' When we remember the extraordinary vigilance that the jealous husband exercised over the Countess—'the spouse always present, or at best in the next room'—we see no reason, in spite of subsequent behaviour, to doubt this statement. In the opinion of those who ought to have known, had the contrary occurred, no impropriety at this time was imagined. Sir Horace Mann calls Alfieri simply 'a gentleman of her acquaintance': the Vatican took the wife under its sacred protection; whilst the Cardinal, writing to her a few days after her escape, inviting her to Rome, says: 'I have long foreseen what has

[1] Sir H. Mann, Dec. 12, 1780.

happened, and your proceedings taken in concert with the Court, are a guarantee for the rectitude of your motives.'

Meanwhile the irritated husband was half beside himself with rage and disappointment. He instantly despatched Count Spada, the favourite of his household, to the Grand Duke, complaining of the conduct of the convent, and demanding that orders should be given for the immediate return of his wife. He received a very unfavourable answer.[1] Then he consoled himself with a petty revenge very grateful to him. In her flight the Countess had forgotten to take any clothes with her, and shortly after her admission into the convent sent a maid to get the things she required. Not an article of raiment, not a trinket, nor any of the 'common necessaries of which she stood in need,' would the Prince permit to be taken out of his palace. She had chosen to quit his roof, let her suffer for the consequences of her misconduct. She had exchanged his protection for that of new friends, let them provide for her. If she wanted aught from him, she should come as a suppliant and beg for it herself. But this refusal on the part of the Prince was no sooner reported to the Vatican than his Holiness sent an order to Charles commanding him to supply his wife with everything she stood in need of. The request, for reasons best known to the Prince, was immediately complied with.[2]

After a few days' seclusion, the Countess received the following letter from Cardinal York, desiring her to repair to Rome, where he had obtained the Papal permission for her to take up her residence in the Orsoline, the chief convent for ladies of distinction, till some final disposition should be made with regard to her.

'FRASCATI, *Dec.* 15, 1780.[3]

'MY VERY DEAR SISTER,—I cannot tell you the distress I suffered in reading your letter of the 9th inst. For some time past I have been anticipating what has now occurred, and the step you have taken in concert with the Court, is a guarantee for the rectitude of your motives. Besides, my very dear sister, you ought not to doubt my sentiments towards you, and how deeply I pity your situation; but, on the other hand, I beg of you to reflect that as regards your indissoluble union with my brother, I have had no other share in it than that of giving my formal consent after everything was concluded, without having

[1] Sir H. Mann, Dec. 12, 1780. [2] *Ibid.* Dec. 23, 1780.
[3] *Revue des Deux Mondes*, Jan. 15, 1861. Translated from the criticism M. Saint René Taillandier on Von Reumont's Biography.

had the slightest information beforehand; and, as to what relates to the time after the completion of your marriage, no one can be a better witness than yourself how utterly impossible it was for me to give you even the smallest help in your troubles and sorrows. Nothing can be wiser or more appropriate under the circumstances, than your petition to take shelter in a convent at Rome; therefore, I did not lose a moment in going to Rome expressly to serve you, and to arrange details with the Holy Father, whose kindness to me in the matter is beyond words to express. I thought about everything which could be more comfortable and agreeable to you, and I have the satisfaction of knowing that the Holy Father approves of all my suggestions. You will retire to the convent in which the Queen my mother was, during the time the King my father was the victim of a certain infatuation. The establishment is better conducted than in any other convent at Rome; French is spoken, and some among the community are very distinguished. Monseigneur Lascaris is at the head. Your title of Countess of Albany will protect you from a thousand annoyances, without in the slightest degree derogating from the respect which is your due, and which, I can assure you, you will receive on all sides. With regard to your request to go out to take the air, which is very necessary for your health, the Holy Father has had the kindness to let me decide the question: so that your mind can be perfectly at rest on that point, as on many other things which it is unnecessary for me to enter upon in detail with you. Sufficient to say, that you may be sure of being in good hands, and that I shall never hesitate openly to acknowledge the assistance I feel it my duty to render you in your situation, being perfectly sure that you will be a credit to the counsel and advice which I may take the liberty of occasionally giving you, and which will have no other object than that of obtaining your real good before God and man. The Nuncio has been written to very strongly to arrange that your departure be conducted in quiet and safety; you must agree to what he advises. I fancy that you will be accompanied by Madame de Marzan, and at the outside by two maid servants. Lastly, my very dear sister, let your mind be at rest, and allow yourself to be ruled by those who are attached to you; and, above all, never tell anyone, no matter whom, that you will never listen to proposals for returning to your husband. Do not fear, unless a miracle happens, that I shall have the courage to counsel such a step, but as it is probable

that God has permitted what has just occurred, in order to move you to the practice of an edifying life, so that the purity of your intentions and the justice of your cause be justified in the eyes of all the world, it may also be that the Lord wishes to effect by the same means the conversion of my brother. Still it is true that if I dare not flatter myself with the second, I have a sincere presentiment of the first, which largely consoles me in the depth of my present sorrow. Farewell, my very dear sister, be anxious about nothing: Monseigneur Lascaris, Cantini, and I will arrange all that is necessary. I feel deeply for you.

'Your very affectionate Brother,
'HENRY.—CARDINAL.'

The Princess set herself at once to obey. On December 30 she quitted the convent with all secrecy for the Eternal City. 'Besides her own servants,' writes Mann,[1] 'she was attended by one of the Nuncios, and other steps were taken by order of the Grand Duke for her greater security against any molestation, in case the Pretender should have got notice of her departure, which even as yet does not appear.' According to Herr Von Reumont, Alfieri and a Mr. Gahagan, disguised and well armed, occupied the box of the carriage during the first few miles of the road. This incident is suppressed by the poet.[2] On her arrival at Rome, the Countess was treated with every possible respect. The Pope received her, and gave her audience. She was a frequent guest, at Frascati, of Cardinal York. The convent was a home, not a prison, for she had leave to go abroad without the least restraint. By a special Papal order, a pension of 6,000 crowns a year was assigned her out of the 12,000 crowns allowed by the Court of Rome to her husband. In addition to this, her brother-in-law, the Cardinal, made her frequent presents.[3] Compared with the past, her lines had fallen in pleasant places enough. By a strange coincidence, the Orsoline was the very convent in which the mother of Charles had sought shelter, when fleeing from her own husband, and the room the Countess occupied was the very room that had been assigned on that occasion to Clementine! History sometimes curiously repeats itself.

Not many weeks elapsed before the lover was in quest of his mistress. Respect for appearances had at first deterred Alfieri from following the Countess to Rome, but at the end of

[1] Dec. 30, 1780. [2] Hayward's *Essays*. [3] Sir H. Mann, Jan. 23, 1781.

a month his prudence was sacrificed to his passion, and he resolved to leave Florence. He gave out that he intended visiting Naples, 'choosing it expressly, as every one may see, because the way lies through Rome.' He was full of hope, and his spirits, after the recent period of depression, rose feverishly high at the prospect of a meeting. 'As I travelled towards Rome,' he writes, 'the approximation to *her* made my heart beat. So different from all others is the lover's eyes, that a barren noisome region, which three years before appeared to me what it was, presented itself as the most delicious place for sojourn in the world. I arrived. I saw her—oh, God! the thought of it still cleaves my heart in twain—I saw her prisoner behind a grating, less vexed, however, than I had seen her in Florence; but, for other reasons, I did not find her less unhappy. We were completely separated; and who could say for how long were so?'

But the impetuous lover had only jumped to a conclusion for which it would have been well had he had reason to complain. After a short stay in the Orsoline, the Countess quitted the convent for the splendid palace of Cardinal York, at Frascati. Alfieri was informed that he must leave Rome, and, bitterly disappointed, he travelled to Naples. But he soon found an excuse to return to the Eternal City, and, by means of all the persuasive arts in his power, obtained leave to remain. He rented the Villa Strozzi, near the baths of Diocletian, 'a dwelling,' he says, 'in entire harmony with my temperament, my character, my occupations. So long as I live I shall think of it with regretful longing.' He had reason. There he set himself rigorously to lay siege to his mistress's heart. 'I did everything,' he says, 'I resorted to everything, I remained in Rome, tolerated by those charlatans, and even aided by those petty priests, who had, or assumed, any influence in the affairs of my lady.' He was not called upon to raise the siege.

But the husband had no intention of relinquishing his rights without another struggle. As he had sent Count Spada to the Grand Duke, so now he despatched the Prince Corsini to the Vatican. The envoy was commissioned to ask three things. The first, that the Countess should be sent back to her husband; the second, that the whole pension granted him by the Holy See should be paid him without any deduction whatever to the Countess; the third, that Alfieri should be banished from Rome. To these requests the Pope replied that he was perfectly satisfied with the conduct of the Countess

at Rome, and would not therefore alter a resolution that had been arrived at only after the most serious examination; that he declined to withdraw the allowance of the 6,000 crowns from the Countess; and that as to Count Alfieri, he wished that he had more gentlemen of his merit at Rome. His Holiness then wound up this complete refusal by reproving Prince Corsini in very severe terms for having accepted such a commission from the Count Albany.[1]

Thus foiled in all his requests, there was nothing for Charles but to wait patiently the issue of affairs. He knew that opposition to the Holy See was fruitless, and he does not seem to have taken the trouble to enlighten the Supreme Pontiff on several matters which it would have been better for his own interests had he made mention of. Adversity appears to have been of benefit to him. He totally altered his way of living, and behaved in every respect with proper decency.[2] But the reformation came somewhat late. About the middle of the March of 1783 he fell dangerously ill. A fever had set in, and his life was despaired of. His brother was instantly sent for, and he received the sacrament. It was now with all the sincerity of a dying man that he made a full confession to the Cardinal. He did not extenuate his own conduct, but he spoke of Alfieri's attachment to the Countess, and of the attention he paid her when at Florence. He accused the poet of being at the bottom of his wife's elopement, and that those who had taken the part of the Countess throughout had only been indirectly assisting at an intrigue.[3] This confession made, as well it might, a deep impression on the brother.

As soon as the fever began to abate, and hopes were entertained of the patient's recovery, the Cardinal set out for Rome. On his arrival he laid the matter before the Pope. The true state of things, which had deceived the Vatican, but which was already plain to the simplest worldling, was now apparent. Nothing could be more culpable on the part of the fugitive wife's advisers than the intimacy that was allowed to exist between her and that 'gentleman of merit,' the poet. Men reared in monasteries, and with little experience of life, may be pardoned for a certain amount of innocence in mundane matters (not that they often need the pardon), but there are occasions when extreme innocence is only another word for an utter want of common sense. Here was a young woman

[1] Sir H. Mann, Dec. 28, 1782. [2] *Ibid.* Jan. 11, 1783.
[3] *Ibid.* April 26, 1783.

separated from her husband allowed to meet a young man alone, to ride out with him, and to receive visits from him, nay, it is even said to pay him visits, and yet no objections are raised. When the husband very properly desires that the intimacy may be prevented by the banishment of the lover, he receives for reply that the conduct of the Countess is perfectly satisfactory, and that Alfieri is a gentleman of merit!

The poet himself admits that the conduct of those who had taken the Countess under their protection was not what it should have been. 'And here,' he writes, 'I certainly shall not make the apology of the usual life of Rome and all Italy as regards almost all married women. I will say however that the conduct of this lady in Rome towards me was much more on the safe side than on the other, of the customs most tolerated in this city. But I will end all this, for the love of truth and right, by saying that the husband and the brother and their respective priests had every reason not to approve my great intimacy, although it did not exceed the bounds of honour.' We need not be accused of uncharitableness if we interpret in a manner somewhat different from Alfieri's what is an excess 'of the bounds of honour.'

The poet was now ordered to quit Rome within fifteen days. On March 4, 1783, he started for Sienna, 'like one stupid and deprived of sense, leaving my only love, books, town, peace, my very self at Rome.' His only consolation during the next few months was the voluminous correspondence he kept up with his *dolce metà di me stesso*. To the Countess he was *cet ami incomparable*, and none of his letters remained unanswered. The post was, however, too cold a medium to entirely compensate for the absence of personal intercourse. Stolen interviews occasionally took place.

Charles had managed to rally from his late illness, and his health was now better than it had been for some time past. He travelled about Tuscany to complete his recovery, and amused himself by attending the different race meetings that were then being held.[1] On his return to Florence he made the acquaintance of a French gentleman, one Chevalier de Tours, who was staying for a few months in the Tuscan capital. 'Count Albany and the Chevalier,' writes Mann,[2] 'soon became very intimate, and as the former (like most people in distress) is fond of making known his complaints, he exposed his situation to him and the difficulties he was under for want of money to

[1] Sir H. Mann, Sept. 23, 1783. [2] Oct. 11, 1783.

supply the common though very moderate expenses of his family —for which he said he was obliged every month to borrow money here, and that he even feared that that resource would soon fail him. The result of all which was that he was determined to make application to the Court of France, in which he desired the assistance of the Chevalier to draw up a memorial to his Most Christian Majesty.'

A sketch of the memorial was drawn up by Charles and shown to De Tours. In it he complained of the cruelty and injustice of the Court of Rome in reducing his pension by one half, and begged 'His Most Christian Majesty to grant him the same annual sum which his predecessor allowed to his father, which he would now receive with gratitude under any denomination, either of subsidy, succour, or even pension, though he formerly rejected the assistance which Louis XV. offered to him under that name, from which time all communication between him and that Court was at an end.'[1] The petition was then fairly copied out and sent to the Count de Vergennes, who had been desired to present it to the French King. At the end of a few days, however, it was returned by the Count, who said that 'he could not venture to lay the memorial before the King his master, or make any use of it on account of its being signed *Charles Roi*, and that it was beneath his Majesty's dignity to take cognisance of the family discord between him and his wife.'[2]

Charles, in spite of the hatred he really entertained towards Frenchmen at this time of his life, and of the remembrance of his treatment on that memorable day of December, was perfectly ready, like all mean natures, to swallow his feelings and put his pride in his pocket, provided he could gain any advantage. He was indebted to the Court of France, which had been both a false and disdainful friend to him, for his marriage and the revenue it brought him, and he gladly closed with its offers. And now he did not scruple to apply to the same Court for further pecuniary assistance. We cannot understand why he should have stood in need of such aid. His expenses were not heavy; he had part of his pension from Rome; his brother did not withhold his allowance; and he had the interest on the French money. Why should he have been poor? This fear of impending poverty was in all probability only a delusion on the part of his shattered brain.

De Tours, when Charles alluded to his pressing necessities,

[1] Sir H. Mann, Oct. 11, 1783. [2] *Ibid.* Nov. 8, 1783.

asked him why he did not sell his jewels, which were of great value, and particularly one precious ruby which would easily find a bidder in the Emperor of Russia or the King of France. The Prince replied 'with great warmth and disdain that he never would part with that jewel, as he proposed when he returned to England to add it to those of the Crown.'[1] The conviction that one day he would mount the throne of his ancestors seems never to have left him. So strong were his hopes of restoration that the Countess said he kept a strong box under his bed full of sequins to defray his journey to England, whenever he should suddenly be called thither.[2]

But to the Prince his poverty, whether real or imaginary, was a grievance, not to be dropped at the first rebuff. Gustavus III., King of Sweden, happening to be wintering at Florence at this time, Charles made his acquaintance, and begged him to take up his cause and support his petition at the French Court. Gustavus graciously consented to do what he was asked, and wrote to Louis recommending him to grant the Prince an annual sum. In the belief that his illustrious suppliant was suffering from the distress he represented himself to be in, his Swedish Majesty gave him four thousand rix-dollars, and promised another four thousand on his return to Stockholm. As the intimacy between the two proceeded, the feelings of Gustavus were so worked upon that he agreed to make Charles a regular assignment of fifty thousand French livres during his life.[3] But these bright promises were soon to be broken. From Florence the Swedish sovereign travelled to Rome, and whilst paying a visit to the Countess of Albany and Cardinal Bernis, 'they persuaded him that Count Albany neither wanted his assistance nor deserved his compassion, so that hitherto he has not felt any good effect of that king's promises to him.'[4]

One important act Gustavus, however, effected. Through his mediation an arrangement was arrived at between Charles and his wife. It was agreed that the Countess was to be amicably divorced *a mensâ et thoro* from her husband, and to have permission to reside where she chose. It is striking evidence of the hatefulness of the tie that bound her to Charles that the Countess sacrificed everything for the sole advantage of being at liberty. She gave up her pin money, which was 15,000 French livres a year, and also the 6,000 crowns allowed

[1] Sir H. Mann, Nov. 8, 1783.
[2] *Ibid.* Nov. 30, 1779.
[3] *Ibid.* Dec. 10, 1783.
[4] *Ibid.* Feb. 28, 1784.

her since her separation. No settlement was made on her by her husband, but on her divorce becoming known at the French Court a pension was granted her. Cardinal York also made her an allowance.

The pecuniary advantages arising from this agreement, which was signed by both parties and duly ratified by the Pope, were all on the side of Charles. He enjoyed, without any deduction whatever, the full amount of his income derived from the Court of Rome and from the French funds.[1] Piteously Lord Elcho begged to be repaid his fifteen hundred pounds, but, with the most dishonourable coolness, no notice was taken of his application.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE LAST OF THE LINE.

And his name shall be lost for evermore.

ALONE in the dull solitude of his palace, Charles, like most men who have been accustomed to woman's companionship, even though that companionship be unhappy, began to feel how great a void had been made in his life. He passed his days wearied with himself, and but little concerned in the plans and gossip of those who hung about his mimic court. The only people he seemed to take any interest in were the distinguished strangers who from time to time passed through Florence on their way to Rome. These, unless specially forbidden, generally called upon the quondam hero, and their talk and presence were fully appreciated. He would breakfast or drive about, now with an ex-monarch *en route* for the waters at Pisa, then with the heir-apparent of some reigning house travelling in Italy to complete his education; or it might be with some distinguished English Jacobite who still loyally adhered to the old line, or with some eminent member of the aristocracy of Europe, whom curiosity prompted to visit the victor of Gladsmuir and Falkirk.

But with Florentine society proper Charles held even less intercourse than ever. He kept himself aloof with the reserve of disappointment, loving to brood over his past grievances. His old habit came back upon him, in spite of the warnings nature had given him, and drink was now his chief consolation. He was seldom perfectly sober, and would mourn with maudlin

[1] Sir H. Mann, May 8, 1784.

pathos over the solitude of his position, and the selfishness of those who had deserted him. Then, almost in the same breath, he would talk triumphantly of England and of the time when he would ascend the throne. For days, unless some distinguished arrival came to interrupt his melancholy, he would sit moping by himself, cursing freely the past and the present, and casting gloomy forebodings on the future. It was a cheerless life, with old age stealing prematurely upon him, with no one around him really interested in his welfare, with constant slights put upon the claims he pretended to disown but ever brought forward—nothing before him but a home broken up, a constitution shattered, and the bitter harvest of opportunities misspent.

Thus wretched and discontented the lonely husband bethought himself of the woman he had loved in days bygone, and of the daughter that had been born him in the years of their wandering. This was probably the first time since the flight of his mistress from Bouillon that reflection ever suggested to him that he was a father. We never read or hear of his making any inquiries after either the mother or her child. Both were dependent upon others, and owed little enough to him save the shame of dishonour. Their names never passed his lips, and he had not had the manliness or the feeling to ascertain how they were provided for. Whether out of pique to his wife, or from a sincere desire to atone for the past, or from being bored with solitude, he now inquired after the fate of Miss Walkenshaw. He discovered that she was living in the convent of Nôtre Dame at Meaux, under the name of the Countess Albertstroof, and that her daughter was residing with her.[1] He heard that his child was now grown up into a tall dark woman, some thirty years of age, and there was still enough of the man in him to make him yearn to see her. A correspondence ensued between him and her mother. He offered to acknowledge her daughter as his own, to treat her with all kindness, and at his death to leave her heiress of all he possessed. Conscious of the advantages that would accrue to her child by this arrangement, the mother consented to be parted from her offspring.

Charles now wrote for the first time to the daughter he had not seen for nearly twenty years, addressing her as his *chère fille*, and bidding her come and take up her abode with him at Florence.[2] He awaited her arrival with feverish anxiety. By

[1] Hist. MSS. Commission, Fourth Report, p. 403.
[2] Sir H. Mann, July 10 and 17, 1784.

a public deed he created her Duchess of Albany, and made great preparations in his house for her reception.[1] Early in October she arrived at Florence, attended by a Mrs. O'Donnell, a French lady, married to an Irish officer, and by a gentleman called by courtesy Lord Nairn. Nothing could be more affectionate than the reception she met with. Charles was delighted with her, and soon developed into the most doting and affectionate of fathers. She took the head of his house and endeavoured to use her influence so as to wean him from his detestable vice. Instead of shunning the world, Charles now for her sake gladly courted society. The new Duchess was visited by all the *élite* of the Tuscan capital; and her bright face and unassuming manners made a most agreeable impression. Much to the anger of her father the court of the Grand Duke refused to acknowledge her title, and the Grand Duchess, since she had not brought any letters of introduction from the Queen of France, declined to receive her.

To compensate for these slights Charles plunged her into all the gaiety that the capital afforded. She dressed magnificently, and wore the family jewels. Private balls were given three times a week by the Prince, at which he was always present, 'though he drowses most part of the time,' adds Mann. Whenever he went to the theatre, his daughter, 'very richly adorned with jewels,' sat by his side. Thus, what with the frequent hospitalities of his own house, going out to dinners, dancing at balls, and listening to operas and concerts, the Duchess, or Lady Charlotte Stuart, as those who refused to give her her new title called her, must have found Florence no slight change from the devotions and duties of a convent. On St. Andrew's Day the Prince gave a state banquet, and before all his visitors invested her with the Order of St. Andrew.[2]

But these gaieties soon became too much for Charles. Greatly as he desired to make life agreeable to his daughter, his health would not permit him to keep up this constant whirl of excitement. He was too old and worn out to be dancing incessantly upon a lively woman, to whom social dissipation was a novelty, and who thoroughly enjoyed its pleasures. At this time, we are told that he exhibited a very humiliating spectacle to the world. Mann writes of him that 'his health decayed daily, so that he is quite incapable of transacting his own business, and his mind seems to approach that of imbecility, though he constantly goes abroad in his coach, has a

[1] Sir H. Mann, Sept. 18. [2] *Ibid.* Oct. and Dec. 1784.

small company every day at dinner, and never omits going to the theatre.' Mrs. Piozzi, in commenting upon his shaky condition, says,[1] 'Count Alfieri had taken away his consort, and he was under the dominion and care of a natural daughter, who wore the Garter, and was called the Duchess of Albany. She checked him when he drank too much or when he talked too much. Poor soul! Though one evening he called Mr. Greathead up to him, and said in good English, and in a loud though cracked voice: "I will speak to my own subjects in my own way, *Sare*. Ay, and I will soon speak to you, Sir, in Westminster Hall," the Duchess shrugged her shoulders.'

The mention of Mr. Greathead, who was a friend of Fox's, calls up a story which shows how the one event, which has made the name of Charles Edward famous in history, still exercised its influence over him. Happening to be alone with the Prince one evening, Greathead studiously turned the conversation upon the events of the '45. At first Charles appeared unwilling to talk upon the subject, and shrank from the topic, as if its reminiscences were painful to him. But his visitor, with more curiosity than good taste, was not to be deterred from his purpose. He persevered in his allusions to the subject, and gradually the panorama of the past rose vividly before the dull brain of the listener—so vividly that for a brief moment the Prince was no longer the ruin of himself, but again the hero of the '45. His eyes brightened, he half rose in his chair, his face became lit up with unwonted animation, and he began the narrative of his campaign. He spoke with fiery energy of his marches, his victories, the loyalty of his Highland followers, his retreat from Derby, the defeat at Culloden, his escape, and then passionately entered upon the awful penalties that so many had been called upon to pay for their devotion to his cause. But the recollection of so much bitter suffering—the butchery around Inverness, the executions at Carlisle and London, the scenes on Kennington Common and Tower Hill—was stronger than his strength could bear. His voice died in his throat, his eye became fixed, and he sank upon the floor in convulsions. Alarmed at the noise, his daughter rushed into the room. 'Oh! Sir,' she cried to Mr. Greathead, 'what is this? You must have been speaking to my father about Scotland and the Highlanders! No one dares to mention those subjects in his presence.' It is also said that he used to burst into tears on hearing the tune of 'Lochaber no more,' which

[1] Hayward's *Essays*.

more than one condemned Jacobite sang in the hours that intervened before the gaoler was exchanged for the executioner.

Two months after the adoption of his daughter, it became evident that the Prince was too old to act as chaperon to a young and vivacious woman. Late hours, heated rooms, and the continual interchange of hospitalities, added to his habitual inebriety, had already begun to do their work. His physician was called in, and he was ordered to take the waters at Pisa. Here he remained some time, enjoying complete rest. From Pisa he went to Perugia, where Cardinal York happened to be staying. Some coolness had existed between the brothers, owing to the Cardinal's having refused to acknowledge the natural daughter, but the young Duchess, who appears to have been a woman of great tact, and victorious whenever she laid herself out for conquest, soon turned the dull priest round her finger. He became so charmed with her that from that time forth the most affectionate intimacy subsisted between the two. He called her his niece, and she was to regard him as her uncle.

The Cardinal now suggested that she should induce her father to live at Rome, and thus enable all three to see more of each other. The Duchess followed his instructions, and as Charles's only wish was to please his daughter, he readily complied with her request. At first the physicians thought him too feeble to undertake the journey, but after a little consideration they gave their consent, provided he did not travel more than twenty miles a day.[1] He set out on December 2, and reached the Eternal City by such gentle stages that his health was not in the slightest degree impaired. The Pope received the Prince with all cordiality, and on his daughter being presented to him called her Duchess and fully acknowledged her rank. This was the first instance of her title being recognised officially.[2] As at Florence so at Rome the Duchess soon became very popular, and was received by the Roman ladies with great civility.[3] Her uncle the Cardinal was so completely enslaved that he doted on her almost with the fondness of a father, and presented her with his jewels, including certain precious Polish rubies.[4]

It was well that the daughter had found so powerful a protector, for it was evident that the days of her father were numbered. Drink was now his only solace, and it was evident to all that his dissolution was but a question of time. In the spring of 1786 he had a relapse into his former illness. His

[1] Sir H. Mann, Oct. 22, 1785. [2] *Ibid.* Dec. 17. [3] *Ibid.* Dec. 31.
[4] *Ibid.* Jan. 28, 1786.

breathing was affected, his limbs began to swell, and he suffered from his old fits of nausea. As summer approached he so far recovered as to be removed to Albano, where he assumed 'the folly practised by his father and grandfather to touch people who are affected with scrofulous disorders. Many old men and women have been presented to him for that purpose, to whom, after some ceremony, he gives a small silver medal, which they wear about their necks.'[1]

At Albano he remained during the hot season, and then returned to Rome for the winter. To this period belongs a story which has been told of him, and which shows how vividly, even in his present enfeebled state, the indignity he suffered on that fatal day of December was still preserved in his memory. It so happened that the Comte de Vaudreuil, son of the officer who arrested the Prince in Paris, and who was a wonderful likeness of his father, had lately arrived in Rome with the Duchesse de Polignac. Hearing of the return of Charles to the Palace Muti, the Count thoughtlessly asked to be presented to the Prince. He gave no name, but merely said that a foreigner of distinction wished to pay his respects. A gracious answer was returned to his request, and at the hour appointed he attended at the Palace. The Duchess herself undertook his introduction, and the young Count was on the point of entering the room where Charles sat, when the Prince looked up, saw Vaudreuil, and instantly the whole miserable scene of the arrest in the opera-house flashed across his brain. He gave a groan and fell down in a fainting fit. Vaudreuil was hurried from the room.

The end was near at hand. Early in January 1788 Charles was seized with a paralytic stroke, which deprived him of the use of one half of his body. Death was expected to take place every moment. For a few days he lingered on in a state of semi-consciousness, and then, on January 31, Lord Hervey wrote home, 'this morning, between the hours of nine and ten, the Pretender departed this life.'[2] He died in his daughter's arms.

[1] Sir H. Mann, Aug. 8, 1786. In this year (Nov.) Mann died, having served as envoy at Florence for forty-six years—the longest period of diplomatic service at the same post ever recorded. Lord Hervey succeeded him.

[2] Earl Stanhope says he was told by Cardinal Caccia Piatti, at Rome, that Charles died, not on the 31st but on the 30th of January, but that his attendants, disliking the omen as the anniversary of King Charles's execution, concealed his death during the night, and asserted that he had died between nine and ten the next morning. 'Surely,' remarks Mr. Hayward, 'a century of home truths might have enabled this fated family to dispense with omens.'

Thus passed to his rest a man whose life naturally divides itself into two periods—the noble and the ignoble. From his birth to the passing of the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, his actions give brilliancy to the pages of history, and romance may be well proud of its hero. The dawn was full of promise. Brave, amiable, and popular, not indifferent to the charms of culture, and fully alive to the duties his birth entailed upon him, a distinguished career had been predicted for him. Nor were such hopes at first disappointed. The earnestness with which he supported his claims, his love for enterprise, the fever of his military ardour, all marked him out as the fitting representative of his cause. The time soon came. In the expedition he led with such amazing boldness, his character falls little short of the heroic. His courage and determination set a brilliant example to his followers; his humanity, which was displayed on every occasion, was the sign of a brave and generous heart; he shirked no hardship under cover of his lofty position; throughout, his conduct was temperate, manly, and honourable.

Not that it was faultless. The proneness to favouritism he showed was not commendable in a leader; he was given to be suspicious of those who differed from him; though young and inexperienced, he evinced an obstinacy in disregarding the advice of his counsellors which often brought him into collisions that had better been avoided. Yet, with the band his enemies branded as a 'rabble,' he gained the pass of the Corryarrack, he made himself master of Edinburgh, he defeated, in one fierce charge on the plains of Gladsmuir, a body of regular troops drawn up to oppose him, he forced the towns in the Lowlands to acknowledge his title, he marched into England, spreading terror and consternation wherever his kilted followers trod the dust, he deceived men grown old in war by his tactics, and for a time he made his rival tremble on the throne. Had he acted according to his own wishes and hurried on to London, the crown of his ancestors might perhaps have been placed on his brow. Even his retreat was covered with glory. He cleverly evaded troops in hot pursuit of his men, he marched through hostile countries and crossed the border without loss, and he inflicted a severe defeat upon a picked general at Falkirk Muir. The victory of Culloden is but a poor set off against these brilliant achievements. The campaign of 'the Forty-Five' is a chapter in modern history which Scotland may well remember with pride, and England with humiliation.

Had the hero of the expedition but perished on the swamps of Culloden, his name would have gone down to posterity as worthy of all honour, and perhaps have eclipsed the fame of many who, in sober reality, were more deserving. But, unfortunately, the portrait has a darker side. From his expulsion on that memorable tenth of December, to the day when he breathed his last at Rome, what can be said of the victor of Gladsmuir and Falkirk that we would wish to remember? A life passed amid the most ignoble scenes, the slave of the most degrading vice, a heartless lover, a brutal husband, coarse, ungenerous, peevish, suspicious, jealous, and cruel—to such degradation had the malignant mastery of drink brought a man of many kindly qualities, and from whom much had reasonably been expected. From the life of the hero to the life of the sot, the change was so great and terrible that, let us, in charity, account for it by attributing it to the influences of a brain diseased. The true career of Prince Charles ends with his landing at Morlaix; for most of the events that followed we should regard him as in a great measure not responsible.

Great interest was made by the Cardinal to have his brother interred with royal honours in St. Peter's, but the Pope refused, on the ground that, as Charles had never been acknowledged as a sovereign, he was not entitled to the distinction. The Cardinal was now in some difficulty. He dared not attempt to carry out a ceremony which was not authorised by the Government, and at the same time he could not bring himself to have his brother buried except with the pomp that became the obsequies of a monarch. His episcopal jurisdiction, however, extricated him from his dilemma. The pageant that Rome denied could be performed at Frascati, and instructions were at once sent to the little town on the Alban hills to prepare the cathedral for the approaching ceremony.

Meanwhile the funeral offices at the Muti Palace were merely limited to devotional formalities, so as not to provoke any rebuke from the Holy See. Six altars were erected in the antechamber, and upwards of two hundred masses were said during the thirty hours immediately succeeding the demise of the Prince. The office of the dead was chanted by the Mendicant Orders in the antechamber, the Irish Franciscans of Saint Isidore alone being permitted to enter the chamber of death. A post-mortem examination was now made, when it was found that *extensive disease*, both in the heart *and brain*, was apparent. After a cast had been taken from the face, the body was em-

balmed and placed in the coffin in full dress, with the George and St. Andrew in pinchbeck on the breast. Then all that remained of him who had once been such an object of anxiety to the House of Hanover was placed on a horse litter and transported to Frascati.

The cathedral was crowded with both Romans and English, and nearly all wore mourning. The walls were hung with black; a hundred and twenty-four large wax lights burned around the lofty catafalque. The obsequies lasted three days. On the first day the funeral service was performed; on the second the entombment; on the third day the requiem; but several weeks elapsed before the body was placed in a lofty niche as its provisional resting-place, whence it was subsequently transported to the crypt of St. Peter's. The heart was placed in an urn which bears the following inscription, composed by one of the Cardinal's chaplains [1] :—

Di Carlo iii il freddo cuore
Questa brev' urna serra;
Figlio del terzo Giacomo
Signor dell' Inghilterra.
Fuori del regno patrio
A lui chi tomba diedi?
Infideltà di popolo,
Integrità di fede.

By his will, which was executed in 1784, Charles left all he possessed to the Duchess of Albany, with the exception of a piece of plate to his brother, and certain annuities to his servants. In funded property he had 1,740*l.*; his pensions were 2,400*l.*; the value of his jewels was not given, but after the death of his daughter they were inventoried at 26,740*l.*; they consisted of a sceptre, a richly enamelled collar, George, and star of the Garter, and a St. Andrew's cross, all of which had been brought from England by James II. His palace at Florence was sold by his daughter to the Duke of San Clemente for 4,345*l.*, and the furniture it contained realised another 2,172*l.*

The Duchess of Albany did not long survive her father. She died the following year from an internal malady, caused by a fall from her horse. She received various offers from Italian princes which she rejected, and at one time it was supposed that she would marry a brother of the King of Sweden, but, much

[1] 'La Spedizione di Carlo Odoardo Stuart, dal Gesuita Giulio Cordar (Milano, 1845).'—*Quarterly Review*, vol. 79.

to the disappointment of Charles, the intimacy between the two came to nothing. It is said that she was willing to enter into an arrangement with the English Government to remain single, provided a pension were allowed her.[1] A person who saw her at Rome during the winter of 1786 thus sketches her: 'She was a tall robust woman, of a very dark complexion and coarse-grained skin, with more of masculine boldness than feminine modesty or elegance; but easy and unassuming in her manners, and amply possessed of that volubility of tongue and that spirit of coquetry for which the women of the country where she was educated have at all times been particularly distinguished. Her equipage was that of the Pretender, with servants in the royal livery of Great Britain, and with the royal coronet and cipher of C. R. upon the carriage; and she usually wore in public the magnificent jewels of the Stuarts and Sobieskis, which had been given her by her father and her uncle, the Cardinal of York, whose conduct towards her was said to be full of affectionate attention.'[2] Mann says of her: 'She is allowed to be a good figure, tall and well made, but the features of her face resemble too much those of her father to be handsome.'

Meanwhile where was the guilty wife? As soon as the Countess had obtained her freedom, she betook herself to Colmar, where she was joined by her lover. There the couple remained for some time, Alfieri being busy revising a French impression of his works, whilst his mistress aided him with her counsels. From Colmar they afterwards departed for Paris, and it was whilst staying here that the wife heard of her husband's death. It is said that the news deeply affected her. 'Her grief,' writes Alfieri, 'was neither factitious nor forced, for every untruth was alien to this upright, incomparable soul; and notwithstanding the great disparity of years, her husband would have found in her an excellent companion and a friend, if not a loving wife, had he not thrust her from him by his constantly unfriendly, rough, unaccountable behaviour. I owe pure truth this testimony.' M. Saint René Taillandier says that what rendered her sorrow all the more bitter was the thought that another had willingly performed the duty from which she herself had shrunk. 'The Duchess Charlotte,' writes the French critic, 'entering the house of Charles Edward, the deserted child coming to the rescue of the deserted

[1] Hist. MSS. Fourth Report, p. 403.
[2] *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1797, p. 1000.

spouse, the natural child replacing the lawful wife and exercising her pious and salutary influence over the old man, these were contrasts which could not but painfully affect the proud Countess. We are making no idle conjectures; Madame D'Albany had too elevated a soul not to feel the painfulness of the situation. It was still worse when the Duchess Charlotte, after having rekindled a spark in the extinct heart of the hero, so gently closed his eyes and followed him to the tomb.'

This is a sentimental view of matters which we are hardly justified in taking. That the Countess was greatly affected (regarding the word in its deeper and not merely emotional sense) at the death of her husband is not very probable. In spite of her 'incomparable' and 'elevated' soul, she was too coarsely healthy, too coldly practical, too selfish for much sensitiveness. Considering the life she had led with Charles and the happiness she now enjoyed with her poet-lover, it is hardly to be conceived that her sorrow could have been deep—the bitter memories of her past union, and the illicit charms of her present position, must have effectually prevented anything beyond a transient and conventional feeling of regret. The sharpest pang, perhaps, that she endured would be occasioned by the thought that one had passed away to whom she had been linked by the most sacred of ties, and from whom she had been guiltily severed, and that now it was impossible to obtain his forgiveness. When death overtakes those with whom we have been intimately but unhappily connected, we are apt to regard only the wrongs we have committed, and not those we have suffered, and to experience pain in proportion to what the nature of our past conduct has been. We feel not so much the loss of the individual as the pangs of self-reproach. This was probably the grief of the Countess. We know how she expressed her sorrow on the death of Alfieri; we also know that before his death she loved his successor.

That she was jealous of the daughter taking her place and ministering to the deserted spouse is, again, very unlikely. The Duchess never did take the place of the Countess; the position both women occupied towards Charles, and the treatment each received at his hands, were so entirely different that the wife had no cause of complaint against the daughter, and what was only natural in the daughter would have been almost strange in the wife. The existence of jealousy implies affection, no matter how ill-regulated it be, but affection was the last feeling the Countess had for Charles. She quitted him because she could

endure his ill-treatment no longer; the daughter remained with the father because she was surrounded with every attention that kindness could suggest, and gained in every way by the exchange from a convent to a palace. Had the Countess experienced this jealousy M. Taillandier writes about, it was quite open for her to seek to renew her relationship with her husband. She never made any such effort; Charles had passed out of her memory, and she was perfectly happy with Alfieri. It is far more likely that the Countess, remembering the drunken fits of the Prince, instead of being 'jealous' of the daughter, may have sincerely pitied her for undertaking so responsible a position.

The death of Charles made no difference in the relations of the Countess with her lover. Whether it was, as has been alleged, that she could not make up her mind to abdicate her royalty, or that Alfieri preferred remaining the lover of a Queen to the prosaic position of a husband, or whatever was the reason influencing her, it is now certain that the tie which bound them together was never consecrated by marriage. Still it was an age in which such *liaisons*, provided those who contracted them were sufficiently exalted in rank, were permitted and socially recognised. Wherever the Countess and Alfieri went—whether staying in Paris, London, or Florence—they were always received in the best society. At Paris she assumed a royal state, had a throne emblazoned with the royal arms of Great Britain in one of her rooms, and had the royal arms on all her plate. Nor were her claims disallowed. Madame de Staël addressed her as *Chère Souveraine*, and a woman of fashion like the Duchess of Devonshire begged to be added to the number of her subjects.

On the outbreak of the French Revolution the Countess and Alfieri crossed over to England. It was her first visit to our country, and the impression she formed was not flattering. 'Although I knew that the English were melancholy,' she writes,[1] 'I could not imagine that their capital was so, to the point at which I found it. No kind of society, plenty of crowds. . . . The only good which England enjoys, and which is inappreciable, is political liberty. . . . If England had an oppressive government, this country together with its people would be the last in the universe; bad climate, bad soil, and consequently tasteless productions. It is only the excellence of its government that makes it habitable. The English

[1] Again I am indebted to the Essay of Mr. Hayward.

are fond of women, but know not the necessity of living in society with them. They are severe and exacting husbands, and the women are generally better behaved than in other countries, because they have more to risk. The arrangement of their houses prevents them from receiving at home without the privity of their husbands and the servants. They are in general good mothers and good wives; but they are fond of play, and the great ladies are very fond of dissipation. Intimate society and the charm of this society are unknown in London. One lives with one's family, that is, with one's husband and one's children, for one makes no account of one's father or mother, at least, in the class I visited. The English are incapable of feeling any of the fine arts, and still less of executing them; they buy a great many pictures, and know nothing about them.'

And yet her opinion might have been more favourable. She was well received by all classes, and treated with great consideration by the *haute volée* of the London world. As an illustration of the manners of the day she was, in spite of her ambiguous position, received at Court. She was announced as Princess of Stolberg. 'She was well-dressed,' says chatty Horace Walpole, 'and not at all embarrassed. The King talked to her a good deal, but about her passage, the sea, and general topics; the Queen in the same way, but less. Then she stood between the Dukes of Gloucester and Clarence, and had a good deal of conversation with the former, who perhaps may have met her in Italy. Not a word between her and the Princesses; nor did I hear of the Prince, but he was there, and probably spoke to her. The Queen looked at her earnestly.'

After a stay of some months in London, she made a tour in the West of England, and then re-embarked at Dover for France. It is said that one of her objects in visiting England was to obtain pecuniary relief from the House of Hanover. On the death of Cardinal York, a pension of 1,600*l.* a year was allowed her. But the fury of the French revolution was now beginning to seethe, and Paris became a dangerous place of abode. With some little difficulty she and Alfieri managed to effect their escape, and, after a tour through Germany and Switzerland, entered Italy, and settled in Florence. Her lover died in 1803. He left everything to his *dolce metà di me stesso*, and confided exclusively to her the printing of his literary remains, and the guardianship of his fame. He was buried in the church of Santa Croce at Florence, by the side of

Machiavelli, and Canova was engaged to chisel his monument. His mistress was not to be comforted. 'I have lost all consolation, support, society, all, all!' she writes to Count Baldelli. 'I am alone in the world, which has become a desert to me.' Doubtless she believed—perhaps because she wished to believe—that she was grief-stricken. Women of her temperament feel, whenever they do feel, intensely, but their organisation is too sensual for any lasting impression. The Countess certainly mourned the loss of a man so fully devoted to her, and whose fame was reflected upon herself, but she was not inconsolable. A few months after his death, a young painter, named Fabre, was installed as the poet's successor.

'One of the worst consequences of an illicit passion,' writes Mr. Hayward, 'is the habit of self-indulgence engendered by it. The hallowed charm of authorised affection, necessarily wanting to the tie, is supplied rather than compensated by gallantry and flattery, by a constant succession of excitements, which resemble opium-eating or dram-drinking in their ultimate effects. Their sudden cessation leaves a feeling of exhaustion, which must be relieved, an aching void, which must be filled up in some manner, adequately or inadequately; and the dear deceased is simply paying the posthumous penalty for his own transgression when his pedestal is occupied by the image of another.'

Still, the *liaison* was a happy one. Nor did society look coldly upon it: her hotel was as full of brilliant company as during her union with Alfieri; everybody who had any pretensions to distinction, on passing through Florence, hastened to pay their respects to her. On January 29, 1824, the Countess died. She left everything she possessed—the books, manuscripts, statues, paintings, medals, curiosities, and rarities of all sorts, that had been collected by the Prince and the Poet—to Fabre. With the exception of the manuscripts of Alfieri, which were presented by the painter to Florence, Fabre made over to his native city of Montpelier the whole of the treasures he had become possessed of. Such is the foundation of the Musée Fabre, now one of the chief objects of attraction in the capital of the Department of the Hérault.

The character of the Countess of Albany is self-evident from her conduct. She was one of those women who are born to shine in society. Clever, witty, endowed with great powers of conversation, a judge of art, pleasant and agreeable, the position of a leader in the fashionable world was one that exactly suited

her. 'Her soft manner of speaking,' says Lamartine, 'her easy manner, her reassuring familiarity, raised at once those who approached her to her level. You did not know whether she descended to yours or elevated you to hers, there was so much nature in her bearing.' But after acknowledging her social and intellectual charms, all that can be said in her favour has been admitted. Her great fault was the want of moral weight. What she liked she did; what she wished to have she had; and the scruples of conscience seldom raised their voice in successful opposition to her actions. She had the tact and much of the culture of a man of the world—with his standard of purity. 'Yet,' says the charming essayist to whom I have been more than once indebted for my information, 'she had as much heart and soul as many women who have filled a larger space in history. She was the connecting link of half a century of celebrities. She inspired Alfieri; she controlled Foscolo; she thwarted Napoleon; she gave Italian thought a standing point; she strengthened it by a rich infusion of foreign elements; and she mingled minds on an admitted footing of equality with the very first spirits of her day.'[1]

The fatality which for upwards of three centuries had so severely visited the House of Stuart was not to forsake the last of the line. On the death of his brother, Cardinal York ordered medals to be struck, bearing on their face a bust with '*Henricus nonus Angliæ Rex*,' and on the reverse the picture of a city with '*Gratia Dei sed non voluntate hominum.*' The royal pretensions of the Cardinal were, however, very inoffensive. He was a plain, dull man, very bigoted in his religious views, very honourable, and not unamiable. At the end of a long conference with him, Pius VI. is said to have laughingly remarked that he no longer wondered at the eagerness of the English to get rid of so tiresome a race.

Yet the man his Holiness sneered at proved in the hour of need a true friend. In order to assist the Supreme Pontiff in making up the sum required of him by the all-conquering Bonaparte in 1796, the Cardinal disposed of his family jewels; and among others of a ruby, the largest and most perfect of its class, valued at 50,000*l.* By this act, on the expulsion of the Pope and his Court from Rome, the Cardinal deprived himself of the last means of an independent subsistence, and was reduced to much distress. In 1798, whilst quietly passing his days at his villa at Frascati, a French revolutionary banditti

[1] Mr. Hayward's *Biographical and Critical Essays*, vol. ii.

forced him to fly for his life, and leave what property he had behind him. He escaped to Venice infirm and beggared. 'The malign influence of the Star, which had so strongly marked the fate of so many of his illustrious ancestors, was not exhausted,' says a writer in the 'Times,' commenting on the matter,[1] 'and it was peculiarly reserved for the Cardinal of York to be exposed to the shafts of adversity at a period of life when least able to struggle with misfortune. At the advanced age of seventy-five he is driven from his episcopal residence, his house sacked, his property confiscated, and constrained to seek his personal safety in flight, upon the seas, under every aggravated circumstance that could affect his health and fortunes.'

His case was taken up by Cardinal Borgia, the chief organ of the Government of the See of Rome during the imprisonment of Pope Pius VI. His Eminence, having made the acquaintance of Sir John Cox Hippesley, at Rome, wrote to him to use his influence to assist the fugitive Cardinal. 'It is greatly afflicting to me,' writes Borgia,[2] 'to see so great a personage, the last descendant of his royal house, reduced to such distressed circumstances, having been barbarously stripped by the French of all his property; and if they deprived him not of life also, it was through the mercy of the Almighty, who protected him in his flight, both by sea and land; the miseries of which, nevertheless, greatly injured his health at the advanced age of seventy-five, and produced a very grievous sore in one of his legs. Those who are well informed of this most worthy Cardinal's domestic affairs have assured me that since his flight, having left behind him his rich and magnificent movables, which were all sacked and plundered, both at Rome and Frascati, he has been supported by the silver plate he had taken with him, and which he began to dispose of at Messina; and I understand that, in order to supply his wants a few months in Venice, he has sold all that remained. Of the jewels he possessed, very few remain, as the most valuable had been sacrificed in the well-known contributions to the French, our destructive plunderers; and with respect to his income, after having suffered the loss of 48,000 Roman crowns, annually, by the French Revolution, the remainder was lost also by the fall of Rome, namely, the yearly sum of 10,000 crowns, assigned him by the Apostolical Chamber, and also his particular funds in the Roman banks. The only income he has

[1] *Times*, Feb. 28, 1800. [2] Letters from Cardinal Borgia, Sept. 14, 1799.

left is that of his benefice in Spain, which amounts to 14,000 crowns; but which, as it is only payable at present in paper, is greatly reduced by the disadvantage of exchange; and even that has remained unpaid for more than a year, owing, perhaps, to the interrupted communication with that kingdom. But here it is necessary that I should add that the Cardinal is heavily burthened with the annual sum of 4,000 crowns, for the dowry of the Countess of Albany, his sister-in-law; 3,000 to the mother of his deceased niece; and 15,000 for divers annuities of his father and his brother. Nor has he credit to supply the means of acquitting these obligations. This picture, nevertheless, which I present to your friendship, may well excite the compassion of every one who will reflect on the high birth, the elevated dignity, and the advanced age of the personage whose situation I now sketch in the plain language of truth, without resorting to the aid of eloquence! I will only entreat you to communicate it to those distinguished persons who have influence in your Government, persuaded as I am that the English magnanimity will not suffer an illustrious personage of the same nation to perish in misery! But here I pause—not wishing to offend your national delicacy, which delights to act from its own generous disposition, rather than from the impulse and urgency of others.'

As is well known, the unhappy condition of the last of the rival House so moved George III., that, with a charity as graceful as it was acceptable, he allowed the distressed Cardinal a pension of 4,000*l.* a year for life.

> And the last Prince of Darnley's House shall own
> His debt of gratitude to Brunswick's throne![1]

This generous act was warmly acknowledged by the illustrious recipient. 'I cannot sufficiently express,' writes the Cardinal to Sir John Hippesley, 'how sensible I am to your good heart; and write these few lines in the first place to confess to you these my sincere and grateful sentiments, and then to inform you, that by means of Mr. Oakley,[2] an English

[1] 'It is unnecessary to renew our comments on the gracious act which has already been announced in favour of the Cardinal of York. It was reserved for Great Britain to soothe the malevolence of his fortunes: and we trust the beneficence of the Sovereign will be recognised in Parliament, as a lasting memorial of an event which forms an interesting epoch in the annals of our country.'—*Times*, Feb. 28, 1800.

[2] The eldest son of Sir Charles Oakley, Bart., who was confidentially intrusted with this delicate mission by Lord Minto, the English Ambassador at Vienna.

gentleman arrived here last week, I have received a letter from Lord Minto from Vienna, advising me that he had orders from his Court to remit to me at present the sum of 2,000*l.*; and that in the month of July next I may again draw, if I desired it, for another equal sum. This letter is written in so extremely genteel and obliging manner, and with expressions of singular regard and consideration for me, that I assure you it excited in me most particular and lively sentiments, not only of satisfaction for the delicacy with which the affair has been managed, but also of gratitude for the generosity which has provided for my necessity.

'I have answered Lord Minto's letter, and gave it, Saturday last, to Mr. Oakley, who was to send it by that evening's post to Vienna. I have written in a manner that I hope will be to his lordship's satisfaction. I own to you that the succour granted to me could not be more timely; for without it, it would have been impossible for me to subsist, on account of the absolutely irreparable loss of all my income, the very funds being also destroyed, so that otherwise, I should have been reduced for the short remainder of my life, to languish in misery and indigence. I could not lose a moment's time to apprise you of all this, and am very certain that your experimented good heart will find proper means to make known, in an energetical and proper manner, these sentiments of my grateful acknowledgment.'

To Lord Minto he thus expresses himself:—

'With the arrival of Mr. Oakley, who has been this morning with me, I have received by his discourses, and much more by your letters, so many tokens of your regard, singular consideration and attention for my person, as obliges me to abandon all ceremony, and to begin abruptly to assure you, my dear lord, that your letters have been most acceptable to me in all shapes and regards. I did not in the least doubt of the noble way of thinking of your generous and beneficent sovereign; but I did not expect to see, in writing, so many and so obliging expressions, that, well calculated for the persons who receive them and understand their force, impress in their minds a most lively sense of tenderness and gratitude, which I own to you oblige me more than the generosity spontaneously imparted. I am in reality at a loss to express in writing all the sentiments of my heart; and for that reason leave it entirely to the interest you take in all that regards my person to make known in an energetical and convenient manner all I

fain would say to express my thankfulness, which may easily be by you comprehended, after having perused the contents of this letter.

'I am much obliged to you to have indicated to me the way I may write unto Coutts, the Court banker, and shall follow your friendly insinuations. In the meantime, I am very desirous that you should be convinced of my sentiments of sincere esteem and friendship, with which, my dear lord, with all my heart I embrace you.

'HENRY, Cardinal.'

On the conclusion of the Concordat between Rome and the French Republic, Cardinal York returned to the Eternal City. He died at the age of 82. The preferments he held were numerous and honourable. He was Bishop of Frascati, Ostia, and Velletri, Chancellor of the Church of St. Peter, Vice-Chancellor of the Holy Roman Church, Archpriest of the Basilique Patriarchale of St. Peter of the Vatican, Doyen of the Sacred College, and rector of several livings.

Thirty-one years after the death of the Prince, George IV., then Prince Regent, caused a stately monument from the chisel of Canova to be erected under the dome of St. Peter's at Rome. On a bas-relief, in white marble, are represented the likenesses of James, Charles, and Henry, with this inscription :—

JACOBO III., JACOBI II. MAGN. BRIT. REGIS FILIO,
CAROLO EDUARDO ET HENRICO, DECANO
PATRUM CARDINALIUM, JACOBI III. FILIIS,
REGIAE STIRPIS STUARDIAE POSTREMIS
ANNO MDCCCXIX.
BEATI MORTUI QUI IN DOMINO MORIUNTUR.

APPENDIX.

A List of the adherents of the House of Stuart indicted, for levying war against the King of England, at the special commissions of Oyer and Terminer, at Southwark, June 23, &c., 1746, at Carlisle, August 12, &c., 1746, and at York, August 20, &c., 1746. This list is drawn up from the indictments, &c., against the Jacobite prisoners contained in Pouch LXIX. of the Baga de Secretis in the Public Record Office. For further details see also Appendix II. of the Fifth Report of the Deputy Keeper of the Public Records.

Against the names marked with a *star* a verdict of *not guilty* was returned.

The indictments are to the following effect, viz.:—That the prisoner, being a subject of George II., King of Great Britain, &c., did, as a false traitor, and contrary to his allegiance, &c., conspire to subvert the Government of the Kingdom, to depose the King and put him to death, 'and to raise and exalt the person pretended to be the Prince of Wales during the life of James II., late King of England, and so forth, and since the decease of the said late King, pretending to be and taking upon himself the style and title of King of England by the name of James III., to the Crown and to the Royal State and Dignity of King, and to the Imperial Rule and Government of this Kingdom'; and at &c., on &c., with a great multitude of traitors and rebels, armed and arrayed in a warlike and hostile manner, with colours displayed, &c., did assemble together, and traitorously levy a public and cruel war against the King, and perpetrate a miserable and cruel slaughter of the King's faithful subjects, &c., against the peace, &c., contrary to his allegiance and the statute, &c.

Names and descriptions of prisoners put upon their trial at Southwark.

Hamilton, John, Carlisle, Cumberland, Esquire, otherwise Gentleman.
Abernethy, Alexander, Carlisle, Cumberland, Gentleman, otherwise Surgeon.
Abernethy, George, Carlisle, Cumberland, Gentleman.
Burnett, John, Carlisle, Cumberland, Gentleman.
Gordon, Charles, Carlisle, Cumberland, Gentleman
Forbes, Robert, Carlisle, Cumberland, Gentleman.*

Comerie, John, otherwise *Comere*, Carlisle, Cumberland, Gentleman.*
Gordon, James, Carlisle, Cumberland, Gentleman.
Gadd, James, otherwise *Gad*, Carlisle, Cumberland, Gentleman, otherwise Printer, otherwise Type Founder.
Dawson, James, Carlisle, Cumberland, Gentleman.
Deacon, Thomas, Carlisle, Cumberland, Gentleman.
Deacon, Charles, Carlisle, Cumberland, Gentleman.
Sanderson, John, Carlisle, Cumberland, Gentleman.
Siddall, Thomas, Carlisle, Cumberland, Gentleman, otherwise Peruke Maker.
Moss, Peter, Carlisle, Cumberland, Gentleman.*
Townley, Francis, Carlisle, Cumberland, Gentleman.
Blood, Andrew, otherwise *Blyde*, Carlisle, Cumberland, Gentleman, otherwise Farmer, otherwise Yeoman.
Fletcher, George, Carlisle, Cumberland, Gentleman, otherwise Chapman.
Leith, Alexander, Carlisle, Cumberland, Farmer, otherwise Yeoman.
McDonald, David, otherwise *Donald*, otherwise *Daniel*, Carlisle, Cumberland, Gentleman.
Ogilvie, Walter, Carlisle, Cumberland, Gentleman.
Mitchell, Walter, Carlisle, Cumberland, Gentleman, otherwise Labourer.
Ramsay, George, Carlisle, Cumberland, Gentleman, otherwise Labourer.
Betts, John, Carlisle, Cumberland, Gentleman.
McGrouther, Alexander, the elder, otherwise *Robinson*, otherwise *Robison*, otherwise *Robertson*, Carlisle, Cumberland, Gentleman, otherwise Farmer, otherwise Yeoman.
McGrouther, Alexander, the younger, Carlisle, Cumberland, Gentleman, otherwise Farmer, otherwise Yeoman.*
Nicholson, James, Carlisle, Cumberland, Gentleman.
Berwick, John, Carlisle, Cumberland, Gentleman.
Holker, John, Carlisle, Cumberland, Gentleman.*
Hunter, John, Carlisle, Cumberland, Gentleman.*
Taylor, Christopher, Carlisle, Cumberland, Gentleman.
Furnival, Thomas, Carlisle, Cumberland, Gentleman, otherwise Chapman.
Wilding, James, otherwise *Wheelding*, Carlisle, Cumberland, Gentleman, otherwise Scarlet Dyer.
Brittough, William, otherwise *Bratter*, otherwise *Bretter*, Carlisle, Cumberland, Gentleman.
Chadwick, Thomas, otherwise *Chaddock*, Carlisle, Cumberland, Gentleman, otherwise Tallow Chandler.
Straton, James, Carlisle, Cumberland, Surgeon.*
Morgan, David, Derby, Derbyshire, Esquire.
Kinloch, Sir James, Fochabars, Shire of Murray, Baronet.
Kinloch, Alexander, Fochabars, Shire of Murray, Merchant.
Kinloch, Charles, Fochabars, Shire of Murray, Gentleman.
Glascoe, Nicholas, Fochabars, Shire of Murray, Gentleman.
Wedderburn, Sir John, Aberdeen, Shire of Aberdeen, Baronet.

McCulloch, Roy, otherwise *Roderich,* Falkirk, Shire of Stirling, Gentleman.
McKeinzie, Hector, Falkirk, Shire of Stirling, Yeoman, otherwise Farmer.
Mackenzie, Colin, Dornoch, Shire of Sutherland, Gentleman.*
Cameron, Allan, Edinburgh, Shire of Edinburgh, Gentleman.
Farquharson, Francis, Inverness, Shire of Inverness, Gentleman.
Farquaharson, John, Inverness, Shire of Inverness, Yeoman, otherwise Farmer.
Kerr, Henry, Inverness, Shire of Inverness, Gentleman.
Murray, William, Inverness, Shire of Inverness, Gentleman.*
McLauchlan, Alexander, Inverness, Shire of Inverness, Gentleman, otherwise Farmer.
Mackenzie, John, Perth, Shire of Perth, Esquire, commonly called *Lord McLeod.**
Mackenzie, Roderick, Perth, Shire of Perth, Yeoman, otherwise Farmer.
Watson, Thomas, Perth, Shire of Perth, Tobacconist.
Bradshaw, James, Carlisle, Cumberland, Gentleman, otherwise Warehouseman, otherwise Chapman.
Lindsay, James, Carlisle, Cumberland, Shoemaker.
Stuart, James, otherwise *Stewart,* Carlisle, Cumberland, Gentleman.
Rattray, James, Elgin, Shire of Murray, Gentleman.*
Wood, Andrew, Elgin, Shire of Murray, Gentleman.
Buchanan, Alexander, Inverness, Shire of Inverness, Gentleman.*
Spreull, Andrew, Manchester, Lancashire, Gentleman.*
Grant, Alexander, Falkirk, Shire of Stirling, Farmer, otherwise Yeoman.*
Baggott, Mathew, Elgin, Shire of Murray, Gentleman.*
Hay, Adam, Elgin, Shire of Murray, Gentleman.
Law, George, Elgin, Shire of Murray, Clerk.*
Moir, Henry, Glasgow, Shire of Lanerk, Gentleman.
Moir, Robert, Glasgow, Shire of Lanerk, Gentleman.
Mackenzie, Alexander, Thurso, Shire of Caithness, Gentleman.
Oliphant, Charles, Inverness, Shire of Inverness, Gentleman.
Stormouth, James, Stirling, Shire of Stirling, Gentleman.
MacDonald, Æneas, otherwise *Angus,* Carlisle, Cumberland, Gentleman.

Names and description of prisoners put upon their trial at Carlisle.

The Court sat on the following days: August 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 18, 19; September 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27.

Henderson, John, Carlisle, Cumberland, Gentleman, otherwise Writer.
Lawson, Thomas, Carlisle, Cumberland, Labourer, otherwise Chapman.

Stuart, William, Carlisle, Cumberland, Labourer.*
Lackey, William, otherwise *Leak,* Carlisle, Cumberland, Labourer.
Wallas, John, otherwise *Wallace,* otherwise *Wallis,* Carlisle, Cumberland, Miller.
Campbell, John, otherwise *Campble,* Carlisle, Cumberland, Labourer.
Duncan, William, otherwise *Donkin,* Carlisle, Cumberland, Gardener.
Forbes, Robert, Carlisle, Cumberland, Gentleman, otherwise Writer.
Winstandley, William, otherwise *Winstanley,* otherwise *Winstande,* Carlisle, Cumberland, Weaver.
Hartley, George, Carlisle, Cumberland, Weaver.
Hatch, Thomas, Carlisle, Cumberland, Butcher.*
Brodie, Alexander, Carlisle, Cumberland, Labourer.*
Reid, Robert, otherwise *Reed,* Carlisle, Cumberland, Mariner.
Brown, Richard, Carlisle, Cumberland, Carpenter.
Rosco, Robert, otherwise *Roscoe,* Carlisle, Cumberland, Labourer.
Coppock, Thomas, Carlisle, Cumberland, Clerk.
Coppock, John, Carlisle, Cumberland, Tailor.
Cooke, William, otherwise *Cook,* Carlisle, Cumberland, Labourer.
Eaton, Molineux, otherwise *Mollinax,* Carlisle, Cumberland, Weaver.
Fulthorpe, Roger, Carlisle, Cumberland, Barber.
Hargrave, William, Carlisle, Cumberland, Labourer.
Hayes, Thomas, otherwise *Hays,* Carlisle, Cumberland, Labourer.
Harvey, Thomas, Carlisle, Cumberland, Weaver.
Hartley, John, Carlisle, Cumberland, Carpenter.
Keighley, Thomas, otherwise *Kighley,* Carlisle, Cumberland, Carpenter.
Lee, Samuel, Carlisle, Cumberland, Tailor.
Macknel, John, otherwise *Magnell,* Carlisle, Cumberland, Labourer.
Roper, Edward, Carlisle, Cumberland, Weaver.
Ratliff, John, otherwise *Radcliffe,* Carlisle, Cumberland, Weaver.
Steel, Alexander, Carlisle, Cumberland, Labourer.*
Macklaring, Neal, otherwise *McClaring,* Carlisle, Cumberland, Labourer.*
Mackenzie, Donald, otherwise *MacKenzie,* Carlisle, Cumberland, Labourer.
Matthew, Barnabas, Carlisle, Cumberland, Labourer.
Roy, Hugh, Carlisle, Cumberland, Labourer.
Park, Thomas, Carlisle, Cumberland, Shoemaker.
Tinsley, Robert, Carlisle, Cumberland, Weaver.
Turner, Thomas, otherwise *Turner* of Walton, Carlisle, Cumberland, Weaver.
Taylor, Peter, Carlisle, Cumberland, Joiner.
Roobotham, John, otherwise *Rowbottom,* Carlisle, Cumberland, Carpenter.
Sanderson, John, Carlisle, Cumberland, Labourer.
Turner, Thomas, otherwise *Turner* of Bury, Carlisle, Cumberland, Shoemaker.
Hunt, Philip, Carlisle, Cumberland, Barber.
Williamson, Thomas, Carlisle, Cumberland, Reedmaker.*

Waring, George, Carlisle, Cumberland, Weaver.
Waring, Mathew, Carlisle, Cumberland, Weaver.
Bran, James, otherwise *Brand*, Lothmaben, Shire of Dumfries, Esquire, otherwise Gentleman.
Bran, James, otherwise *Brand*, Edinburgh, Shire of Mid-Lothian, Esquire, otherwise Gentleman.
Bran, James, otherwise *Brand*, Edinburgh, Shire of Edinburgh, Esquire, otherwise Gentleman.
Holt, Valentine, Carlisle, Cumberland, Cloth-worker.
Baine, Edmund, otherwise *Bayne*, otherwise *Beagne*, Carlisle, Cumberland, Carpenter.*
Barton, Lewis, Carlisle, Cumberland, Weaver.
Small, John, Carlisle, Cumberland, Labourer.
Anderson, Alexander, Carlisle, Cumberland, Labourer.
Warrington, Thomas, Carlisle, Cumberland, Chairmaker.*
Mellin, James, otherwise *Millen*, Carlisle, Cumberland, Weaver.
Chaddock, James, otherwise *Chadwick*, Carlisle, Cumberland, Labourer.
Fitzgerald, Stephen, Newby, Westmoreland, Gentleman, otherwise Yeoman.
Barton, Thomas, Heskett-in-the-Forest, Cumberland, Yeoman.*
Douglas, Charles, Manchester, Lancashire, Esquire, otherwise Gentleman.*
Braithwait, James, Penrith, Cumberland, Saddler.*
Davison, John, Carlisle, Cumberland, Labourer.*
Mackenie, John, otherwise *Mackenzie*, Carlisle, Cumberland, Labourer.
Dellard, Michael, otherwise *Dillard*, Manchester, Lancashire, Woolcomber.
Collingwood, Thomas, Carlisle, Cumberland, Yeoman.*
Buchanan, Francis, of Arn Pryor, Callander, Shire of Perth, Esquire, otherwise Gentleman.
Buchanan, Patrick, Callander, Shire of Perth, Gentleman.*
Buchanan, Thomas, Callander, Shire of Perth, Gentleman.*
Gordon, Charles, of Tarperso, otherwise *Gordon*, Aberdeen, Shire of Aberdeen, Gentleman.
Innes, James, Aberdeen, Shire of Aberdeen, Gentleman.
Martine, John, Aberdeen, Shire of Aberdeen, Yeoman.*
Steele, George, Aberdeen, Shire of Aberdeen, Merchant.*
McDonald, Donald, of Kinloch Moydart, otherwise *McDonald*, otherwise *MacDonald* of Kinloch Moydart, Perth, Shire of Perth, Esquire, otherwise Gentleman.
McDonald, Donald, of Kinloch Moydart, otherwise *McDonald*, otherwise *MacDonald* of Kinloch Moydart, Edinburgh, Shire of Mid-Lothian, otherwise Perth, Shire of Perth, Esquire, otherwise Gentleman.
McDonald, Donald, of Kinloch Moydart, otherwise *McDonald*, otherwise *MacDonald* of Kinloch Moydart, Edinburgh, Shire of Edinburgh, Esquire, otherwise Gentleman.
McDonald, Donald, of Kinloch Moydart, otherwise *McDonald*, other-

wise *McDonald* of Kinloch Moydart, Edinburgh, Shire of Mid-Lothian, otherwise Perth, Shire of Perth, Esquire, otherwise Gentleman.

McDonald, Donald, of Kinloch Moydart, otherwise *McDonald,* Edinburgh, Shire of Edinburgh, Gentleman, otherwise Esquire.

McDonald, Donald, of Teirnardreish, otherwise *McDonald,* otherwise *MacDonald,* Preston, Shire of East Lothian, Gentleman.

McDonald, Donald, of Teirnardreish, otherwise *McDonald,* otherwise *MacDonald,* Preston, Shire of Hadingtoun, Gentleman.

McDonald, Donald, of Teirnardreish, otherwise *McDonald,* otherwise *MacDonald,* Falkirk, Shire of Stirling, Gentleman.

Taylor, Robert, Edinburgh, Shire of Mid-Lothian, Shoemaker.

Forbes, James, Edinburgh, Shire of Mid-Lothian, Labourer, otherwise Yeoman.

Cameron, Hugh, Edinburgh, Shire of Mid-Lothian, Yeoman.

MacDonald, Donald, otherwise *McDonald,* Edinburgh, Shire of Mid-Lothian, Yeoman.*

Taylor, Robert, Edinburgh, Shire of Edinburgh, Shoemaker.

Forbes, James, Edinburgh, Shire of Edinburgh, Labourer, otherwise Yeoman.

Cameron, Hugh, Edinburgh, Shire of Edinburgh, Yeoman.

MacDonald, Donald, otherwise *McDonald,* Edinburgh, Shire of Edinburgh, Yeoman.*

Lugtoun, Simon, Edinburgh, Shire of Mid-Lothian, Tailor.

Poustie, John, Edinburgh, Shire of Mid-Lothian, Tailor.

McDonald, Ronald, otherwise *MacDonald,* Edinburgh, Shire of Mid-Lothian, Labourer.

Morison, Richard, Edinburgh, Shire of Mid-Lothian, Wig-maker.

Swan, Andrew, Edinburgh, Shire of Mid-Lothian, Shoemaker.

Lugtoun, Simon, Edinburgh, Shire of Edinburgh, Tailor.

Poustie, John, Edinburgh, Shire of Edinburgh, Tailor.

McDonald, Ronald, otherwise *MacDonald,* Edinburgh, Shire of Edinburgh, Labourer.

Morison, Richard, Edinburgh, Shire of Edinburgh, Wig-maker.

Swan, Andrew, Edinburgh, Shire of Edinburgh, Shoemaker.

Primrose, Sir Archibald, of Dunnipace, otherwise *Primrose,* Falkirk, Shire of Stirling, Baronet, otherwise Knight.

Randall, Robert, Edinburgh, Shire of Mid-Lothian, Gentleman.

Smith, James, Edinburgh, Shire of Edinburgh, Gentleman.

Maxwell, Robert, Edinburgh, Shire of Mid-Lothian, Gentleman.

McCormig, Donald, otherwise *MacCormig,* Edinburgh, Shire of Mid-Lothian, Labourer.*

Harvie, James, Edinburgh, Shire of Mid-Lothian, Inn-holder.

Randall, Robert, Edinburgh, Shire of Edinburgh, Gentleman.

Smith, James, Edinburgh, Shire of Edinburgh, Gentleman.

Maxwell, Robert, Edinburgh, Shire of Edinburgh, Gentleman.

McCormig, Donald, otherwise *MacCormig,* Edinburgh, Shire of Edinburgh, Labourer.*

Harvie, James, Edinburgh, Shire of Edinburgh, Inn-holder.
Drummond, James, of Gatherlees, Dunning, Shire of Perth, Yeoman.*
McLauchlan, Archibald, Crieff, Shire of Perth, Merchant.*
Campbell, James, otherwise *McGregor*, Crieff, Shire of Perth, Labourer.
Gray, William, Crieff, Shire of Perth, Surgeon.
Murray, Robert, Edinburgh, Shire of Mid-Lothian, Gentleman.
Murray, James, Edinburgh, Shire of Mid-Lothian, Gentleman.*
Murray, Robert, Edinburgh, Shire of Edinburgh, Gentleman.
Murray, James, Edinburgh, Shire of Edinburgh, Gentleman.*
Murray, Patrick, Stirling, Shire of Stirling, Goldsmith.
McFaurlane, Robert, Stirling, Shire of Stirling, Labourer.*
Ancrum, James, Borrowstounness, Shire of Linlithgow, Gentleman.
Spalding, Charles, of Whitefeild, otherwise *Spalding*, Edinburgh, Shire of Mid-Lothian, Gentleman.*
Petrie, John, Edinburgh, Shire of Mid-Lothian, Inn-holder.*
Spalding, Charles, of Whitefeild, otherwise *Spalding*, Edinburgh, Shire of Edinburgh, Gentleman.*
Petrie, John, Edinburgh, Shire of Edinburgh, Inn-holder.*
Mc Naughton, John, Preston, Shire of East Lothian, Watchmaker.
Mc Naughton, John, Preston, Shire of Haddington, Watchmaker.
Murray, Patrick, otherwise *McGregor*, otherwise *MacGregor*, Edinburgh, Shire of Mid-Lothian, Labourer.*
Murray, Duncan, otherwise *McGregor*, otherwise *MacGregor*, Edinburgh, Shire of Mid-Lothian, Labourer.*
Wright, Robert, Edinburgh, Shire of Mid-Lothian, Gentleman.
Stevenson, Alexander, Edinburgh, Shire of Mid-Lothian, Joiner.
Murray, Patrick, otherwise *McGregor*, otherwise *MacGregor*, Edinburgh, Shire of Edinburgh, Labourer.*
Murray, Duncan, otherwise *McGregor*, otherwise *MacGregor*, Edinburgh, Shire of Edinburgh, Labourer.*
Wright, Robert, Edinburgh, Shire of Edinburgh, Gentleman.
Stevenson, Alexander, Edinburgh, Shire of Edinburgh, Joiner.
Home, David, Edinburgh, Shire of Mid-Lothian, Gentleman.
Home, William, Edinburgh, Shire of Mid-Lothian, Gentleman.
Home David, Edinburgh, Shire of Edinburgh, Gentleman.
Home, William, Edinburgh, Shire of Edinburgh, Gentleman.
Butler, Patrick, Carlisle, Cumberland, Gentleman.*
Ferguson, James, Carlisle, Cumberland, Gentleman.*
Johnstone, Andrew, Carlisle, Cumberland, Gentleman, otherwise Yeoman.
Hutchison, Alexander, Carlisle, Cumberland, Labourer.
Mitchel, James, Aberdeen, Shire of Aberdeen, Labourer.
Steuart, Patrick, Falkirk, Shire of Stirling, Labourer.
Porteous, Andrew, Falkirk, Shire of Stirling, Merchant.
Hay, James, Montrose, Shire of Forfar, Esquire.
Lindsay, Peter, Edinburgh, Shire of Mid-Lothian, Gentleman.
Mercer, Laurence, of Melguish and Lethindy, otherwise *Mercer*, Edinburgh, Shire of Mid-Lothian, Esquire, otherwise Gentleman.

Lindsay, Peter, Edinburgh, Shire of Edinburgh, Gentleman.
Mercer, Laurence, of Melguish and Lethindy, otherwise *Mercer*, Edinburgh, Shire of Edinburgh, Esquire, otherwise Gentleman.
Scaton, James, Glasgow, Shire of Lanark, Gentleman.*
Clark, Samuel, Carlisle, Cumberland, Blacksmith.*
Sharp, William, Carlisle, Cumberland, Gentleman.
Gordon, Charles, Carlisle, Cumberland, Gentleman.
Gordon, Robert, Carlisle, Cumberland, Inn-holder.*
MacClaren, John, otherwise *James*, Carlisle, Cumberland, Labourer.*
Keir, Patrick, otherwise *Peter*, Carlisle, Cumberland, Cabinet-maker.
Laird, David, Perth, Shire of Perth, Gentleman.*
Clerk, Henry, otherwise *Clark*, Perth, Shire of Perth, Gentleman.*
Lyon, Robert, Perth, Shire of Perth, Clerk.*
Laird, David, Perth, Shire of Perth, Gentleman.*
Clerk, Henry, otherwise *Clark*, Perth, Shire of Perth, Gentleman.
Lyon, Robert, Perth, Shire of Perth, Clerk.
McGregor, Malcolm Graham, Perth, Shire of Perth, Gentleman.*
Greenhill, William, Perth, Shire of Perth, Gardener.*
McDonald, Donald, of Kinloch Moydart, otherwise *MacDonald*, Perth, Shire of Perth, Esquire.
Lindsay, Martin, Perth, Shire of Perth, Gentleman.*
Lindsay, Martin, Perth, Shire of Perth, Gentleman.*
Blair, Thomas, Stirling, Shire of Stirling, Gentleman.*
McFarlane, Robert, Stirling, Shire of Stirling, Labourer.*
McEwar, Peter, Stirling, Shire of Stirling, Labourer.*
Thoirs, James, Edinburgh, Shire of Edinburgh, Gentleman.*
Davidson, Alexander, Edinburgh, Shire of Edinburgh, Shoemaker.
Mitchell, James, Elgine, Shire of Elgine, Labourer.*
Forest, John, Elgine, Shire of Elgine, Labourer.*
Ritchie, Alexander, Aberbrothwick, Shire of Forfar, Labourer.*
Neish, Duncan, Carlisle, Cumberland, Labourer.*
Beard, William, Carlisle, Cumberland, Gardener.
Stewart, John, Kinross, Shire of Kinross, Labourer.*

Names and descriptions of prisoners put upon their trial at York.

The Court sat on the following days:—August 20, 21, 22, 23, 25; September 29; October 2, 3, 4, 6, 7.

Robinson, Charles, Carlisle, Cumberland, Labourer.
McCoiley, James, otherwise *McCally*, Carlisle, Cumberland, Labourer.
McGregor, John, Carlisle, Cumberland, Labourer.*
Crosby, William, Carlisle, Cumberland, Weaver.
Hunter, William, Carlisle, Cumberland, Smith.*
Barclay, Gilbert, Carlisle, Cumberland, Labourer.*
Campbell, Peter, Carlisle, Cumberland, Labourer.*
Conolly, William, Carlisle, Cumberland, Labourer.
Gaddes, John, Carlisle, Cumberland, Labourer.*

Walker, John, Carlisle, Cumberland, Labourer.*
Ballantine, John, otherwise *Bailaintin*, Carlisle, Cumberland, Labourer.*
Mathew, Mathew, Carlisle, Cumberland, Weaver.
Barclay, William, Carlisle, Cumberland, Cabinet-maker.
Duff, Daniel, otherwise *Donald*, Carlisle, Cumberland, Labourer.
Main, James, Carlisle, Cumberland, Tallow-chandler.
Wishert, James, otherwise *Wishett*, Carlisle, Cumberland, Labourer.
Steel, Alexander, Carlisle, Cumberland, Labourer.
Stuart, Robert, otherwise *Stewart*, Carlisle, Cumberland, Labourer.
Mason, Benjamin, otherwise *Macon*, Carlisle, Cumberland, Weaver.
Steven, William, otherwise *Stephen*, Carlisle, Cumberland, Wine-cooper.
Nicholls, Alexander, otherwise *Nichil*, Carlisle, Cumberland, Labourer.
Paton, Archibald, Carlisle, Cumberland, Joiner.
Karr, Nicholas, otherwise *Carr*, Carlisle, Cumberland, Musician.*
Barnaghy, John, Carlisle, Cumberland, Labourer.
McLachlan, James, Carlisle, Cumberland, Labourer.
McLachlan, John, Carlisle, Cumberland, Labourer.
Grant, William, Carlisle, Cumberland, Shoemaker.
Stewart, Duncan, Carlisle, Cumberland, Tailor.
Row, David, otherwise *Roe*, Carlisle, Cumberland, Gentleman.
Scott, Alexander, Carlisle, Cumberland, Tailor.
Scott, William, Carlisle, Cumberland, Labourer.
Endgworth, John, Caulton, Staffordshire, Labourer.
McKenzie, Simon, Caulton, Staffordshire, Labourer.
Sparks, James, Derby, Derbyshire, Frame-work-knitter.
Frazer, Daniel, Derby, Derbyshire, Labourer, otherwise Farmer.
McClean, John, Derby, Derbyshire, Labourer.
Webster, Charles, Derby, Derbyshire, Labourer *
Brady, Michael, Manchester, Lancashire, Brush-maker.
Dempsy, William, Manchester, Lancashire, Carpenter.
Murray, Sir David, otherwise *Murray* of Stanhope, Carlisle, Cumberland, Baronet.
Hamilton, George, otherwise *Hamilton* of Reid House, Carlisle, Cumberland, Esquire.
Hamilton, George, Clifton, Westmoreland, Esquire, otherwise Gentleman.
Hamilton, George, Penrith, Cumberland, Esquire, otherwise Gentleman.
Clavering, Edward, otherwise *Edmund*, Penrith, Cumberland, Gentleman.
Boyd, George, otherwise *Boy*, Penrith, Cumberland, Labourer.
Hay, William, otherwise *Jay*, Penrith, Cumberland, Labourer.
Farrier, William, Penrith, Cumberland, Mason.
Milss, George, otherwise *Mills*, Penrith, Cumberland, Labourer.
Clavering, Edward, otherwise *Edmund*, Lowther, Westmoreland, Gentleman.
Boyd, George, otherwise *Boy*, Lowther, Westmoreland, Labourer.

Hay, William, otherwise *Jay*, Lowther, Westmoreland, Labourer.
Farrier, William, Lowther, Westmoreland, Mason.
Milss, George, otherwise *Mills*, Lowther, Westmoreland, Labourer.
Hay, Peter, Carlisle, Cumberland, Labourer.
Bartlett, John, Carlisle, Cumberland, Shoemaker.
McClean, Alexander, Carlisle, Cumberland, Chapman.
Jellens, John James, Penrith, Cumberland, Labourer.
Foure, Lewis, Penrith, Cumberland, Mariner.*
Jellens, John James, Lowther, Westmoreland, Labourer.
Foure, Lewis, Lowther, Westmoreland, Mariner.*
Scott, John, Penrith, Cumberland, Labourer.
Campbell, Angus, Penrith, Cumberland, Labourer.
Beaton, John, Carlisle, Cumberland, Apothecary.
Creighton, James, Carlisle, Cumberland, Smith.
Cruickshanks, John, the elder, otherwise *Crookshanks*, Carlisle, Cumberland, Joiner.
Thompson, James, the elder, otherwise *Thomson*, Carlisle, Cumberland, Gardener.
Duncan, John, Carlisle, Cumberland, Chapman.
McDonald, Peter, otherwise *Patrick*, Carlisle, Cumberland, Labourer.
McDonald, Angus, Carlisle, Cumberland, Joiner.
Flint, John, Carlisle, Cumberland, Butcher.
Goodbrand, Alexander, Carlisle, Cumberland, Chapman.
McGennis, Thomas, Carlisle, Cumberland, Labourer.
Gordon, Charles, Carlisle, Cumberland, Gentleman, otherwise Husbandman.
Kennedy, Archibald, Carlisle, Cumberland, Silversmith.
Lang, John, Carlisle, Cumberland, Labourer.*
Ogilby, David, Carlisle, Cumberland, Labourer.
Porteous, John, Carlisle, Cumberland, Cordwainer.
Parker, Alexander, Carlisle, Cumberland, Barber.
McQuin, John, Carlisle, Cumberland, Labourer.
Read, James, Carlisle, Cumberland, Labourer.
Smith, William, Carlisle, Cumberland, Labourer.
Webster, David, Carlisle, Cumberland, Joiner.
Wilkie, David, Carlisle, Cumberland, Labourer.
Webster, James, Carlisle, Cumberland, Labourer.

Among the documents in Pouch LXIX. of the Baga de Secretis are:—

A petition of *Sir James Kinloch* to the Court, consenting to take notice of trial in the same manner as if he had been arraigned and pleaded, he being confined to his bed. [*Undated.*]

A memorial of *James Nicholson*, withdrawing his plea of Not Guilty, pleading Guilty, and praying for mercy. [*Dated July* 31, 1746.]

The speech of *John Mackenzie*, commonly called *Lord McLeod*, on pleading Guilty. [*Undated.*]

A list of the witnesses who had to attend at the various trials is also given. It is, however, very incomplete.

Execution did not necessarily follow upon a verdict of Guilty being returned against a Jacobite prisoner.

It appears by papers in the Attorney-General's Patent Office that numbers of persons found Guilty were dealt with as follows:—

John Arbuthnot and 747 others were pardoned, on condition of transportation for life.

Joseph Mulhall, James Seaton, Sir David Murray, Bart., and 96 others were pardoned, on condition of departing the realm for life.

William Murray, Esq., was pardoned, on condition of imprisonment for life.

John Mackenzie, Esq., commonly called *Lord McLeod,* was pardoned, on condition of his conveying to the King all his title to the estate of the late Earl of Cromarty.

William Barclay and 71 others were pardoned, on condition of enlisting in the army going upon an expedition under Admiral Boscawen.

Sir James Kinloch and *James Stuart* were pardoned, on condition of remaining in such place as the King shall direct.

Hector McKeinzie and 41 others were pardoned, on condition of transporting themselves for life.

John Murray of Broughton, Esq., *John Sanderson, Hugh Fraser, Roderick McCulloch,* and four others received a free pardon.

Thomas Furnivall was pardoned, on condition of departing the realm, and not returning into his Majesty's dominions.

Francis Farquharson was pardoned, on condition of confining himself, for life, to such part of England as his Majesty, his heirs or successors, should appoint.

Pouch LXX. of the Baga de Secretis contains the proceedings against Charles Ratcliffe, of Dilston, Esq., Charles Widdrington, of Hexham, Esq., John Thornton, late of Nether Witton, Esq., Thomas Errington, late of Beaufront, Esq., and Philip Hodgson, late of Standhoe, Esq., all in the county of Northumberland, for adhering to the Pretender. April 7, 1746.

Pouch LXXI. of the Baga de Secretis contains the proceedings upon the arraignment of John Murray of Broughton, who surrendered pursuant to the Act of Conditional Attainder. February 10, 1747.

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